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IN PEACE AND WAR

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES







From the painting by Hugh de T. Blagden.

John Furley.

London, Smith, Elder & Co. 15, Waterloo Place.



IN PEACE AND WAR

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

BY

SIR JOHN FURLEY, K.T. C.B.

AUTHOR OF

'STRUGGLES AND EXPERIENCES OF A NEUTRAL VOLUNTEER'
ETC.

WITH A PORTRAIT

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1905

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PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN FURLEY *Frontispiece*

From the painting by Hugh de T. Glazebrook.



IN PEACE AND WAR

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

CHAPTER I

Early Days—Harrow—Abroad with a Tutor—A Lawyer in embryo—A Rifle Volunteer—Schleswig-Holstein War—Anglo-Belgian International Courtesies—King Leopold II.—The King of Holland.

HAVING been frequently asked to reproduce three volumes published in 1872 and 1876, and having been more recently requested by friends to write my recollections, I hope it will not be attributed to senile vanity if now, at the close of a somewhat active life, I yield to their persuasiveness and endeavour to some extent to respond to such flattering suggestions.

I propose, therefore, to devote the principal part of this book to rather a full narration of events that occurred more than thirty years ago, and about which the present generation knows very little, probably regarding them as ancient history; whilst, in describing my experiences of recent times, I shall be very brief, knowing that I cannot write anything new or original on subjects which have been so ably treated within the recollection of all.

I must premise that I have no intention to write an autobiography after the prescribed pattern; the only interest that can attach to my own life is due to the manner in which this has, at so many points, touched on and been influenced by the lives of others who have occupied positions in the world to which I have no pretension. I shall draw very largely on my former publications, and introduce such reminiscences as I possess, more especially those that relate to the motives by which, often unconsciously, I have been instigated. To the more personal narratives I propose to add some details which I had scruples in using at a time when some of the principal actors were still on the stage, and before the curtain had been rung down on scenes in which they were still playing conspicuous parts.

Perhaps I had better at once answer a question that has been often asked: what first induced me to take up the particular line which, with more or less interruption, I have followed for so many years? I have to confess that military life always had a great fascination for me. When I was eight or nine years of age, much of my time during the holidays was spent at the Cavalry Depot at Maidstone, and that fine old soldier, General Middleton, and General Griffiths (whose coach and team of piebalds I also well remember) gained my affection by allowing me to strut about the barrack-square, girt with a sword belonging to one or other of them, besides granting me many other boyish privileges. Then, also, Major (afterwards General) Meyer, whom Prince Albert brought from Hanover, always gave me a place in the gallery of the Riding School, of which he was chief. It was often predicted that I would take the

shilling—indeed, I think I took a good many shillings in those happy days.¹

When I left Harrow, it was settled by my parents that I was not strong enough for the army, and I was allowed the choice as to whether I would go to a University or travel abroad with a tutor. Naturally I selected the latter course; and it was during twelve months spent on the Continent I had opportunities, in France and Germany, to see more of military life than was quite compatible with civil studies. Thus it will be seen that in those days, like *la Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, I loved the soldiers; and even now, after the lapse of more than half a century, I sometimes find myself drawn out of my way in order to keep within sound of a marching regiment with a band.

In 1854 I volunteered on two occasions for hospital service in the Crimea; but Mr. Sidney Herbert and Lord Panmure courteously declined my presumptuous offers of help for which I certainly was not fitted either by age or experience. These checks, however, did not prevent me a little later from trying to reach the seat of war on my own account by way of the Danube; but this time I was stopped by the siege of Silistria.

After the Crimean war I paid a visit to the Camp of Châlons, and spent some days under canvas in the midst of what in those days was considered a great army (about 60,000 men) under Marshal MacMahon. I was also at Boulogne when the Emperor Napoleon III.

¹ Owing perhaps to reasons of health, there was considerable variety in the education I acquired, but during two or three years I was at Harrow when Dr. Vaughan, afterwards Dean of Llandaff, was Headmaster, and Montagu Butler, now Master of Trinity, was captain of the School. I fear, however, that I exhibited little indication of an ambition to follow either of these great examples.

received Prince Albert ; and the first really great army manœuvres were carried out over many miles of country, and farmers were compensated for damage to crops caused by mimic warfare. I was then the guest of an old friend of my family, Colonel Lesage, who was in the army of Napoleon I. during his unfortunate campaign in Russia, and, many years afterwards, was the officer who took Napoleon III. prisoner when he made his theatrical attempt on Boulogne in 1840.

It was intended that I should be a lawyer, but my vocation was evidently not that way, and I must candidly admit that I should never have passed an examination, had I not been urged on by the fear that if I failed I should be regarded as 'a hopeless duffer.' I have often had occasion to appreciate the office-training I thus acquired, and the few months of solid reading which a daily attendance at chambers in the Temple seemed to imply.

The Volunteer movement gave me the first opportunity to don a uniform ; and, amongst the happiest days of my life, I look back upon the fourteen years I spent as ensign, lieutenant and captain of the Ashford company. In the early days of Volunteering, much greater freedom was allowed than would now be possible or desirable. There was no capitation grant ; and as officers and men paid their own expenses, they considered themselves entitled to a large amount of independence, of which they did not scruple to avail themselves. Like my superiors, I was elected by the corps, and my name was sent in to the Lord-Lieutenant of Kent, Viscount Sydney, who granted me a commission as ensign, dated March 15, 1860, under Captain (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel) Groves and Lieutenant W. P. Burra, who some years

later assumed the name of Pomfret and was M.P. for the Ashford division of Kent. The same authority left the choice of uniform to each company, and this led to great inconvenience, which was not removed for several years. The officers of the Ashford company selected the dark green with scarlet facings of the 60th Rifles in preference to Kentish grey, which was chosen by the other East Kent companies. At first this was of no great consequence, but it made our company very conspicuous when we were formed into an administrative battalion. It is well to rescue some of these facts from oblivion, because it is only right that Volunteers of the present generation, who pose as severe military critics and know little of the early history of the force, should be in a position to appreciate some of the difficulties with which we had to contend, including the expense, which was considerable and devolved in a great measure on the officers, supplemented by the generous gifts of friends who came to our assistance.

If I mention some of the more amusing incidents which varied the serious development of that citizen army of which we are so proud, it is not from any desire to disparage the efforts of those who assisted in its establishment, but because it forms a good example, and a very striking one, of the manner in which Englishmen are accustomed to work out great national problems. It may not be an economical method, or one that would commend itself to our great continental neighbours, but the result is nevertheless one that they may and do envy us.

In order to learn my new business, and as I was then living in Davies Street, Berkeley Square, and reading law in the Temple, I obtained permission to drill every morning for a month with the Scots Guards at

Albany Street Barracks, and at the end of this period I returned to Ashford and acted as drill-sergeant. Unfortunately for my men, I had become an ardent admirer of French regimental drill, as I had seen it practised at Châlons, where almost all movements were executed at the *pas gymnastique*, or, as we say, 'at the double.' Now many of our recruits were respectable fathers of families and very much senior to their juvenile instructor. After a fair trial, they told me regretfully that they could not stand that sort of exercise every morning before breakfast, so I was reluctantly compelled to moderate the pace.

In 1864 the Danes attracted my sympathy in the one-sided struggle they were maintaining against Prussia and Austria, and I took the first opportunity of a passage to Copenhagen *via* Gothenburg, and thence made my way to the Danish army. Although I had no mission of any kind, I have ever since regarded the few months I then spent in Denmark as my apprenticeship in war, and I have never lost my respect and affection for the gallant little nation which made such a plucky stand against overwhelming odds. This Schleswig-Holstein war simply enabled Prussia to gauge her own strength and military organisation, Austria meanwhile playing a subordinate part, and performing this in a very undignified manner. As might have been foreseen, the victors soon quarrelled, and their dispute led to the War in 1866 which in seven weeks brought the Prussian army to the gates of Vienna. This excited the jealousy of France, and the Franco-German War in 1870-1 was in a great measure the result of this feeling.

It was whilst in Denmark that I first met the Hon. Auberon Herbert, whom six years later I was to find

again on the field of Gravelotte; Mr. Gallenga ('Times'), always dangerously conspicuous in his Garibaldian shirt; Mr. Dicey ('Daily Telegraph'), and Major Massy ('Standard,' father of 'Redan' Massy). I also met an American Colonel, of whom I have since lost sight. He was a man of bold ideas, and I believe he came to Europe in order to carry out a scheme for connecting Russia and America by a telegraphic cable over Iceland. War had interfered with his plans, and he was occupying the interval by inventing a new system of mines for military purposes. When we were living together at Middelfart towards the end of the war, he said, 'I should like to show you my model, and I will come to your room after dinner with the apparatus.' When he had arranged his wires, &c., he said, 'You see those four bulbs marked A, B, C, and D; now each of those letters represents a road by either of which the enemy may be expected to arrive. You are on the look-out, so tell me which way he is coming.' I thought it was all very simple, and immediately replied 'C.' Instantaneously there was an explosion which made a terrible noise and filled my room with suffocating smoke. The guard rushed in to see what was the matter, and the officer told my ingenious friend that if such an experiment were repeated he would be compelled to remove him and his infernal machine. I was only surprised at this officer's courteous forbearance, seeing that we were separated from the enemy by less than 2,000 yards of water, and we could distinctly see the Austrian troops. We also had the advantage of hearing a fine band which played every afternoon for the benefit of friend and foe alike.

It was at this time, also, I first met Colonel de Thomsen, in later years Danish Minister of War, and

President of the Danish Red Cross Society. For more than twenty years, until his death in 1887, I had the privilege of enjoying the friendship of this distinguished officer and amiable man.

It was in Danish waters, also, that I first saw a turret-ship, the 'Rolf Krake,' invented by Captain Cowper Coles, and I believe the first of its kind. At Döppel and elsewhere, the Prussians and Austrians found a brave foe in the small Danish army, but the 'Rolf Krake' gave them almost more trouble. I have seen her come out of action knocked about and dented by heavy projectiles, and she was looked upon as invulnerable. But her deck was not then armoured, and one day, when too near a shore-battery, a vertical shot penetrated the deck and took off a lieutenant's head, besides wounding seventeen sailors. This was rather demoralising to the crew, who, shut up inside, had regarded themselves as quite safe. Strong fishing nets were sometimes used to impede her progress; these, when caught up by the screw, gave considerable trouble, especially when the ship was under fire.

I have a vivid and most pleasant recollection of the time spent in camp with the Danish troops in the beautiful beech-woods on the shores of the Little Belt, when, notwithstanding their labours and anxieties, officers and men could always spare time to show hospitality to a roving young Englishman. After the threats made in the British House of Commons and the sympathy evoked by the marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, this Englishman would sometimes feel rather ashamed when the question was asked, 'But what says our Princess?'

After the war had come to an end, I travelled for

some months in Sweden, Germany, France, and Spain, and then returned to England.

The 29th Kent (Ashford company) was always a good shooting corps. During one Wimbledon meeting there was great excitement throughout East Kent when it was known that my Commanding Officer, Captain Burra, was going strong for the Queen's Prize, and equally great disappointment when it was announced that he had lost it by one point. For several consecutive years the 29th was represented at the Tir National of Belgium by two or three of its best shots, and they invariably came back laden with substantial prizes in the shape of useful silver plate, medals, &c. King Leopold and his son, the Duc de Brabant, now King Leopold II., took great interest in these meetings, and were especially gracious to the English visitors. Although I was not a competitor, I had a good deal to do in connection with these little expeditions, and with those which were to follow. In September 1865, about thirty Volunteers of all ranks went to Brussels, and met with the usual hospitable reception. In July of the following year, a return visit was paid to Wimbledon by nearly two hundred members of the Garde Civique, under the command of Colonel Stoeffs and Major de l'Eau d'Andrimont. They were received by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and in the evening were entertained at the Crystal Palace at dinner, followed by a concert, at which Madame Grisi sang. The next day a great dinner was given by the Volunteers to their Belgian guests in the Camp at Wimbledon; and the day after the Belgian residents of London gave a *fête* on the river to their compatriots and many English friends, followed by a dinner at Hampton Court.

The Belgians were so determined not to be outdone in hospitality that, immediately on their return home, they began to make preparations to receive a large body of British Volunteers, and only three months after, an invitation was sent and accepted, and the visit to Brussels was made in the October following. During these months I was almost as much in Brussels as in London, whilst acting as intermediary between the two National Committees, of both of which I was a member. I am anxious to draw particular attention to this expedition, because it offers a good example of the constitution of our citizen army at that time. As one of the hon. secretaries, it was left to me to find a commander, for it was felt of the utmost importance that this position should not be left to any officer who might happen to be the senior, but that it should be held by a distinguished military man, combining also in his own person popular prestige, sufficient wealth, and high social standing. So one day I started off on my search, and I had every reason to congratulate myself on the result. I went down to Lockinge to ask Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, V.C. (afterwards Lord Wantage), if he would undertake the command. As he happened to be at a cattle-show dinner at Abingdon, Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay kindly asked me to dine and stay the night. We discussed the matter that night, and in the morning Colonel Loyd-Lindsay gave me an answer in the affirmative, and, accompanied by the Hon. Charles Lindsay, the popular Colonel of the St. George's Rifles, we travelled to London, and arrangements were immediately commenced. Our next meeting was at dinner that evening at the house of Lord Bury (later Earl of Albemarle), who then commanded the Civil Service Rifles. The permission of the Secretary of

State for War was asked for the Volunteers to be allowed to take their arms out of the country, and this was readily granted; but in other respects the War Office allowed us a very free hand. The variety of uniforms worn by those who desired to go to Belgium, and who came from every part of the United Kingdom, seemed at first to offer a great difficulty; but this was at once met by our chief, who ordered conspicuous rosettes of different colours as distinctive badges for each of the ten divisions of his new and heterogeneous command, and this plan worked extremely well. I need not describe in detail the composition of our very novel little army of 1,200 men; but everything having been satisfactorily arranged, with the friendly sanction and assistance of the respective Governments of Great Britain and Belgium, the expedition left for Brussels. The staff was formed as follows: Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, V.C., commanding; Colonel Lord Bury, K.C.M.G., and Major Sir Paul Hunter, Aides-de-Camp; Lieutenant Furley, Brigade Major; and Captain C. Burgess, Adjutant. The headquarters were established at the Hôtel de Bellevue, the whole of which house I had previously engaged, and I may add, as an instance of the liberal manner in which our commanding officer regarded his responsibilities, that he took over his own horses and paid the whole of the hotel expenses of the members of his staff. The regiment of *Guides* provided horses for the staff and the numerous unattached colonels.

It would require at least a volume were I to describe all the fêtes and entertainments which were given in our honour; from the time of our entering Brussels at night and passing through the illuminated and prettily decorated streets, and the hour of our departure, the

city was wild with excitement. But I may mention that the King, accompanied by the Queen on horseback and a brilliant staff, held a review of the whole body on the boulevards, and he also received all the officers at a levee at the Palace. In a large building, called the Entrepôt, the bare walls of which were hidden by rocky ramparts held by artillerymen at their guns, his Majesty also entertained the 1,200 Volunteers and a distinguished party of ministers and civil and military authorities from all parts of Belgium at a magnificent banquet; and on more than one occasion the British staff had the honour to be invited to dine at the Palace of Laeken. A gala performance was given at the Opera, at which the King and Queen and all the members of the royal family were present. There were also a reception given by the Burgomaster (M. Anspach) and Aldermen at the beautiful Hôtel de Ville, and two or three balls on a very grand scale, preceded by dinners at private houses. Notwithstanding all this dissipation our marksmen were expected to show their skill at the rifle butts, and to carry off the handsome prizes which were offered for competition. After this eventful week Antwerp, Ghent, Liège, Louvain and other towns insisted on offering, in their turn, some of that lavish hospitality in which the whole nation seemed desirous to take its share.

I cannot close this brief description of a peaceful invasion without mentioning one or two incidents, the remembrance of which never fails to afford me amusement. On the day when the King held a review of the Volunteers, I was surprised by a gallant colonel of railway engineers who said, 'Furley, where did you pick up my mount?' On asking what was the matter with it, he replied, 'It must have had a circus education,

for the moment the King and Queen arrived—and I was trying to look my best—the band struck up and my brute backed across the road and sat down on the kerb, whilst I slid down over his tail.'

The Tir National had always been limited to short ranges, the riflemen shooting in a standing position; but to meet the wishes of our men a long range was established outside the city. It had been announced that the King would visit the ranges, and I took an order to the officer commanding each English squad to the effect that, as his Majesty's wish was to see target practice, there was to be no interruption to the shooting when he arrived on the ground. One of these squads was under a very popular West Kent captain who had his own ideas about the respect due to kings. As soon as the royal party was seen to be approaching, he drew up his men in line and presented arms. The Belgian squads rightly continued firing. This so irritated my gallant friend that, to the great amusement of the King and his staff, he shouted out to a subaltern, 'Go and tell those damned foreigners to cease firing.'

I must tell one other story. The mania for wearing badges and medals was perhaps not so pronounced then as it is to-day, when even messenger boys and school children wear badges, medals, and decorations on the left breast as if they were war-trophies. Encouraged by the sight of so many Belgian comrades with be-medalled breasts, some of our men were inclined to follow their example and consequently required to be closely inspected. One day I spotted a man on parade who astonished me by the number of his medals. He evidently felt flattered by my notice and I said to him, 'You seem to have seen considerable service. In what wars have you been engaged?' He replied, 'Bless you,

I've never been in a war: my father and I were awarded these medals at agricultural shows for a special breed of pigs for which we are famous.'

The splendid reception given to British Volunteers in Belgium made it doubly imperative on those who had participated in it to endeavour in some degree to reciprocate the hospitality which had been so generously bestowed. Indeed, it was felt to be a national duty. No sooner were the Belgian fêtes concluded than steps with this object began to be taken on the English side. Again I was invited to act on committees on both sides of the Channel, and my journeys between Dover and Ostend were very frequent.

At the Easter Monday Review in 1867, I had an unexpected telegram which, with only a few hours' notice, informed me that a party of Belgian officers, including General Charmet, Colonel Renard, Count d'Arscot, Major Stoeffs, and a few others, proposed to pay me a visit for one night. Dover was crowded almost to its utmost capacity, but fortunately I was able to secure a large house in which to receive them in camp fashion, and for the rest I had little trouble, owing to the hospitality extended to my friends by the garrison at the castle, the London Scottish and other Volunteer regiments.

A strong Committee was formed, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) was Hon. President, the Duke of Manchester, President, Col. Loyd-Lindsay, Chairman, with Lord Bury, Lord Londesborough, Col. Hon. Charles Lindsay, and a number of other influential noblemen and gentlemen as active members. The position given to me was *délégué au quartier général Belge*. I cannot attempt to give a record of all that was proposed or even all that

was done to carry out a programme that was positively overwhelming in its variety and comprehensiveness. I must confine myself to a brief mention of some of the principal items.

The invitation had been issued not only to the officers and men of the Garde Civique and Chasseurs Éclaireurs of Belgium, but to all the ministers of State, heads of departments, officers in the army, the burgomasters and aldermen of all the principal towns, and also the leading Belgian residents of London. And in order that foreign susceptibilities should not be aroused, the chief officers of the Garde Nationale of Paris and of the Dutch and Swedish Volunteers were also included.

A most unheard of concession was made by the British Government when it consented to allow a ship which had just been completed and was considered to be the finest transport afloat, namely the 'Serapis,' to be sent to Antwerp to fetch the Belgian visitors. Captain Soady, R.N., was in command, and the first lieutenant was the Hon. M. F. P. Murray (now Lord Elibank). I was deputed to go on board and to represent the London Committee, and I shall always remember the kindness of the ship's officers, who asked me to make myself at home and consider myself their shipmate: and they really treated me as such. I had never been to sea before in such luxury. But, shall I ever forget the return journey, when we had on board nearly 2,000 Belgians whose notions of naval or any discipline were of the most vague character? My cabin was intended to be as sacred as the Captain's; but when I returned to it for a little peace and rest, I found a big drum in my bed and as many brass instruments as could be stowed away in the cabin. The dinner was very difficult of accomplishment, owing to the

scramble that ensued before it was announced; 5,000 lbs. of cooked meat and 3,000 lbs. of bread, with unlimited beer, had been provided, but the difficulty was to arrange and regulate the messes. Colonel Grégoire, the Commandant, and three or four hundred officers and men had preferred to make the voyage in their own boat, so Colonel Douxchamps, the senior officer present, was asked to take command. The Captain said that in the prevailing pandemonium and increasing demoralisation of his crew, it was becoming difficult to navigate the ship, and he appealed to me for assistance to maintain order. I told him if he would give me three or four marines, I thought I could obtain something like it. Otherwise, he said, he should have to turn the water hose on his noisy guests and compel them to go below. I was on guard with the marines during the whole night: the duty was not easy, but fortunately my doubtful authority remained unquestioned.

Early in the morning we anchored off Gravesend, but some time elapsed before Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and the Committee arrived, as well as Colonel Grégoire and his Staff. Six river steamers then conveyed the whole party to different piers between London Bridge and Westminster, according to the locality of the hotels in which the men were to be lodged, each steamboat indicating this by a flag of a particular colour. The welcome was most enthusiastic, and it was a very pretty sight as the small flotilla, gay with bunting, came up the river, to see the banks, roofs, balconies, piers, and every spot which could hold spectators, occupied by people waving handkerchiefs and frantically cheering. Colonel Grégoire fixed his headquarters at the Grosvenor Hotel, and there for convenience I also stayed.

I cannot mention a tithe of the entertainments, public and private, which were given during the week, but I will make a selection of some of the principal events.

The day after their arrival, the Belgians were paraded at Albany Street Barracks and thence marched, headed by the two fine bands of the Garde Civique and Chasseurs Éclaireurs of Brussels, to the Guildhall, to be entertained by the Lord Mayor, Sir Benjamin Phillips. I had never before taken part in a procession through the streets of London, and I shall never forget the crowd on this occasion or the continuous roar of cheers which greeted our foreign friends. I must mention one comic incident. The order had been given that at the entrance of the Guildhall the Lord Mayor would receive his guests, who would each salute his Lordship, and then pass on to his seat in the Hall. Thinking that this performance was occupying more time than was necessary, I rode forward, and, to my amusement, discovered that a colossal and very gorgeous footman, by whom the Lord Mayor was quite eclipsed, was gravely accepting the salutations, and in many cases a shake of the hand, which the majority of the Belgians insisted on giving him. In the evening there was a fête at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, and a conversazione at the South Kensington Museum. The principal event of the following day was the official reception in the Camp at Wimbledon by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Council of the National Rifle Association, followed by a dinner on a very large scale in Jennison's pavilion. On the fifth day, by command of Her Majesty the Queen, a visit was made to Windsor Castle, and I was asked to consider myself a member of the Royal Household for that day. A

banquet was given with Royal hospitality in the Riding School, at which Her Majesty was represented by Colonel Hon. Percy Feilding. A remarkably eloquent speech was made by M. Anspach, Burgomaster of Brussels. Then there was a great *fête* at the Crystal Palace, with a dinner and fireworks. On the following night a ball was given at the Royal Agricultural Hall, at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and 12,000 guests were present. No expense was spared to convert this immense building into a magnificent ball-room. The whole ground space was covered by a temporary floor, and the building was redecorated and painted from end to end. Enormous chandeliers, mirrors, banks of shrubs and flowers, a forest of palms, and an illuminated fountain produced a fairyland.

The next day, the Belgians, with a strong company of British officers, were paraded at the Albany Street Barracks, and, on the invitation of Miss (now the Baroness) Burdett-Coutts marched to Holly Lodge. I congratulated myself that throughout all these festivities I was entitled to a horse, otherwise our guests might have had to assist at a military funeral. Everything was done to make the Holly Lodge *fête* worthy of the distinguished lady who, as she had told me a few days previously, always kept a warm corner in her heart for Belgium and its people. I believe that on this occasion 5,000 persons were feasted in the house and grounds, including H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Cambridge and a large house party. In a huge marquee, 2,204 sat down to a sumptuous dinner, supplied by Gunter, and the Coldstream Guards and the Metropolitan Police provided the music. When the speeches were made, the generous hostess

was represented by Earl Granville, who was most happy in his remarks and perfect in his French.

That evening a large assemblage attended a concert given at the Agricultural Hall, which had been changed from a ball-room into a concert-room.

Amongst all these fêtes in honour of our Belgian friends, I must not forget the honour accorded me of an invitation to assist with two Belgian officers at a splendid ball given at Stafford House by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland to the Sultan of Turkey and the Viceroy of Egypt, at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was also present. There were 1,000 guests, and for colour and brilliancy I have seen nothing more magnificent in this country.

At the end of the week a review of Volunteers was held on Wimbledon Common, in which the 2,000 Belgians took a conspicuous part. At the saluting base were H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as Captain General and Colonel of the Hon. Artillery Company, with the Sultan mounted on a beautiful white Arab on his right, and the Viceroy of Egypt on his left, with a Staff behind them in which all nationalities appeared to be represented.

The same evening the principal Belgian officers and a considerable number of British Volunteer officers, including myself, were entertained by the Lord Mayor at a banquet at the Mansion House.

How I survived this week I cannot understand, for even on the next day (Sunday) there was no escape, as Colonel Grégoire and his Staff insisted on my being their guest at the Grosvenor Hotel. The band of the Garde Civique performed during the evening, an innovation on the tranquillity of an English Sunday

which was not so generally accepted forty years ago as it would be now.

The festivities were not confined to London, but many large towns in the provinces received and feasted detachments of our guests, finding special trains for them, and leaving as little excuse as possible for refusals.

But a day arrived when a parting was necessary, and the bulk of the Belgian representatives paraded at Somerset House, and thence marched to the river, where the six steamboats which had brought them to London now took them back to the 'Serapis' at Gravesend. On this occasion our number was reduced to 1,000, and this was a comfortable and manageable party. At the officers' mess 170 sat down to dinner. Early next morning we arrived at Antwerp, and had we been a victorious army returning from a successful campaign, we could not have had a more demonstrative welcome. A deputation of ladies came on board and presented Colonel Grégoire with a huge bouquet, and the whole city was gay with bunting. Captain Soady and the officers of the ship, and those who, like myself, were treated as such, were invited in the evening to dine with Colonel Grégoire, and as many officers as could be brought together at short notice. We were ninety in number at table, and it would be difficult in any other country to improvise such a dinner at a few hours' notice as that at which we were regaled. Later we were driven to the Cercle de l'Harmonie: more music, more champagne, more speeches. Then on to the Cercle Artistique, where a similar programme was repeated.

During the few days we were at Antwerp more than 12,000 persons visited the 'Serapis.' Such a ship

had never before been seen in the Scheldt, and indeed it was a little doubtful at first whether there would be depth of water sufficient for her to swing round at her moorings. From morning until night the sides of the ship swarmed with boats filled with people, brought by excursion trains from all parts of the country. After being received at every club and public garden of any importance, our visit came to an end. Colonel Grégoire and his Staff paid us a farewell visit, and the next morning the anchor was weighed and we left for Portsmouth, after an exchange of international courtesies that will never be forgotten by those who had a share in them.

But the festivities, as far as I was personally concerned, were not allowed to stop here. In the next spring the officers of the Garde Civique of Ghent determined, in the exuberance of their generous feeling, that I should have a *fête* to myself. I crossed the Channel and was their guest for two or three days. On the first evening there was a private dinner of Staff officers; and the next evening I was entertained by seventy officers of the artillery, cavalry and infantry of the Garde Civique of the city: the banquet was followed by a gala performance at the theatre. On the party entering the house the English National Anthem was performed, followed by the 'Brabançonne,' and the guest of the evening had the honour to be received by the Governor of the province in his box.

The Easter Monday Review was in those days a great Volunteer institution. I will only refer to that which occurred in 1869. No one who was then present at Dover can have forgotten the storm which raged during the whole morning on sea and land, or the wreck of the training brig 'Ferret' alongside the

Admiralty Pier. My old friend, Captain Mackeson, who commanded for many years the 4th Cinque Ports Rifle Volunteer Corps (Hythe), had brought his company to Dover by water, and having disembarked at the Admiralty Pier, he at once formed his men into line preparatory to marching off: he gave the command 'Fours right,' but the order was never executed, as a huge wave came and swept the whole company on *all fours*. The weather was such that it was decided the review could not take place, and the troops were dismissed, to dry themselves as best they could. However, the Duke of Cambridge arrived in the middle of the day, when the sun was shining brilliantly, and his Royal Highness immediately ordered the 'assembly' to be sounded, and the review was held behind the Castle.

During the period to which I have just referred, and for several years afterwards, I paid frequent visits to Belgium, where, on each occasion, I had the honour to receive His Majesty King Leopold's command for dinners and balls in the capital and also at the Palace of Laeken, and once at Antwerp. Amongst my best friends at that time were Lieut.-General Renard, then Minister of War, at whose official residence I was generally lodged, his son and aide-de-camp, then Major (later General) Renard, another aide-de-camp, General Vidrequin, General Charmet, Colonel F. van Halen, Colonel Stoeffs, &c. With some of these officers I paid a most delightful visit to the camp at Beverloo during the army manœuvres. The King was present; and, being treated as a member of the Staff, I always had a good mount, and was included as one of the guests at the Royal table. Another year His Majesty did not visit the camp, as he had just lost his only son; but he graciously placed a

wing in the Royal pavilion at my disposal, with permission to invite two officers of the British army. General Sir John Cox and Lieut.-General Sayer accompanied me, and we all had a very good time. There was a reminder of Waterloo in the manner we travelled across country from the nearest station to the camp, as we were conveyed in a large chariot fitted with all sorts of comforts for writing, reading, and sleeping, drawn by six artillery horses driven and escorted by gunners, with relays at the roadside. I have never seen any vehicle resembling it, except Napoleon's carriage at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

It was at this period also that I paid frequent visits to Holland, and had the honour to be received by King William III. of the Netherlands. His Majesty was an enthusiastic rifle shot, and I was occasionally commanded to attend him at the rifle butts at Scheveningen. The King carried his enthusiasm to a dangerous pitch, as he persisted in using a file to alter the *pull* of his rifle to suit his own requirements, and all old riflemen know that a hair-trigger does not make a good companion.

CHAPTER II

The Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England—The first International Conference of Red Cross Societies in Berlin—King William I. of Prussia—The Crown Prince and Princess Frederick—Bismarck—Outbreak of the Franco-German War—Origin of the British National Aid (Red Cross) Society—Mission to Paris, Geneva, and Berlin—Red Cross Workers at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—The Anglo-American Ambulance—Sedan—Saarbrück—Round Metz.

IN 1868 a few members of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England (which had not then the recognised position it attained in 1888, when Her Majesty Queen Victoria graciously granted a charter and constituted it a Royal Order) formed themselves into a provisional committee, with a view to the establishment of a National Red Cross Society for the relief of sick and wounded in war, similar to the societies which had been already formed in other countries. This committee was composed as follows: Major-General Sir John St. George, Sir Edmund A. H. Lechmere, Bart., Lord Eliot (afterwards Earl of St. Germains), the Rev. W. B. L. Hawkins, Mr. J. A. Pearson, myself, and Captain Burgess, who undertook the duties of hon. secretary.

As a first step, and in order to obtain the fullest information to be had, Captain Burgess and I went to Berlin, as delegates of the Order to the International Conference of Red Cross Societies. Sir Thomas Longmore, who was the representative of the British

Government at the drawing up of the Convention of Geneva, was again present, as the official delegate, on this occasion. Here I first met M. Gustave Moynier, who has ever since been the President, or as now the Hon. President, of the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva, a body which has performed a most useful part in keeping all the national Red Cross Societies in touch with each other. Here I also met Baron Mundy (Austria), Count Sérurier and Count de Beaufort (France), Dr. Landa (Spain), Baron von Langenbeck (Prussia), and Dr. Appia, all of whom for many years I counted amongst my best friends, and not one of whom, I regret to add, is now living.

I was so strongly urged by some of my colleagues to give utterance to a few words, in order that England should not have the appearance of being outside the Red Cross movement, that I yielded. I told the assembly that in my country we had not yet formed a Red Cross Society, but in case of a European war I pledged myself that Great Britain would be in no degree behind those nations which already possessed such societies. I little thought that this promise would be realised within two years.

It was during this visit that I first met Count Bismarck, who was so soon to become the most striking personality in Europe. One evening he kindly invited me to smoke and drink beer with him, an invitation of which I *cautiously* availed myself. He also gave me his card to enable me to be present on the following day at a debate in the Reichstag, when he made a very characteristic speech. The King of Prussia, soon to become the Emperor William I. of Germany, entertained the members of the Conference at Potsdam, and we were taken in carriages to see all

the interesting sights of that town and neighbourhood, including Sans Souci and Babelsberg. We were then graciously received by His Majesty at dinner at the Marble Palace. On another day the English representatives were also received by the Crown Prince and Princess Frederick, and then for the first time I met the present Emperor (William II.), who was quite a small boy and came in after luncheon.

One of the most important chapters in my life opened in 1870. War between France and Germany was declared on July 15. A week later I called on Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and asked if he would help in forming a British Red Cross Society. After a short conversation on the subject, he wrote a letter to the 'Times,' and as a further proof that he was in earnest, he started a fund with a donation of 1,000*l.* This letter was in truth the keynote for which people had been waiting. There were a few who had a faint idea of the objects of the Convention of Geneva, there were many who had never heard of it, but all were equally ready to respond to an appeal on behalf of the sick and wounded, and it was soon proved that there were not wanting men and women to give a practical direction to those fountains of charity which were already overflowing. The trumpet was sounded by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and an army of helpers who feared no sacrifice was immediately on the alert.

The British National Aid Society, of which Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria was patron, sprang into existence as if under the influence of a magician's wand; provincial and ladies' committees and sub-committees were formed in every part of the country, to work under and in conjunction with the Central Executive Committee of which the Prince of Wales

(now His Gracious Majesty King Edward)—was the President. In no war, not even in that of the Crimea, where our own navy and army were engaged, was sympathy for the sufferers more general ; never had a quarter of a million sterling been so easily collected, and never had an almost unlimited supply of gifts in kind been so rapidly brought under an organisation which had the power to utilise it in accordance with the generous intentions of the donors.

The first general meeting of the new Society was held at Willis's Rooms on August 4, the Duke of Manchester presiding. I was then asked to undertake a mission to Geneva, in order to notify the formation of the Society to the International Committee of the Red Cross, to which reference has already been made. The same evening I started on my journey. I spent six hours in Paris, and this gave me an opportunity to confer with the Count de Flavigny, President, Count Séurier, Vice-President, and the Count de Beaufort, Hon. Secretary, of the French Société de Secours aux Blessés militaires.

Early on the following morning I arrived at Geneva and at once called on M. Gustave Moynier, the President of the International Committee. Having thus reported myself to him and the heads of the French Society in Paris, I felt it my duty to do the same at Berlin, so, after a halt of six hours, I travelled *vid* Lucerne, Zürich, Nuremberg, and Leipsic to the Prussian capital. I do not intend to give details of this most interesting journey, but I must remind my readers that this was not an ordinary pleasure trip. All the railways were under military control, and timetables had no longer any significance. I travelled in any vehicle that was going forward, occasionally in a

horse-box. For instance, at Bamberg, in the middle of the night, I was told to leave the train, and no information could be given as to when the journey could be continued. The only thing to be done was to sit on the platform for two or three hours and to keep a look out for a chance of moving; and, when a train was made up for Leipsic, to take my place in it.

At all the principal stations preparations had been made for the invalids who were already coming back from the French frontier; and doctors, male and female nurses, and other volunteers, distinguished by the Red Cross armlet bearing the official stamp, were busily employed in completing arrangements. Nor must I omit to mention the activity and earnestness of the German Knights of St. John (Johanniterorden), who had the chief control of this philanthropic machinery. At the Berlin Red Cross offices I found the work going on as in Paris, and Baron von Sydow, the President, and his Staff were displaying similar zeal to that I had witnessed on the part of the Count de Flavigny and the French Committee. At the great Central Market where the stores and the *Liebesgaben* (gifts of love) were received, arranged and packed, I was welcomed by Count von Eulenberg (the Master of the Household of the Crown Prince Frederick), who, with his Countess, had undertaken the management of this vast depot.

During the afternoon I witnessed the first arrival of French prisoners, and there was great curiosity on the part of the Berliners, to see representatives of that army which a few days before had threatened to make a victorious march on Berlin. I dined in the evening with a Kentish friend, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Dering, second Secretary of the British Embassy. He had

undertaken the management of the correspondence of the French prisoners, and the magnitude of this work can be realised when it is understood that in this manner he assisted 12,000 officers and 360,000 men, whose requests were often of the most varied character. He thus acted as Postmaster as well as Paymaster-General to this large army of prisoners, who were scattered over the whole of Germany.

At night we attended a concert at the Zoological Gardens, where, for the first time, I heard performed by a military band 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' every bar in which, as Bismarck said, belongs to history. Again and again, amidst the greatest enthusiasm, the inspiring strains had to be repeated.

If my journey so far had been slow, when I left Berlin on the following morning it was still slower. Two Foreign Office bags, with which I had been entrusted, gained for me, perhaps, a little consideration, though they had no effect on the speed of the train. After spending forty-one hours between Berlin and Aix-la-Chapelle, I was compelled to make a halt for one night. The next day I reached London after a most interesting journey of two hundred and fifty hours, during which I only spent two nights in bed.

I shall never forget the change that had taken place during the ten days of my absence.

The first house taken in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields for offices had proved to be too small to allow the work to develop, so the use of two houses opposite was granted by the Government. Then the churchyard of St. Martin's was partly tented over, and this space, and the vaults under the church, as well as a portion of the workhouse, were used as storehouses. I reported myself to our Chairman, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and the

committee then sitting, including Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Overstone, Lord Bury, Sir Harry Verney, Mr. (now Lord) Rothschild, Captain (now General) Sir H. Brackenbury and Captain Burgess, the Secretary. Then I paid a visit to the ladies' department, and here I found that even the noise and dust, occasioned by the rapid transformation which the houses were undergoing, did not stop the work of these devoted women. With Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay, and hard at work in their own special departments, were H.R.H. Princess Christian, the Lady Agnes Campbell, now the Lady Agnes Frank, Lady Gomme, Mrs. Nassau Senior, Miss Verney and Miss de Winton. But the ladies I have mentioned formed a very small percentage of those who in every class of life, from the Royal Family downwards, were doing their share in this great philanthropic endeavour.

I spent three days in London, occupied in making purchases and preparing for another expedition. I then returned to Paris accompanied by Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Herbert de Kantzow.

I feel strongly tempted to dwell on the recollections of these days, which are still so fresh and vivid in my memory, but history, even for individuals, was then moving fast and comprehensively, so I must regrettfully hurry on.

On the day de Kantzow and I arrived in Paris we met, at the house of Dr. Evans, the well-known American dentist, several of our own countrymen as well as Americans. As regards the latter, there was a strong line between the North and South. The former, headed by Dr. Evans, wished to establish a hospital in Paris under the patronage of the Empress, whilst the Southerners, backed by the Englishmen, were anxious to go forward and meet events rather than wait for

them behind the walls of Paris. We little thought then that this beautiful city would have to undergo a siege.

Great ignorance prevailed as to the position of affairs at the seat of war, and de Kantzow and I consented to go to Châlons to make a reconnaissance. The English Society at this time having no brassards with an official stamp, we were each furnished with one stamped by the Minister of War, General Count de Palikao, as well as with *feuilles de route*. The line was very much blocked owing to the movement of troops towards Rheims and the number of families retreating before the German army. After a journey of nine hours, the last few miles having been performed on foot, we reached Châlons-sur-Marne.

At the house of the Mayor we found Dr. Aubin, who was one of the first detachment sent out by the English Society; he, with a French medical student, had charge of sixty beds. Mr. (now Dr.) G. Danford Thomas, one of the coroners for London, with whom I was afterwards associated, was engaged in another hospital.

The Germans having pushed a reconnaissance almost up to the gates of Châlons, it was evident that they would soon appear before Paris; we, therefore, thought it desirable to retire before any check was placed on our freedom. De Kantzow left me at Château-Thierry, whilst I returned to our friends in Paris who were waiting for a report. I had the best of this arrangement, for on the following day I was mysteriously informed by a young lady that my friend and colleague de Kantzow was in difficulties, and that he was regarded as a Prussian spy. The Préfet helped him out of this dilemma, and he went on to Meaux,

where he was twice captured as a spy, and most insolently treated. The French were then suffering from the spy mania in a very acute form, but we soon became quite accustomed to it.

On reaching Paris I found that the English element in our proposed scheme had been strengthened by the arrival of my good friends Mr. (later Sir William) MacCormac, Dr. Philip Frank and Captain (later Sir Douglas) Galton, and that they were willing to co-operate with Dr. Marion Sims, Dr. Pratt, Dr. May, and other members of the American contingent, all of whom were in favour of going to the front. I, therefore, telegraphed to the committee in London asking for authority to form an Anglo-American ambulance. This was immediately granted. The question was, in what direction they should go in order to find the best sphere for usefulness? I volunteered to go out on a reconnoitring expedition, as no reliable information could be obtained in Paris. However, no time would be lost, as some days must elapse before stores could arrive from England and for other arrangements.

I had determined to stop at Arlon, but circumstances decided me to go on to Luxemburg, where I arrived after a journey of eighteen hours.

A very little consideration proved to me that, geographically, there could be no better base of operations for us at that time than Luxemburg. The communication with London was direct and expeditious, and on the other side there was open intercourse with Germany; in front was Metz and a vast field of suffering under the names of Gravelotte and St. Privat; and to the right lay Sedan and Mézières, in which direction it required no great military experience to discern that another serious

battle was imminent. I therefore telegraphed to the British Embassy in Paris begging that the Anglo-American ambulance would immediately leave Paris for that neighbourhood, and I also wrote to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay asking for additional help.

In those days I am afraid my methods must have been sometimes severely criticised, and I think Lord Lyons, to whom I subsequently owed much kindness, must have regarded me as a being quite outside his diplomatic experience, when in the middle of the night he was aroused from his slumbers by my telegram. However, it answered its purpose.

Whilst waiting for further assistance from London I made use of the resources at my disposal, and engaged a large carriage, every corner of which was filled with purchases made in Luxemburg which I thought would be useful. There was just room left for three persons and the coachman, so I offered to take M. Toutsch, President of the Tribunal of Luxemburg, who was charged with a mission to endeavour, if possible, to obtain the release from Metz of four surgeons and three other Red Cross volunteers who were then shut up in that fortress. M. Hastert, who had already been of great use to me, also volunteered to be of the party. It was just after leaving Esch that we passed a notice board marked 'Grand Duché de Luxembourg' guarded by two or three douaniers armed with the old Brown Bess, that I first displayed a Red Cross flag.

At Briey I again met with Mr. Auberon Herbert, and he introduced me to Count Bothmar, a Johanniter Ritter and chief of a Sanitätscolonne. This was a fortunate meeting for me, as the Count invited me to join his column. As on many subsequent occasions,

I was asked to hand over my stores ; but this I declined to do, as I maintained it was my duty as a representative of the British Society to preserve a certain amount of independence, and to judge for myself of the wants of all, both French and German, and to distribute accordingly. However, I gave Count Bothmar one-fourth of my load of hospital comforts, which, though unimportant when bulk was considered, was practically of very great value.

We visited Sainte-Marie-aux-Chênes, St. Privat, and other parts of the field of Gravelotte. Nothing will ever efface from my mind the scenes I then witnessed. Every cottage was filled with wounded men, and scarcely one of these modest shelters had a wall or a roof that had not been partially destroyed during the terrible battle which had taken place. Imagine a vast plain terminating towards the horizon in verdant woods and undulating pastures ; in the midst a heap of blackened ruins ; a few huts, whose very insignificance had saved them from total destruction ; gardens trodden down, trees torn with shot ; all around bursting graves, rudely constructed crosses, refuse of bivouacs, dead horses, broken tumbrils, arms, chacos, empty ammunition barrels ; whilst in front of crumbling walls, which a few days before had enclosed contented homes, sitting on bare stones in the mute agony of despair, were to be seen poor women to whom nothing was left but the memory of what had been.

To add to this misery the heat was intense ; what little water there was in the streams and wells was so foul that a glass of pure water could not be purchased. In fact, the only drinkable water had been brought across the frontier.

On returning to Luxemburg I met Mr. Norton, Mr. Sewell, and Mr. Lyman (surgeons), who had been sent out from England, and I was glad to be again joined by de Kantzow. We had great difficulties here with the Custom House authorities. However, with the assistance of the local Red Cross representative, and the deposit of a few hundred francs, all difficulties were overcome, and we made up without delay another and a larger expedition to the field of Gravelotte.

The surgeons I have just mentioned being as far as was possible equipped and established, de Kantzow and I again started in the direction of Sedan. I had given up all thought of rejoining the Anglo-American ambulance, as the railway lines had been cut and I felt sure the members of it were no longer in Paris. The roar of artillery was continuous, and the great battle, the anticipation of which had hurried me from Paris, was being fought at Sedan. De Kantzow again placed himself at my disposal, and a more generous and hardworking associate I could not desire. As an example of how much I owed to him at this time, I may mention that when the funds entrusted to me by the Society in London were exhausted, he came to my assistance and handed over to me from his own purse 300*l.*, which enabled us to carry on our campaign. We knew that the London committee were straining every nerve to keep pace with the impatience of the British public, who were so liberally supporting them, so we did not hesitate to enlist in Belgium four English volunteers, including a surgeon, a lady (who subsequently died from the result of hard work in the hospital), and her maid, who proved to be an excellent cook.

On the Belgian frontier I was recognised by a Lancer, who conducted me to his commanding officer,

my friend Colonel Charmet, and he was of the greatest assistance. I may add incidentally that I afterwards met him in Sedan, whither he had gone to offer his services to Marshal MacMahon, when he was wounded; and I also saw him again when he made the Emperor Napoleon and his Staff prisoners as they were crossing the frontier into Belgium. He accompanied His Majesty to Bouillon. Having telegraphed for orders as to what he should do with his prisoner, he was directed to take him to the frontier on his way to Cassel.

Two Belgian friends, who had come to Florenville for the shooting season, agreed to join us, and they were a valuable addition. I felt then very proud, and I am still so, of all that this improvised ambulance party was able to accomplish.

Leaving them to obtain all the information which might be useful to us, de Kantzow and I hurried back to Arlon. The night was very cold and rain and hail fell in torrents; it was fortunate our carriage had a hood to afford us some protection. Keeping back to back in order to retain as much warmth as possible in our bodies, we found occasional amusement, sometimes in picturing to ourselves the comical position of the five unaccredited volunteers we had dumped down in a Belgian village without any resources whatever, except their own willing hearts and the hospitality of our newly found allies; but more frequently there was cause for laughter in the fears of our coachman, whose nerves had been considerably shaken by the scenes he had witnessed and the constant challenge of the Belgian sentries. To pass through the Belgian lines was almost more difficult than to go through the French and German armies at any time during the

war. Soldiers seemed to swarm along this frontier. At least twenty times we were stopped by the challenge 'Qui va là?' and in reply to the answer 'Ambulance anglaise'—a meaningless but most comprehensive title which I think would have puzzled a professor of international law—we received permission to proceed. A few steps farther on 'Halte là!' and a sentry stood at the heads of the horses, with his rifle at the charge; while another had his muzzle pointed at the wretched coachman.

Somebody was seen coming from a hut where the officer on duty was spending the slow hours of the night, and, after our faces had been examined with the aid of a smoky lantern, I was obliged to get out and explain my position. The officer and myself proved to be old friends of the camp of Beverloo, and after a little refreshment, which was very acceptable, we were allowed to proceed, with the additional advantage of a soldier on the box with the coachman, until we had passed all the military posts. Even then the coachman was not happy; for, looking at the rifle between his companion and himself, he remarked, 'Mais, je ne suis pas accoutumé à ça.' Soon after five in the morning we arrived at the hotel at Arlon, after a run of twenty hours.

Perhaps it is hardly necessary to explain that the chief reason which decided me to make Belgium the base of my operations was the fact that, from circumstances described in the last chapter which had made me known throughout the country, I had friends in the army or the Garde Civique in almost every town and village.

Leaving de Kantzow to hire wagons and horses, I went on at noon to Luxemburg to make purchases

which extended from lucifer matches at two sous the box to fifty bedsteads complete with bedding, from a packet of salt to fifty dozen of wine, from a pound of candles to a hundredweight of chocolate.

Here I met Dr. and Mrs. Chater, and Mr. Lloyd (surgeon), who had been sent by the London committee, and in the evening they returned with me to Arlon.

Early the next morning, two heavily laden wagons having been sent on during the night, we all left for Florenville. Here we were joined by those we had left two days before, and who had already been engaged in preparing our future establishment. We then pushed on together to Douzy, a village close to Sedan, and at once appropriated a suitable house.

We were now a party of ten, including two ladies and a maid, to whom reference has already been made. Within half an hour we were settled in our house; one swept the floors, another opened bales and packages, which our drivers assisted to carry into the house; a third arranged the stores in the largest room, leaving a clear space in the centre in anticipation of bed-time. Appeals came in before we had finished, and three or four of the party hurried off with pails of wine and water, and baskets of bread and biscuit for slightly wounded men who needed sustenance.

M. Nothomb, who amongst his other offices had kindly undertaken that of chief cook, with the lady's maid as assistant, could not get on without fuel. At the deserted railway station I came upon quite an important mine of coal; this was invaluable, and I only confided the secret to two persons. I also found some crockery to add to our very limited stock, and in

another place a spade, with which the indefatigable Nothomb dug up some potatoes, which a short time afterwards I saw him washing and paring. Nor was his brother less industriously employed ; he held various offices, of which the principal was Master of the Horse.

A large railway shed, about three hundred yards from our door, was full of Germans ill with fever, chiefly of a typhoid character. Opposite were two or three houses filled with wounded men.

That evening we could not carry our investigations very far ; it was evident that food was the relief most required by the patients, and we devoted ourselves to satisfy this important need.

But I must not be led away into detailed descriptions of this period. I propose rather to indicate briefly the sort of work which fell to our lot, and to give such illustrations of my own experience as may seem most likely to be of interest to a generation which knows little of the Franco-German war.

We were just concluding the day's labour (the words day and night at that time had little significance, except that one brought darkness and the other light), and dinner was emitting a most agreeable odour under the clever management of our amateur cooks, when a splendid specimen of humanity in the uniform of the Prussian White Cuirassiers, mounted on an equally fine specimen of horseflesh, arrived with a letter from Dr., now Sir William Howard Russell, and another from an officer on the staff of the Crown Prince of Saxony, requesting that I would at once go to Mouzon to take charge of the property of poor Colonel (Kit) Pemberton, one of the correspondents of the 'Times,' who had been shot on August 1. Horses were at once harnessed and I

started, the guardsman acting as guide. A brisk trot—the coachman was too cautious a man to allow much distance to intervene between him and the white uniform—brought me to Mouzon within an hour, and we rattled through the old archway and along the narrow and tortuous streets, which were thronged with Germans trying to find shelter for the night. The guardsman halted in front of a house of which a Knight of St. John had taken possession. Count Arnim, who was riding with Colonel Pemberton at the time of his death, a Saxon doctor who assisted to pick him up, Major Holleman, and other officers, came in and gave me all the information in their power as to the death of one who, though so recently a stranger, had evidently made himself a great favourite. They also expressed great regret that poor Pemberton's property, which, by order of the Crown Prince of Saxony, had been carefully locked up, should have been pillaged during the night.

I availed myself of Freiherr von Albedyll's invitation to occupy a mattress on the floor of his room, and the coachman, being a Frenchman, was confided to the special care of a number of drivers who were sleeping round a fire in the market-place.

Provisions were evidently scarce; for my host, though a man of position at headquarters, could only offer me some potatoes; but, as he said when his orderly shot out about three gallons from a sack in the corner of his bedroom, 'They are excellent, and they come from Germany.'

Soon after four in the morning, trumpets sounded, and there was a general movement: the Saxon army was about to renew its march on Paris. I went to the house occupied by the Crown Prince (the late King of Saxony), and being determined not to miss him, I took

a chair and sat down at his bedroom door. About six His Royal Highness came out and expressed the great sorrow he felt at the sad occurrence, and desired me to take charge of Colonel Pemberton's horses and other property. He told me where the body would be found, and as he himself was obliged to go on with the troops, he directed Captain von Planitz of the Saxon Guard to remain behind and give me any assistance I might require. It was a curious coincidence that this officer, who afterwards became general and Saxon Minister of War, I had known as quite a small boy when I was staying with his parents near Dresden. Having completed my work, I put five wounded men in the carriage, and, mounting one of the ownerless horses, I rode back with my party to Douzy.¹

During my short absence much had been done towards the establishment of a small English hospital in a deserted café. We had no orderlies except our drivers, and they were willing fellows. However, not one of our party stood on his or her dignity, and I have always found that you can obtain any amount of work from subordinates if you show that you yourself are not afraid of work. After the house had been swept and cleaned, straw beds were made up and laid on the floors, male nurses had been improvised and instructed, and before evening we had our small wards occupied by thirty wounded men, both French and German. The next day I drove to Florenville, where I left de Kantzow and Nothomb to purchase fresh provisions, whilst after changing horses I proceeded to Marbehan railway station, where I found Mr. Crookshank (who has since developed into his Excellency Crookshank Pasha),

¹ Some days later Colonel Pemberton's body was found and identified by means of the buttons on his shooting coat.

whom I at once sent on to Douzy as a valuable addition to our surgical staff.

At Arlon I heard that Captain H. Brackenbury had arrived, and in reply to a telegram he joined me in the morning. The Society in London being now in a flourishing condition, Brackenbury came armed with extensive powers, and I felt personally grateful for his presence. For thirty-three days I had endeavoured, on my own initiative, to occupy the breach, and to act in a manner which I was confident the Society would pursue as soon as it became possessed of adequate means. On the day following we were further reinforced by the Hon. Reginald Capel, Mr. Duncan and Mr. Watson.

Late that night we reached Florenville, and in the morning Brackenbury, Capel and I drove on to Douzy, leaving Duncan and Watson to follow with the stores. During my absence de Kantzow had discovered Dr. Frank and Mr. Blewitt at Balan, where they had a small branch of the greater establishment which the Anglo-American party had formed in the Citadel at Sedan on the day of the battle.

Late that afternoon, in a light cart, purchased for speed, Brackenbury and I drove to Balan, and we passed through the still smoking ruins of the village of Bazeilles. With the exception of the mansion of the Comte de Fiennes which the Luxembourg Red Cross had converted into a hospital, there was not a house or a garden that was not utterly destroyed. In truth, there was not a yard of ground to be seen which did not bear traces of the battle.

In the Mairie at Balan we found Dr. Frank and Mr. Blewitt hard at work, and as I watched them from bed to bed, I felt that, if our Society had nothing else

to show except what was here exhibited, we might well have reason to be grateful. The building bore many marks of the perils to which these gentlemen and those who aided them—namely, Mesdames Godefroy and Marquez, M. Sauvage, a dyer of Balan, and the two daughters of the village schoolmaster, who managed the kitchen—had been exposed on the eventful day of Sedan. The windows were shattered by bullets which, passing on, had left their traces on walls and furniture; here and there, too, heavier metal had penetrated. The surgeons and their assistants had been obliged to work amongst the patients on their knees, in order to keep their heads below the window-sills: one lady who had forgotten the necessity of doing so had received a bullet through the hair just above the nape of her neck.

Frank and Sauvage accompanied us into Sedan. The streets were crowded with German troops and French prisoners, and many shops were open and beginning business again. Everybody was apparently, if not really, gay. This perhaps was due to the fact that the battle had been fought, the siege raised, and peace was expected.

We passed through the town and mounted the steep hill to the Caserne d'Asfeld where the Anglo-American ambulance had 400 patients. Here we found MacCormac, who, in conjunction with Dr. Marion Sims, was surgeon-in-chief of this hospital. Dr. Webb, Dr. Wyman and Mr. Hewitt (surgeons) and Mr. Scott and Mr. Ryan (dressers) constituted the British section of the ambulance, whilst Dr. Pratt, Dr. Tilghman, Dr. Nicoll, Mr. Hayden, Mr. Wallis and Mr. Harry Sims formed the American contingent.

Everything was in admirable order, and English and

Americans were working most harmoniously together, all justly proud of their work. Having ascertained the requirements of the hospital, and promising to supply them as soon as possible, we left Sedan on our return to Douzy. This little excursion was not without exciting incidents. It was very dark when we left the hospital, and rain was falling in torrents. Frank and Sauvage were leading the way in a gig; Brackenbury and I followed, he driving, and I holding a lantern in one hand, and a finger of the other fixed in the neck of a bottle of chloroform, the stopper of which had been lost. Crossing a drawbridge, flanked on each side by stone posts, we came in contact with one of these passive but objectionable guardians; up we tilted, and over went Brackenbury, as I thought into the moat. Fortunately, however, this was not the case; he had fallen on the bridge, and, still clinging to the reins, he speedily righted himself. I clung to the cart, and saved the chloroform; but the lantern, the precious loan of Dr. Webb, was in many pieces.

On arriving at Balan, Brackenbury discovered that he had lost a small travelling bag with a considerable sum of money in it.

M. Sauvage volunteered to go back with me to look for it; just at the entrance of Sedan, I said to him that, as he was acquainted with the town, he had better take the reins. We were swinging along at a good pace, and as we were approaching the city gate I was on the look out for stone posts, when I saw one of the monsters just ahead of us. Scarcely had the words 'à droite' passed my lips when there was a crash; my companion was dashed violently to the ground. The cart recovered its equilibrium, and I was still in it; but, not liking my helpless position, for my friend had carried the

reins away with him, I jumped out, and succeeded in catching the horse by the head. Believing that I had another case for the hospital, I was delighted to hear the voice of M. Sauvage, who assured me that he was not hurt beyond a few bruises. Our vehicle, strange to say, was uninjured, and we again got into it, passed through the city, borrowed a lantern at the gate, found the purse in a puddle of water just where Brackenbury had fallen, and drove back to Balan. Here we had supper, with Frank and his staff, in the room of a wounded French officer of the 19th battalion of Chasseurs, and who, though in bed, joined not only in conversation, but in the meal. Thence we drove to Douzy; Capel, Brackenbury and de Kantzow left the same night for Arlon.

Although it was never my good fortune to be on the muster-roll of the Anglo-American ambulance, I am quite sure that not one of its members has ever grudged me the satisfaction I feel in having been, with MacCormac, Frank, Pratt and de Kantzow, one of its original promoters.

I look upon these ten days at Douzy, whilst I was in the most blissful state of dependence on Brackenbury and Capel for all important supplies, as a period of absolute rest after the life I had been leading. Sedan could still furnish us with many things, and every day I rode into the town to forage for hospital comforts and other little alimentary changes for our own mess. On each of these occasions I visited the Anglo-Americans at the Caserne d'Asfeld and Frank at Balan.

But Sedan, Bazeilles, the cottage where Napoleon III. surrendered himself a prisoner, the château where he and the King of Prussia met, the prisoners' island

where 80,000 Frenchmen were collected previous to their weary journey into Germany—all these things have been so fully described by able pens that it is unnecessary I should again refer to them.

There was no difficulty about obtaining horses in these days, many poor animals were wandering ownerless over the country, and in many cases so wounded that it was a charity to relieve their suffering with a bullet. One of my Belgian friends presented me with a beautiful little Arab which he had obtained in the following manner. He told a French peasant to catch it, and gave him five francs for his trouble; then he handed it over to me, with saddle and bridle complete.

One anxiety we had at Douzy was occasioned by the lawless habits of a band of thieves who were always on the look out for booty. I had lost a set of harness and other articles; but one morning I was informed that a man, a notably bad character, had just gone off with one of our horses. I at once gave chase and caught him red-handed. Having brought him back and left him in custody, I went and reported him to the German commandant. He said, 'Your prisoner is a very bad man and he must be *shooted*.' I replied that I did not wish for the extreme penalty. 'Well,' the officer said, 'that is my only punishment, so if you bring him to me he will be *shooted*.' However, I preferred to take the law in my own hands, and I told the prisoner he must return to his cottage, and if he were seen outside of it whilst the English were in the village, I should hand him over to the German commandant. Death settled the question, as within a week the poor wretch died of small-pox.

Every day, indeed every hour, was crowded with

sad episodes: and I will select one as it testifies to the courage and philanthropy of a French member of the medical profession. A little packet, containing a pocket-book, a cross of an officer of the Legion of Honour, and the Mexican medal, was picked up and brought to me. The book had been perforated by a bullet, which had also passed through a letter written in pencil: but the name and address were fortunately spared, and this precious souvenir was as soon as possible forwarded to the widow.

' Sedan, 1 Août [evidently intended for September].

' Au milieu de la bataille, entouré par les balles, je t'adresse mes adieux. Les balles et les boulets qui m'épargnent depuis quatre heures ne me ménageront pas plus longtemps.

' Adieu, ma femme bien aimée. J'espère qu'une âme charitable te fera parvenir cet adieu. Je me suis comporté bravement, et je meurs pour n'avoir pas voulu abandonner mes blessés. Un baiser.

H. V.

Assisted by an officer who was a friend of this brave surgeon, some of our party afterwards searched for the body, and found it half buried in a ditch close to Balan, and they removed it to the cemetery of Bazeilles, where it was decently interred.

Duty now called me towards the east, and there was nothing more I could do at Sedan, where our hospitals were well equipped and established. I therefore travelled *via* Luxemburg and Trèves to Saarbrück, where the first shot in the war had been fired, and the Prince Imperial had received his *baptême de feu*. Here I visited the hospitals with Dr. Hardwicke, one of the coroners for London, another representative of the

British Society. I also called at the Dutch hospital which was directed by Baron de Hardenbroeck, whom I had met at the Berlin Conference in 1868. Then I went to the Belgian hospital, which was under the energetic management of Baroness de Crombrugghe, whom I had last seen at the Red Cross depot in the conservatory of the Botanical Gardens at Brussels.

It will, perhaps, be remarked that I had started on the French side, but at Sedan I became absorbed by the German army. My only means of identification was the stamped brassard which the French Minister of War, Count de Palikao, had given me. It did not matter to me which side I was on, and in those days much more licence was allowed to Red Cross representatives than would now be permitted. However, being with Germans, I called on Baron Fürstenberg, the chief of the Johanniter depot, and he gave me the proper 'Legitimationskarte' signed by Prince Pless. One advantage of this was that it enabled me to travel free over German railways, and although this was not of much use to me, the card proved to be the most convenient form of passport.

I may here remark that after Sedan I never wore a Red Cross brassard, although I invariably carried a stamped one in my pocket in case of accident. I had seen this badge so much abused that I really was ashamed to wear it. It was often worn by commercial travellers who were anxious to do business with the troops, and by other people who desired to circulate amongst the belligerents, and in this category I must include a number of undoubted spies.

From Saarbrück I went to Spicherenberg, also to Forbach, Remilly, and Courcelles, names that will ever be remembered in the German army.

Although I saw truckloads of bread which had been kept too long and was totally unfit for food, and large quantities of salt meat to which the soldiers were helping themselves as they pleased, it was quite impossible to buy anything fit to eat, so I begged for a cup of soup in a hospital, leaving in exchange a few packets of cigars, which were greatly appreciated by the patients.

Before quitting Saarbrück, I met Mr. Ernest Hart, Dr. Hardwicke, and two or three other Englishmen, and I accepted the proposition that we should take on ourselves a hospital with 150 beds. I also left with them 150*l.* for immediate use.

This closes the first portion of my experience in the Franco-German war. I have so far endeavoured to describe the first efforts of the National Aid Society, and to show how, without any previous organisation, this Society took the field. In future pages, the development of its work, so far only as I was personally concerned, will be merely sketched; otherwise, I should be led into the discussion of questions which lie outside the ambition of this modest book.

CHAPTER III

A Fresh Start—Made Prisoner at Conches—Through the French Lines to the German Headquarters—Versailles—Baron Rothschild's Château of Ferrières—Return to London—Journey with Colonel Loyd-Lindsay—The Princes' Casino—Destruction of the Palace of St. Cloud—Red Cross Work at Versailles—Château du Moulin Rouge—Hospitals—Nursing Sisters—The British Depot—Our Mess—A Sortie—An Alarm—The Palace as a Hospital.

I HAD been living at very high pressure, and it was desirable I should occupy for a time a restricted sphere of less continuous labour. Partly for this purpose, I was anxious to get into Paris. It is true that Dr. Wyatt (Coldstream Guards), and Dr. (afterwards Surg.-General Sir Charles) Gordon, had been sent thither by the War Office; but there was no person there to represent the British Red Cross Society. I had little hope of my wish being realised, though Lord Granville, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, displayed much sympathy with it. Count Bernstorff, the Prussian Ambassador, and M. Tissot, the French *Charge d'Affaires*, gave me letters recommending that I should be passed through both the French and German armies. On September 23, after two days in London, I again left England. On arriving at Amiens, I was the only passenger, and the line having been cut between that station and Paris, I travelled with the mails to Rouen and thence to Dreux.

During the afternoon I reached Conches, and there

being no possibility of moving on by rail before 10 p.m., I walked into the little town, carrying my own small baggage. Whilst looking at the charming pastoral scene from the terrace near the church, a current of animal magnetism, or something else which I do not pretend to understand, brought home the conviction that my freedom would soon be curtailed. Prusso-phobia was in the air. I strolled into the picturesque church, and on my reappearance was surrounded by a most unprepossessing group of francs-tireurs, armed with fire-arms and bayonets of various patterns, who demanded my papers. At first I declined to give them except to official authority, and I asked for the Mayor or the Commissaire de Police. These lately enfranchised citizens laughed at the idea of their being subject to any authority. I was marched off to the Mairie, where I underwent a most irregular examination, every individual who chose to do so being allowed to cross-examine the prisoner as he pleased. It was said that I had been making drawings and plans. I told them I was not such a fool in time of war as to use pencil and paper in a public place. It was decided that this *sacré espion prussien* should be at once shot. The Mayor and Commissaire de Police cautiously informed me that they were satisfied with my explanations, and I replied that their weak conduct was increasing the excitement and adding to the danger of my position, and that they were responsible for my safety. I was then marched to the inn, and everything I owned was carefully examined. My 'Rob Roy' cooking apparatus was said to be an infernal machine of the most dangerous type, but there was something even worse than that, namely Count Bernstorff's letter, which nobody could read. Fortunately, M. Tissot's

recommendation to all French civil and military authorities to assist me to get into Paris served somewhat as an antidote to the German letter.

The case was one which required further consideration, so I was allowed to have some food, and meanwhile it was settled that my fate should be decided by the Préfet at Evreux. Seated between two gendarmes, I was taken off in a cart, two hours' journey, the expenses of which, including a supper for my custodians, I had to pay. The Préfet being a sensible man, at once summoned an interpreter, and on discovering the nature of the Prussian Ambassador's letter, he was very profuse in his apologies, and gave orders that I was to be treated with every consideration.

The next morning, having with some difficulty obtained a carriage and a strong pair of roadsters, I continued my journey. The only interruption this day was caused by some French dragoons who bore down on me and demanded my papers. They were easily satisfied with M. Tissot's letter. At Mantes, the postmaster undertook to drive me to Flins, if I would promise him a safe-conduct, and, of course, I readily agreed to do this; it was so easy to give a written pass. The day before the Germans had pitched a few shells into this town. Things were becoming exciting, for half an hour after I had been stopped by Chasseurs d'Afrique I fell in with a German patrol of four dragoons who were riding leisurely along as if they had a whole division of their own army in sight. At Flins I halted for the night in one of the most primitive inns I had ever entered. The droll part of the position was that the villagers could not tell whether they were within the French or the German lines. The four dragoons I had met were sufficient

proof to me as to the position, but it was not to my interest to speak on the subject.

At six o'clock in the morning all doubt was set at rest by the appearance of four Uhlans clattering down the street, each man carrying a pistol at full cock; after using their eyes in all directions, they clattered back again into space.

A two hours' drive brought me to St. Germain. Here I was most courteously received by General von Redern, who advised me to report myself at the headquarters of the Crown Prince Frederick at Versailles, and this I did the same evening.

I dined at the Hôtel des Réservoirs with Sir Henry Havelock, whom I had left at Sedan, Colonel Beauchamp Walker, military attaché at Berlin, Mr. Alfred Austin, special correspondent of the 'Standard' (now poet laureate), and later I joined Mr. W. H. Russell ('Times'), Mr. Landells (special artist of the 'Illustrated London News'), and Mr. Hilary Skinner ('Daily News'), whom I had last met in Denmark during the war of 1864.

Having, after some difficulty, obtained a carriage and horses, I set out for the Château of Ferrières, the princely residence of Baron Rothschild, where the King of Prussia was then residing. The route was through Palaiseau, Longjumeau, and Corbeil, thence to Brie-Comte-Robert, where, after a journey of forty miles, I remained for the night. Early next morning I continued the route to Ferrières. I carried a letter to Count Abeken, Count Bismarck's private secretary, who referred me to Colonel von Werdy, major of the Staff. Nothing could be purchased, and I was indebted to the cook of General von Stosch, who set before me a beefsteak and a bottle of wine. For dessert I went

into Baron Rothschild's garden. Never in my life had I eaten more delicious fruit, and, as the owner could not enjoy it, I felt no more hesitation in helping myself than I now do in confessing it. I had seen the interior of the house, and I spent some time in the park, gardens, stables, &c., and when I next met Baron Rothschild I was able to report that no damage had been done which could not speedily be made good. After waiting for several hours I was told that I could not be permitted to enter Paris.

Although I regretted at the time that I had failed in my endeavour, as we had no representative in that beleaguered city, I soon found consolation in the knowledge that I should have been of comparatively small use shut up there, whilst outside an unlimited field for my energies was still open. I therefore returned at once to Versailles. Following my usual rule of taking the shortest line, I nearly got into difficulties, as the road brought me too near Villejuif, from which a sortie was being made. As columns of infantry required the road, and cavalry were sweeping the fields right and left, I told my coachman to pull aside. After a short period of suspense he meekly requested to know whether monsieur expected him and his carriage to remain there as if he were on a *champ de courses*. Monsieur replied that he certainly intended to remain there himself, and, as he meant to keep the carriage and horses, he concluded the cocher would also stay; I was not the only person whose plans were disarranged this day. The Crown Prince, who was on his way to see the King at Ferrières, was also compelled to make a deviation from his intended route.

Having distributed at Versailles the small supply of

stores and all the money I had at my disposal, I left two days later in order to make arrangements in London for maintaining a Red Cross depot at Versailles. On this occasion my companion was Sir Henry Havelock. We had engaged a retired railway guard as courier, and this man was certainly of use on two occasions when we were captured by francs-tireurs between Versailles and Dreux, at which latter place we left the carriage and horses and took train for Rouen, Amiens, Calais and London.

Three days afterwards I accompanied Colonel Loyd-Lindsay to France, travelling *via* Southampton to Havre. Here we found Lord Bury and Captain Edis (later colonel commanding the Artists corps of Volunteers). They were very busy purchasing horses and hiring drivers for the Woolwich ambulance—so called because all the ambulance and transport wagons, harness, &c., were purchased at Woolwich out of Government stores. In two days Lord Bury, with the aid of an English veterinary surgeon and a French horse-dealer, had succeeded in buying 100 horses. Havre was in a state of great excitement; and drill and big gun practice were going on all day. Every assistance was the more freely given to us as, I am inclined to believe, the English *milords* were credited with the intention of being about to give a regiment of cavalry to the Government at Tours.

A so-called Irish ambulance which had arrived the same morning afforded ground for the hypothesis that the Red Cross flag did not always cover neutrals. The moment the men landed they threw off all disguise and joined the Foreign Legion. A few months later I met with some of these Irishmen fighting as

communards and one of the ambulance carriages I discovered with the Carlist army in Spain in 1874.¹

A barouche and horses we had brought from England having been put on the train, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and I travelled through Rouen to St. Pierre, which was the farthest point to which the railway could take us. The incidents of this journey were very interesting; we met with occasional interruptions from Chasseurs d'Afrique, but our papers were considered satisfactory. We slept one night at Vernon and one at St. Germain; thence we had a short run to Versailles. We had to a great extent prepared the road for the Red Cross agents and convoys of hospital material which thenceforth continued with little interruption to find their way to the important depot I succeeded in establishing at Versailles.

That night, after dinner, I accompanied Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and Mr. W. H. Russell to the Casino, as the little club was called, where the Duke of Saxe-Coburg received us in his apartments at the Hôtel des Réservoirs. I almost need the *Almanach de Gotha* to give a list of those who were there, and with whose appearance I was not then quite so familiar as I subsequently became. The company was almost entirely composed of princes and their aides, a numerous body about whose presence at headquarters Count Bismarck did not scruple to make remarks the reverse of flattering. Amongst them were the Hereditary Prince of Würtemberg, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, the Hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg, Duke Max of

¹ Nearly thirty years later similar use of the Red Cross was made by a so-called neutral ambulance, organised at Antwerp, the personnel of which joined the Boers in the Transvaal as belligerents.

Würtemberg, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, whose nomination to the throne of Spain was said to form the origin of the war, and many others. Count Solms took possession of the piano, and soon the majority were occupied at the card tables. Meanwhile the French varied the entertainment with the music of their heavy guns.

The circumstances of the French Red Cross Society were at this time somewhat complicated. Without pretending to give a comprehensive account, I will, as I proceed, indicate some of its difficulties. His Serene Highness the Prince Maximilian of Thurn and Taxis told me that the Bavarian hospital was in a very wretched state, and there were many of the patients without blankets. I accompanied Count Butler to the infantry barracks where this hospital was established, and soon satisfied myself that the description was not exaggerated. The Bavarian stores were almost exhausted, and as my supply was still limited, I called on M. Horace Delaroche (son of the celebrated painter Paul Delaroche). He was then acting as President of the Versailles Red Cross branch. Indeed, I may describe this gentleman as *de facto* President of the National Red Cross Society of France; for, although the son of the President, Count de Flavigny, and Colonel Huber-Saladin represented the Society at Brussels, Tours, and subsequently at Bordeaux, the central committee was shut up in Paris and completely cut off from all communication with its agents. Delaroche and I agreed to make a joint consignment to the Bavarians of such things as were most necessary, and within two hours we delivered them at the hospital. This was the first, but not by any means the last, occasion that Delaroche and his

committee cordially co-operated with me in work exclusively for the benefit of the Germans.

My work was, from the position I occupied at the headquarters of the German army, chiefly devoted to German hospitals, although as far as possible I, and those with me, always gave a proportionate share to the French sick and wounded, whom we found outside of those institutions, and, for instance, in the large Hôpital Militaire. It is with the greatest satisfaction I can assert that on no occasion was French assistance refused to me during the five months I spent at Versailles: on the contrary, all the members treated me as a colleague, and I was allowed to dispose of men and material whenever I was in need of assistance.

On the second morning after Colonel Loyd-Lindsay had been allowed to go into Paris with a gift of 20,000*l.* to the French Society from the National Aid Society, I found W. H. Russell about to visit St. Cloud, where, as we had heard, the Palace during the night had been destroyed by fire. It has always been a disputed point as to whether this was done by shells from Mont Valérien, or purposely by the Germans. In order to save time Russell lent me a mount, and we set off with Lord Adare (now Lord Dunraven), who was acting with Beattie Kingston as correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' and Captain Keith Fraser, 1st Life Guards, who had piloted from England a large convoy of stores intended for the depot. I must pass over the scene we witnessed, when we reached the still burning remains of the beautiful Palace. An attempt had been made to save the library, and also as much of the luxurious furniture, tapestry, bronzes, clocks, and articles of *vertu* as could be collected in the garden.

We were obliged to take all the shelter we could get, as we were well under fire. We were presently reminded of this when we reached the barricade at the bridge of Sèvres. At the guardhouse three German officers courteously welcomed us. A table and chairs were brought out and planted in the middle of the street, and wine and cigars were produced.

The position was certainly a curious one: just in front of us was a roughly constructed barricade, and in a wagon behind it stood a sentinel peering over the top. The look-out man on the summit of the gilded dome of the Invalides, whom we could distinguish with our glasses, must have been rather surprised by our appearance. Evidently it was assumed that we were of some importance, and worth a little powder and shot; for as we were riding off, two or three shells were dropped into the street in close proximity to the spot where our table had been placed.

After October 10 I considered myself established at Versailles. My first depot was in a coach-house in the Rue des Réservoirs, but the contributions from England soon compelled me to seek a more important building, and I moved to the 'Petit Séminaire' in the Rue de la Bibliothèque, which was formally handed over to me by the Bishop of Versailles as a hospital or storehouse. This large house was built by the celebrated architect Mansart for himself, and the dining-hall was admirably adapted for our purpose, being spacious and well warmed with flues. My most active helper was Kleinmann. He had been sent out to me as courier, and he rendered very efficient aid, especially as he was a good linguist. The London committee were ready to send me any assistance I required, but I felt that it would be superfluous to

bring personal help from England to a town like Versailles. I made it a rule to utilise local assistance first, and the result, I think, proved I was right. Not only was great expense spared, but independently of the local Red Cross agents, who gave me daily assistance both within and without the depot during the whole period of my stay at Versailles, a few English residents, both male and female, found a congenial field of labour, and were thus the better enabled to bear the troubles and anxieties incidental to war. Amongst these I may name Mr. Johnson and his daughters, the Vicomtesse de Roullée (*née* Mitchell), and Mrs. Inglefield, wife of the late Admiral Otway Inglefield. Without them I do not know how my marketing would have been done, and their experience after a residence of several years at Versailles was invaluable.

Fortunately for me, too, Danford Thomas arrived with four or five French ambulanciers, a wagon, horses, tents, &c., the property of the French Society, which he had discovered and annexed at Sedan. At this time any irregularities of this kind were overlooked, and little could be said when the motives were so good, and owners could not make use of their property.

Thomas had also discovered an unoccupied house, the Château du Moulin Rouge, at Marly-le-Roi, which he proposed I should take for present use. In this arrangement the gardener and his wife and family were interested parties, as they regarded me as a protector. The great advantage I recognised in such a change was that I should have more air and freedom outside the gates of Versailles than within them, especially as these gates were always closed when any fighting was going on in the neighbourhood. It was

really a very charming house, with lofty mansard roof and ornamental tower. It was well arranged with excellent hot and cold baths, a billiard-room, and a very good piano, all of which luxuries were very much appreciated by some of my friends. The grounds were very pretty, with ornamental water, fountains, &c., and when I had visitors I gave them an exhibition of the *grandes eaux*. I gave the strictest injunctions that the furniture and beautiful old Gobelins tapestries, in fact the whole property, should be as scrupulously protected as if the owner and his family, whom I have never known, had been at home. For house rent and garden produce I of course paid nothing, but I may add that I paid for everything else.

When I first arrived at the house the Red Cross flag was flying over it, but I ordered this to be removed, as I would not occupy the place under false pretences. My position here was respected by the troops, who occasionally called, and when the war was over, I hope the proprietor found his property intact, with the exception of a few blankets and mattresses which could not be expected to be exempt from German requisition.

My residence here with Thomas was not of very long duration. The weather became cold and damp, and although on bright days the ride backwards and forwards was very agreeable, it became fatiguing when the work to be done at Versailles increased. Besides, there were one or two lively sorties from Paris that threatened, if pushed much farther, to garrison my pretty estate; so, after careful consultation with my good friend Thomas, I made up my mind that I was more useful at Versailles than I should be if taken as a captive to Paris.

I was also encouraged to this step by M. van de Velde, Chief of the Dutch ambulance, who, after having passed a night with me at Marly, persuaded me to join the Dutch mess. So I was installed in a suite of apartments in the Palace dedicated 'à toutes les gloires de la France,' an arrangement in which M. Smidt, the *régisseur du palais*, kindly acquiesced. I was then relieved of all domestic worries, as the Dutch took all the responsibilities of the mess, the expenses of which were shared in common. They had brought in a cook and some of the servants of the château attended on us, and were glad of an opportunity to earn something.

Besides M. van de Velde, the Dutch party consisted of Dr. Hermanides, Dr. Sneltjes, and Mr. Vrolik. One member of this staff, Mr. Smitt, unfortunately fell a victim to his devotion in the hospital, and died on October 10, aged twenty-three. Attached to the Dutch ambulance was Staff-Surgeon Dr. Pollack, of the Prussian army, and they had charge of the patients in the Galerie Louis XIII. and some of the smaller adjacent rooms. After some weeks I came to the conclusion that, however agreeable under these regal conditions a residence might be in summer, it was not the most enjoyable place in winter, particularly when the supply of firewood ran short. I therefore adopted the suggestion that I should move into a charmingly furnished suite of rooms on the ground floor of a large house in the Rue de la Pompe, which an English resident had vacated. I accepted this offer the more readily as it was partly made with a view to the protection which I could give the house. The matter was soon settled when I obtained the necessary paper from the Commandant de Place, and also by chalking

on the front door the hieroglyphics by which German troops signify their billets.

My work was of a very varied and extended character. At first stores were permitted to pass from Havre to our depot at Versailles, but a seizure was one day made at Vernon of a convoy under the charge of Danford Thomas.

There was a great outcry against this act, which was said to be in direct contravention of the Convention of Geneva, but in this I did not join. The people of Vernon might fairly object to allowing food and wine &c. to go through their lines to Versailles, unless the same privilege was also accorded by the Germans to stores under the Red Cross destined for Paris. This is a difficult question: but I cannot think the French were wrong in, at any rate, trying to blockade Versailles.

I also think that on this occasion a most liberal concession was made to us, as those who stopped the convoy allowed a very free interpretation to the words 'hospital necessaries.' If food, in the form of barrels of meat and biscuit, be sent to a hospital when there is a scarcity of provisions in the immediate neighbourhood, it is not only the hospital which is benefited.

My interpretation of this question is, I think, a very disinterested one, as I lost a consignment of winter clothing which was captured by francs-tireurs. Included with this were some big riding-boots for Russell. His constant appeal, 'Furley, where are my boots?' became quite pathetic.

On one occasion, Major Lewis Jones had almost reached me on the western side of Paris, when he was compelled to return with all his stores to England, whence he started again by the north, and arrived

at Versailles on the eastern side some weeks afterwards.

Compared with what was done by some of the agents, the distribution of stores which I made was limited, but every detail of it was under my own personal control.

I felt strongly that the English society could not fairly be called upon to contribute largely to the hospitals in a place which was so favourably situated as Versailles, without a great abuse of the privilege supposed to be enjoyed by the agents of the volunteer societies of neutral States.

Our duty was to supplement the assistance and supplies furnished by the Army Medical Corps and Intendance of the respective belligerents, and not to take their places. It was my duty also to judge, to a certain extent, from the convoys which daily came into Versailles, as to what was most necessary, and not to make random applications to the London Committee, supported by a general assertion that I could manage to get rid of any hospital stores that might be sent. Pity and sympathy would have inclined me to carry liberality to its utmost limits, but I endeavoured to keep my heart in subjection to my head. If I were again placed in such a position, and entrusted with similar power, I should not change the simple and inexpensive plan I pursued at Versailles.

It was a very difficult thing sometimes to refuse, but it was necessary to do so. During the severely cold weather, officers came daily to beg warm clothing for their men who were in the trenches, and they remarked that 'prevention was better than cure,' and unless the men were better clad they would inevitably become ill. To such applications I was compelled to

turn a deaf ear. I pitied the soldiers; but prevention was the duty of the chiefs, and it was no part of my mission to add to the comfort of the combatants in the trenches.

As an example of the extent to which I carried my rule, I may remark that I one day received an application for some porter for a Royal Highness. I refused to grant this without a medical certificate, and I have now before me the document which was sent:

'For the use of H.R.H. the sick Prince of — I would like to have six bottles of porter beer.

'Dr. —

Surgeon to the —

Versailles, &c.'

Every day I visited some of the hospitals. One of these, the Hôpital Militaire, under Dr. Fropo, was then the only exclusively French hospital, but subsequently a portion of it was occupied by Germans. Another, the Lycée, was devoted to typhus cases and fevers of a typhoid or gastric character, the usual number of inmates being from 600 to 1,000. Then there were the Château, the principal galleries in which were filled with German soldiers, and the Bavarian hospital in the Caserne de l'Infanterie. They were the principal hospitals in the town, and to these I paid frequent visits; but several private houses contained wounded men, and these were constantly visited by the ladies I have already mentioned, who made notes for me of the small requirements.

Beyond Versailles there were hospitals in all directions—some extremely well arranged, and others where I sometimes noticed a total absence not only of

comfort, but often of absolute necessaries, and to such I endeavoured to render immediate aid.

I must not omit to mention a small hospital in the Couvent des Dames de la Retraite. On the arrival of the Germans, the Vicomte G. de Romanet, with whom I afterwards became intimately associated, made arrangements with the authorities that this building, which stands in extensive grounds at Montreuil, should be protected from intrusion and requisition. He established a small hospital there for fifteen or twenty French patients; and for a few months remained within the walls as director and principal dresser. M. Casilis lived with him as medical assistant. The surgeon to this little hospital lived in the town.

One of the most useful ladies at this time was an English Sister of the Congrégation des Servantes du Sacré Cœur de Jésus, and with her, and other members of her sisterhood, I made several little expeditions during the war.

The first of these was in the middle of October, when I accompanied her to the Palais de Justice, where she exhibited an order to set at liberty the Curé of Bellevue and another gentleman, who had been in prison for some days, on the charge of communicating by signals with the enemy; an accusation which could not be substantiated. Thence we drove to Chaville, and visited the Couvent de St. Vincent de Paul, and the Hospice de St. Jean, where sick soldiers were being nursed; and we also visited the large establishment of the Dominican Sisters. Here were eighty-five Prussians, all suffering from typhus and dysentery, and four wounded Frenchmen. In such visits as these we were always able to do some little good.

The same Sister did not hesitate to accompany me sometimes on expeditions of a more adventurous character, and I must frankly own that she and her religious habit were more than once my best passports. Few people know what many of these excellent Sisters suffered from cold and privation during this terrible winter; but they never complained, nor could any of the many sufferers whom they attended tell what agonies their gentle nurses were enduring.

At a subsequent period there was one lady, well known in England, I often saw at the Lycée, where there were always from six to eight hundred men, the majority of whom were typhus and other infectious cases.

Such are the positions which try the nerve, patience, and courage not only of women, but of men. Nothing can be imagined more disgusting than the scenes which they have to endure in the hospitals devoted to fever, small-pox, and dysentery. Nurses become more easily accustomed, I think, to witness surgical operations than to the offensive and menial offices which such wards constantly demand. All honour, then, to those who, secluding themselves from the change and excitement to be found in more conspicuous fields of labour, devote themselves week after week to this terrible employment.

The Petit Séminaire was considered to be too good a building for the English depot; German officers had long had their eyes upon it, and I readily admitted that it ought to be used as a hospital.

I had searched through gallery after gallery in the Palace for a suitable place to which to transfer the depot, when in my wanderings I came to the grand kitchen, built by Louis Philippe, in the Cour de la

Smala, and which, I believe, had only been used for two banquets: one in honour of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and the other on the occasion of the visit of the King Consort of Queen Isabella of Spain. Here I made my stand; I knew it was not fit for a hospital ward, and I would not see the objections that were raised against my occupation. I told the *régisseur* of the Château that if he would allow me to do so, I would bring in men and clear it in half an hour, and at last he consented. I may here remark that I always recognised the existing French officials where it was possible, in order to spare their feelings, although it might sometimes have been a more rapid way to ask for direct concessions from the German authorities.

With the assistance of the willing lady-workers the new depot was very soon put in order. The massive tables were covered with shirts, flannel clothing, socks and stockings, blankets, bandages, slippers, &c., and unpacked cases covered the long line of *batteries de cuisine* on each side. One part of the confectioners' room became a *pharmacie* and the dressers were arranged with splints and surgical instruments; whilst around the rooms such things as arrowroot, syrups, biscuits and hospital foods were placed on shelves; and beyond this were ovens filled with various stores. In the court outside there was plenty of space for wagons and horses, and this was of great use when the Woolwich ambulance was subdivided, and Young and I were acting together. We then annexed other rooms for tents, bedding &c. Kleinmann made an office for me in the great chimney of the kitchen, and here at a table made of empty packing cases covered with a union jack I became *chef de cuisine*, a title which sounds better than 'head cook.'

Life at Versailles at this time was so well described by the war correspondents that I need not attempt to go minutely over the same ground. But I cannot allude to the war correspondents without admitting that socially they made a very important British centre. There were little dinners at the 'Réservoirs' until our party became inconveniently large for the share of room left by the army of Royal and Serene Highnesses and their respective followers. Then we had recourse to the 'Vatel,' dropping back occasionally on the old house upon special occasions. I speak feelingly of these meetings, because all the distinct notions that I had of the general progress of the war were gathered here. I could now and then see something of a fight, but my business often precluded me from learning the immediate results.

Our English mess at the 'Vatel,' of which General Beauchamp Walker was the recognised president, was always a changing scene; some of our party, perhaps, would be away at the headquarters of another army, or there would be an unexpected arrival, a Queen's messenger from England, a Red Cross representative, from outside, or a special correspondent in search of a better dinner than his own particular district could afford.

As by degrees we got into winter quarters, there were little meetings almost every evening. I think I may take credit for the first smoking concert. When I found myself lodged in the Ministers' wing of the Palace, I was bold enough to add a piano to the furniture, as a hint to the only member of our circle who could perform on it that he would sometimes be expected to entertain us. Here on *the first night of the season* we had quite a large gathering. All the

officers of the Dutch ambulance were there, the English army and volunteers were represented; there was an American general, a Prussian Stabsarzt and a full muster of war correspondents. To listen to the performance of Beattie Kingston ('Daily Telegraph') was a real enjoyment. His répertoire, without book, embraced every variety of style, from classic symphonies and sonatas and Wagner's operas to Strauss and Gunzl's valses, from the quaint hymn-like songs of Scandinavia to Offenbach's latest opera, from the sweet melodies of our country to the wild music of Russia and Hungary. Mr. Home, too, the spiritualist, then representing a New York paper, frequently enabled us to pass an agreeable hour with recitations in prose and verse, sometimes varied by spiritualistic manifestations.

The British colony attained its height when Mr. Odo Russell (Lord Ampthill) arrived, and with him amongst us we felt as if we had a political position in Europe. We were not surprised that his charming personality was appreciated, even by the Great Chancellor to whom he was in every way such an absolute contrast.

When I moved to the Rue de la Pompe, my piano went with me, and we felt very much flattered when, regardless of the bitterly cold weather, at one of our social meetings we were joined by several of the Red Cross ladies to whom I have already referred.

Little dinners, too, were sometimes given, when specialities were produced as a surprise. One thing, however, was very noticeable—that as cats became scarce hares were more plentiful, and *civet de lièvre* was a standing dish.

But it must not be supposed, from these little hints I have thrown out, that this was our usual existence,

and that we worked during the day and amused ourselves every evening. Yet it must be confessed that there was something very artificial in war, as it was carried on at Versailles. Going out to see a sortie from Paris was very like going to a race meeting. You could ride out after luncheon, assist at an engagement, and return to a seven o'clock dinner.

For instance, as I was coming out of the Hôtel des Réservoirs one morning after breakfast, I heard heavy firing in the direction of La Celle St. Cloud. My horse being close at hand, I was soon in the saddle, and rode out with the intention of finding out what was going on, and the best point on which to direct an ambulance. Shells were flying into the woods which terminate the view from the Rue des Réservoirs. The inhabitants rushed out of their houses, many openly declaring that the day of retribution had arrived ; trumpet calls sounded, and aides-de-camp and orderlies were galloping into the town. I met the Duke of Augustenburg, who asked me what was the matter. Knowing the advantage His Highness' rank offered, and that the gates of the town were being closed, I accompanied him to Les Ombrages, the headquarters of the Crown Prince.

In a few minutes the Prince came out with a large staff and an escort of Lancers. Thence we moved to the Préfecture, where King William was residing, and soon His Majesty, accompanied by Count Bismarck and Generals von Moltke and von Roon, started in open carriages with princes, aides-de-camp, servants, led horses, and a large escort.

I now found myself in the midst of a very imposing procession, in which I was the only person in plain clothes ; but I was soon joined by Hilary

Skinner. A smart trot brought us to the high ground close to Beauregard. Here the actual position of affairs could be realised. Then we moved on to the corner of the wood behind La Celle St. Cloud where the reserves were lying down under cover, while shot and shell came tearing through the trees. The French, coming from Mont Valérien, struggled hard to drive the Germans out of the thick fringe of wood which here masked so many of their batteries and earthworks. Owing my position to royalty, I soon began to show ingratitude (in which, by the by, I am not singular), and I aspired to more independence. The King and his son at this time were watching the fight from the top of the Marly Aqueduct, so I rode down towards Bougival. This pretty village was again in trouble and many houses were in flames. The French troops were retiring in very good order under the guns of Mont Valérien. The fight was over for the day, the dead and dying were lying on the roads and in the woods, and the ambulance carts were carrying away the least severely wounded to the hospitals at Versailles. Several poor fellows were lying in the convent, and the Sisters of Mercy were at their pious work. Night was closing in on many who were never to see the light of another day on earth. I saw two brothers who had not met since they left Germany: now one recognised the other, a corpse. The poor Landwehrmann had just died, and his last words had been for his wife and four little children.

There was an unreality about the whole drama, as seen from our comparatively luxurious standpoint, which required to be occasionally disturbed. Often, in order to dispel all illusion, I left the town for the simple purpose of assisting for a short time in the

rough realities of war. Such expeditions to districts where war was carried on without 'the pomp and circumstance' inseparable from the military entertainments in the neighbourhood of headquarters, and to places where the *show business* was not profitable, enabled me to return refreshed, and with a feeling of vigour and energy which it was hard to maintain in the atmosphere of Versailles.

But even here we were not without moments of excitement; and I well remember the comical expression on the face of Sir William Russell when he said, 'What a go it will be, Furley, if we are hustled out of this one of these days!' This was after the French had driven the Bavarian general Von der Tann out of Orléans; had this success been repeated, no person can tell what the result of the war might have been. I saw troops being pushed forward to the support of the Bavarians, and I knew that everything was prepared for the departure of the headquarters from Versailles; horses were kept saddled the whole of that night, carriages, and baggage wagons were ready. One day's march by the army of d'Aurelle de Paladines and a vigorous sortie by Trochu, and most assuredly a good many would have been 'hustled' out of Versailles. Any sacrifice would have been made rather than allow the King and Crown Prince to incur the slightest risk of capture.

But speculations as to what might have been are useless. There was a want of discipline, and an absence of everything which tends to make an army strong, on the side of Orléans; whilst in Paris those who could command and those who could fight were paralysed by political disputes, and by the black treachery of men whose want of patriotism is a disgrace

to modern times. Personal ambition and 'international' plots can never atone for national disgrace.

I have more than once referred to the personal interest I felt in the Anglo-American ambulance, partly owing perhaps to my having been one of its original promoters. This ambulance, when its work was finished at Sedan, was broken up; a portion came on to Versailles under Dr. Pratt (MacCormac and Dr. Marion Sims had returned home), the union jack and the star-spangled banner making it a very conspicuous object in the streets, to say nothing of the black drivers, who had the merit, however, of looking very *neutral*.

There was a doubt at this time whether it was advisable to continue its service, and strong influences were at work to suppress it. My experience of those who composed its personnel convinced me that it was only necessary to remove it from headquarters, and it would inevitably come to the front; and as a proof of this I took the responsibility of giving it all the assistance in my power, both in money and in stores, and of hastening it on to Orléans. The Bavarians can testify to the excellent work it performed there.

It produced a strange sensation to walk through the magnificent galleries of the Palace at night, and the imagination was at liberty to indulge in the wildest fancies. On entering from the marble court, the whole scene resembled a painter's blottesque sketch: deep shadows traversed by apparently meaningless lights, bright patches of red and yellow in the midst of breadths of black. Gradually the idea of the artist, if I may continue the simile, becomes apparent: perpendicular gilt lines, that here and there catch a faint gleam of light, indicate rows of pictures, and

horizontal white lines represent beds, each of which has its occupant. All is quiet, except when occasionally there is a groan of agony from some poor sufferer, to whom night brings no repose, and for whom morning will have little hope. At intervals, in the long and gloomy perspective, the faint flame from an oil wick throws a gleam across the polished floor or a reddish glow marks where an open stove is affording warmth to the extensive galleries. A few Sisters of Mercy, some in white, others in black, glide about like ministering angels in a dark world. Suddenly the almost painful silence is broken by hushed whisperings; the doctor, whose turn it is to watch, is called to a patient, whose pillow proves that a recent wound has opened afresh. Soon silence, only broken by the wintry winds without and the fitful booming of a distant gun, is again restored. Meanwhile, one poor lad has found peace in another world.

There was one volunteer who must not be forgotten. I allude to an intelligent and amiable bulldog that honoured the Dutch mess with his company. This popular and sagacious animal was called 'Bismarck,' for two reasons. In the first place he was of that particular shade of brown then known as 'couleur Bismarck,' and secondly he had a highly developed faculty for annexation. He afforded much amusement to the patients, and Bismarck was often to be found at the bedside of the wounded, whom he patronised irrespective of nationality.

On one occasion some of us were passing through the gates of the Château at night and 'Bismarck' was called by one of the party. The name was quite sufficient and the sentry presented arms.



CHAPTER IV

Ducrot's Great Sortie—A Hospital Relief Expedition—A Journey round Paris during the Siege—Severe Weather—Stuck in the Mud for Seventeen Hours—The British Mess at Versailles—Orléans—Anglo-American (Loyd-Lindsay) Hospital, Beaugency—Archbishop Dupanloup—Christmas Day.

ARCHIBALD FORBES had ridden in from the Saxon headquarters, and he described the absolute want of hospital necessaries which existed at Écouen, on the north-west side of Paris, and I readily acquiesced in Young's suggestion that we should at once arrange a small relief expedition, particularly as there was no duty to require my attention at Versailles of which Kleinmann could not relieve me.

On the same day (November 29) on which we received the information Young brought in from St. Germain a general-service wagon and we spent the afternoon in loading it. Amongst the contents were 250 lbs. of biscuit, 150 lbs. of sugar, six cases of port wine and porter, a large supply of Liebig's meat extract, condensed milk, cornflour, syrups, medicine, &c., and 1,500 cigars, and in the evening we left for St. Germain.

That night I was lodged in the charming villa which Young then occupied. It was a luxurious abode with a terrace garden commanding a good view of Paris. There had been firing throughout the whole night, and when I left my bed at seven it was becoming more serious, and frequent discharges of musketry showed that

a demonstration, if nothing more serious, was being made. Mont Valérien was very irritable, and growled like a big mastiff backing up small dogs, the latter being represented by guns of lighter metal on the slopes in front of the fortress.

But, having a long day's march before us, we could not stay to speculate on what was going to happen. General von Loewen, the commandant at St. Germain, kindly offered us an escort, as we were going on dangerous service; but this we declined: the larger the party, the greater the chance of drawing fire, and, personally, I still possessed some respect for the Convention of Geneva, which in its first article declares 'la neutralité cesserait si les ambulances ou les hôpitaux étaient gardés par une force militaire.' (The framers of the Convention had not anticipated the extent to which 'benevolent neutrality' would be carried.)

Some curiosity was excited by our appearance. The wagon and four of the best horses in the stable, with good military harness, and two Woolwich men on the limber-box, looked like work. The union jack and the Red Cross flag were in their place. Young and I were on horseback. The morning was very bright and cold; the beautiful landscape, in the midst of which lay Paris, shone with radiance, and wreaths of white smoke from the guns rolled along the fields below Mont Valérien and hung about the woods of Bougival and St. Cloud. At the end of the terrace we left the forest, and passing through Maisons-Lafitte came to the Seine. Before us was a long railway bridge, from which the rails and many of the sleepers had been torn, leaving iron and wooden excrescences and occasional gaps, through which a *soft* fall might have been easily obtained. However, we got across

without accident, and went on through Sartrouville towards Argenteuil.

By this time not only was it evident that a severe battle was being fought on the east of Paris, but a very brisk fire was going on in front of us. (This was the day of the great fight at Champigny and the fighting in our neighbourhood was simply caused by a feint on the part of the Germans.) Before arriving at Argenteuil we had to pass over half a mile of road which was very open: it was evident that the *Vengeurs de la Seine*, or some other equally determined gentlemen, had made up their minds to stop us. I saw one fellow put his head over a wall and pot at us from a distance of four or five hundred yards, and that with an artificial rest, an advantage which British volunteers can appreciate. Small arms failing to check us, a big gun was brought into position, but the gunners had only time to send one heavy shot over us before we were mercifully hidden by the houses of the town.

At Margency we halted for an hour, and called at the château occupied by the Crown Prince of Saxony. His Royal Highness was just starting out, but his Staff, whose politeness to me at Mouzon I have already mentioned, offered us bed and board if we would stay.

Everyone here was on the alert, and each point of vantage had its little group of soldiers who were watching the effects of the firing.

At Montmorency we again came under fire; and, not being quite sure whether we could make a safe run with our convoy, and perhaps impelled by a little curiosity, we accepted an invitation from a Saxon officer who was galloping past to accompany him on a reconnoitring expedition. Leaving the wagon under shelter of a hill, we had our spurt and decided that



if our men had no objection to a little shell practice we could continue our journey. At one place which was covered by an unpleasantly hot fire of projectiles, Forbes and an officer appeared on the scene, and the latter remarked that he should not remain in our company, as he was the father of a family. I had never more ardently desired for as good an excuse for a retreat.

This I confess was my feeling ; but the journey was a long one, and we were too heavily laden to permit us to force the pace. Forbes was in his element, and for the time being I think he gave more consideration to the 'Daily News' than to home ties.

After passing through Sarcelles we soon arrived at the beautiful château of Écouen (used as a school for the daughters of chevaliers of the Legion of Honour), where we met with a most hearty welcome from Dr. Tegener and his staff.

The manner in which Young and myself were received when our heavy wagon was brought to a stand in the court was most gratifying, and contrasted favourably with much I had experienced at Versailles. One of the doctors insisted on giving up his room to Young and myself, and another officer did the same for Forbes. Our visit was looked upon as the occasion for a fête, and, although the fare was necessarily somewhat rough, it was given with such hearty goodwill as to make it equal to a more sumptuous entertainment.

At a later hour we moved to the spacious old kitchen, so as to be beyond the risk of disturbing the patients, of whom there were more than two hundred in the house. Here we had a smoking concert, punch made of brandy diluted with Bordeaux being the

beverage. Several toasts were proposed, and in one the P.M.O., Dr. Tegener, said that since they had been at Écouen many had made promises to them which had never been fulfilled, but they then had amongst them gentlemen, one of whom, 'unser lieber Forbes,' having made a promise, had immediately come with his companions to perform it. If my response in German was intelligible, it must have been due to the strong compound I had imbibed. The harmony of the evening was assisted by Young, who, probably for the first time in the history of the castle, made the vaulted roof echo to the sound of a Scotch song.

The next morning at an early hour Dr. Tegener drove Young and myself to Gonesse railway station, where we found a train full of invalids about to start for Germany. I had little thought, two years before, when in company with a distinguished party of officers and some of the first surgeons in Europe, I assisted in an ambulance demonstration, and was carried on a stretcher by soldiers and suspended in a railway carriage which conveyed me to a station a few miles out of Berlin and back, that I should ever see a train of such wagons full of Germans wounded on the battlefield. The patients all looked extremely comfortable in their beds, notwithstanding the great cold outside. There was a sleeping compartment for the doctors, and one for the Sisters ; the kitchen, dining-room, store-room and *cellar* were all complete, and a passage through the centre of the train facilitated the service. An urgent requisition having been conveyed to us by a courier, we left for St. Germain, after having visited all the wards of the hospital at Écouen.

At the beginning of December I met Captain H. Brackenbury and Captain Nevill, and as I was then

much in need of stores they promised to supply me from their depot at Meaux. It was necessary that some responsible person should fetch them, and, being the only one available, I undertook the journey. On December 5 I again slept in the same house at St. Germain, which, thanks to Young, I had recently occupied, and on the following morning started for Meaux. My party consisted of a sergeant, four dressers, and two general-service wagons, each drawn by four horses; and I was on horseback. This journey was a most interesting one, as I made the complete circuit of Paris, my journey being crowded with exciting incidents. Crossing the Seine at Maisons-Lafitte, I passed through Cormeilles and Soisy. At Margency, where the Crown Prince of Saxony had his headquarters, I learnt that he and his staff had gone to meet Prince George (the present King). I continued my route through Montmorency to Sarcelles, where a halt was made, whilst I rode up to the Château d'Écouen to deliver a parcel of drugs promised to Dr. Tegener. He rewarded me for this by recommending me to his colleagues, Oberstabsarzt Dittmar and Stabsarzt Wahl and other gentlemen, at Gonesse, who obtained billets for my men and made me welcome at the Maison-Dieu, usually occupied by old men and women under the care of a religious sisterhood, but now inhabited by 180 fever-stricken soldiers. On starting again early next morning my party was enlarged by the addition of an ambulance wagon, two drivers, and a sergeant of dragoons, for whom I promised, if possible, to obtain at Meaux some comforts for the Gonesse hospitals. That day I passed through Mitry and reached Meaux in the afternoon. Here I found Nevill and Stewart Sutherland. Meaux exhibited

more animation than any town I had seen for a long time. The streets were lively with soldiers, and army contractors and German Jews, who might perhaps be included in one category, seemed to be doing great business. I had to be satisfied with a bare and dirty garret, and I really envied my horses in their warm stable. Colonel Valentine Baker (10th Hussars), Captain Charles Brackenbury, and Dr. Lewis joined us at dinner. The journey proved to be a disappointing one: Nevill could not spare any stores, so I purchased wine and other things, enough to fill one wagon, and left the other to be brought on a few days later by Sutherland.

I was lucky in having as a companion for the remainder of the journey Colonel Charles Brackenbury (then writing for the 'Times'), who, with his courier, was on his way to Versailles. At Lagny, 1,500 French prisoners were being marched through the deep and slushy snow to the railway station. We arrived in the dark at Boissy St. Léger. But before this some thief had relieved Brackenbury of a recently purchased horse which had been attached to the back of the wagon. However, horses then were not such expensive luxuries to lose as to keep. The little village was full of troops, and in one drawing-room I saw two horses quietly eating oats off a marble mantelpiece and looking at themselves in a large mirror. That night we shared a bare room with some German non-commissioned officers, and we added a sausage, a pot of Liebig, some bread and brandy to the common mess. The cold was intense, and through Villeneuve St. Georges to Versailles we had much difficulty with our horses, as frequently we had two or three on the slippery ground at the same time. With Charles

Brackenbury, who kindly shared all the trouble, and whose experience was of the greatest use to me, we walked about twelve miles, partly to warm ourselves, but chiefly to assist in keeping the horses on their legs. I regretted having been obliged to leave one wagon at Meaux, but there was some consolation in the thought that if it was so difficult to get four horses along, what should we have done with eight?

Meanwhile the stores were fast disappearing from our depot, and I vainly watched for a repetition of the miracle of the widow's cruse of oil. Money was still useful in acquiring certain things, but there were many articles much needed in the hospitals which were unobtainable.

Versailles at this time presented the most extraordinary contrasts, social and otherwise. I had been absent for five days, and as usual there was much news to be exchanged. The following items will afford an idea of what was happening. Poor Captain Atkinson, who was very ill when I left, was dead, and service had been performed over his grave by General Beauchamp Walker. An English family with whom I had the privilege to be intimately associated had lost a daughter and sister; she had died at no great distance from Versailles, without it being possible for her friends to pass through the lines to her. The Duc de Luynes had been shot before Orléans, whilst serving as a *garde mobile*; he was only twenty-six years of age and he had left a widow and two very young children. A friend, one of whose sons was a prisoner in Germany, was anxious to go to Orléans to look for another son who was reported wounded; a little later we heard of his death. A second member of the Luynes family, the Duc de Chevreuse, had been

badly wounded between Versailles and Orléans, and the Duchess, his mother, had been allowed to go to nurse him. The son of Dr. Godard, a member of the local Red Cross committee, was badly wounded in the grand sortie on the side of Champigny ; he had lain on the frozen ground for two days, and his brother-in-law, Dr. Delaunay, said it was a hopeless case.

I could extend this list to a considerable length, and it would include representatives of all classes ; but it is through individual losses we can best fathom the depth of a nation's sufferings. When some of the highest in the land are struck down side by side with the peasant and the artisan, we can feel that our sympathies make no distinction between those who fall honourably in defence of their country. And in the deaths of my compatriots to whom I have referred, both of them separated by an impassable barrier from home and friends, we have only two examples out of many which might be cited of the universality of misery caused by war.

The weather at this time was most severe ; such a winter had not been known in France for many years, and the sufferings of the poor people who had been driven from their homes and had no chance of earning any money, were extreme. The hardy Germans were all pretty well housed, and a man can endure a good deal, even in mid-winter, if he is well clad and can lie down in warm quarters three or four nights out of the seven.

Among the many curious journeys I made during this time, perhaps the comic element entered most fully into one which I will briefly describe.

There was great suffering in the neighbourhood of La Queue-en-Brie, where a large number of men

wounded during what will always be known as 'the Great Sortie,' on November 30, were still lying without proper attention, and it having been reported to me that, although nurses could be provided, no conveyance could be found for them, I promised to take charge of as many as could be spared. We had already annexed a very large omnibus (constructed to carry twelve in and sixteen outside). On the following morning, after considerable difficulty in harnessing four horses to this ponderous vehicle, we made a start. The party consisted of Sutherland, who was returning to Meaux with an empty wagon, Rodouan and Mercier, two very capable *aides d'ambulance* from the Versailles Society, six *infirmiers* who sat on the top, and two mounted drivers. At the Civil Hospital we called for four *sœurs de charité* who, with their modest luggage, completed the load. Doubtless, many people thought it was the first of a new line of omnibuses from Versailles to anywhere, until they read 'Service of the English Ambulance' on the side.

At Villeneuve St. Georges we were just able to get this carriage through the railway arch by making some of the men lie on the top whilst the others hung on to the rail in order to press down the springs as much as possible. We just scraped through with half an inch to spare. The rain was falling in torrents and the roads were very heavy, and when we reached Boissy St. Léger in the dark, we should have spent the night there; but the village was crowded to its utmost capacity with troops and we were obliged to move on. Soon after we had passed through Sucy on a road encumbered by wagons, we were effectually stopped by a military fourgon, laden with flour, which had broken down. We made every effort to render assistance,

but horses and wagon were firmly embedded in mud. We helped to unload, and all the sacks of flour were taken out ; then, with the aid of eight horses, several men with poles, and by the light of our lantern (the only one), the convoy was able to advance after a delay of an hour and a half. By this time we had become inextricably jammed, and after a few hundred yards, over which every driver naturally tried to keep his share of the paved portion of the road, our wheels became locked in a *Marketender's* cart. Then ensued a most violent scene : the whole vocabulary of German oaths was poured upon us, and a crowd of Bavarian soldiers and drivers surrounded the omnibus gesticulating, shouting, swearing, lashing the horses, and telling us every few seconds, with many unparliamentary expletives, that we were 'Französische Hunde.' We almost came to blows, but I am glad to say that it extended no further than upraised whips, when I took the lantern and inspected a fellow in order to have the number of his regiment. The announcement that I was not a Frenchman certainly did something towards warding off more serious consequences.

As the convoys, extending in both directions for several hundred yards, could not move, and a German officer told me he would have our omnibus thrown down the bank if we remained another moment on the road, I was obliged to exercise the only discretion allowed me by the circumstances and directed the drivers to pull off into the field, and this to my surprise was done without upsetting the vehicle.

It was now ten o'clock, we were two miles from our destination, and the horses, after fourteen hours' hard work, were too tired to move the omnibus, which, by this time, was up to the axles in mud, and they

expressed their determination by jibbing, rearing, and other unequivocal signs. Two of our party walked on to La Queue to try to find a lodging, but they returned to tell us that this was quite impossible, and I sent the men and horses to a farm under charge of Rodouan. Sutherland and I remained with the Sisters in the omnibus, and we prepared ourselves for the night with a meal of bread, cold sausage and red wine, which we had fortunately brought with us.

The Sisters throughout displayed the most wonderful patience and they did not utter a murmur, although there was much to try the nerves and temper. Sutherland's philosophy and good spirits also helped me considerably, for I candidly admit I was never more sorely tried than by the foul and insulting language of the Germans, and the laziness and incapacity of our French drivers and *infirmiers*.

What a picture! A long straight road, now a river of mud. On the one side space, here and there broken by a thin line of leafless fruit trees or a cluster of poplars; on the other an undulating plain bounded by hills, except where a wide gap disclosed a view of Paris, the dome of the Panthéon being the central object. A brilliant moon was shining, and a constantly shifting searchlight was thrown from the forts, whilst nearer to us the bivouac fires of Ducrot's army looked like so many glow-worms.

Occasionally there was a flash, and the stillness of the night was broken by the screaming of a shell followed by the report of the explosion. In the midst of this scene, a colossal railway omnibus with a blanket hanging in the place of a door, and inside four *sœurs de charité* looking like nestless magpies in their black and white garments, and two Britons to whose warmth

a considerable coating of mud doubtless contributed. Our single lantern had to remain unlighted for fear of drawing fire from the fortifications.

Thus we passed a December night, nodding ourselves into convulsive naps, indulging in occasional merriment at our more than ludicrous position, or diverting ourselves with the troopers who frequently left the road to inspect the curious novelty in the shape of a British *Feldlazareth*.

Morning came at last, grey and cold, with a damp fog which hung sluggishly over the uncultivated fields, cutting the poplars in halves with its vapoury line, and leaving their gaunt-looking heads like spectral sentinels bare against the leaden sky. We tried to warm ourselves with exercise—which for Sutherland and myself principally consisted in climbing up to the roof of the omnibus, in the vain hope to discover signs of help—until our French friends arrived with the horses about ten o'clock.

Many small detachments of troops and several wagon-trains passed us, but it was not until 11 A.M. that a good Samaritan in the uniform of a German *Proviantmeister* took compassion on us, and with the aid of six horses the omnibus was drawn on to the road. But a column of troops was about to pass, so he had to leave us on one side. Sutherland fortunately obtained a lift in a cart going towards Lagny. Meanwhile our vehicle again became embedded in the mud. Three hours later Baron du Jardin, of the Belgian Foreign Office, Captain Cherry and Kleinmann, whom I had directed to go to Metz and Luxembourg, came up, and they were able to replenish our larder with a large sausage, a bottle of wine, and some apples.

The Sisters were then placed in an open wagon which

was going to La Queue, although they were strongly inclined to return with me to Versailles, so little inclination had been shown by the German doctors to assist them to reach the hospital to which they had been invited.

A little later, three companies of pioneers came upon the scene, and I appealed to the officer in command. He set his men to work, and about forty of them lifted the carriage out of the mud and put it on the centre of the road. There was no time to be lost, and after a struggle the poor horses, which had lost all heart for their work, were persuaded to move on in the rear of the column, to which I clung in case of further need.

At Villeneuve St. Georges we stabled the horses in a cellar, and Rodouan, Mercier, and I spent the night in the omnibus. The next day I drove our vehicle into the middle of a column of troops, having our friends the pioneers in rear, and, by filling it with poor foot-sore soldiers, I established a right to continue where we were. That evening we reached Versailles, after a journey which occupied three days and two nights, during seventeen hours of which we were stuck in the mud.

At this time my stores ran very low, and as Versailles was completely cut off from communication with England on the west, there was little occupation for me there. Besides, the town and its immediate neighbourhood were comparatively well supplied, and I was thus left at liberty to attend to appeals from a distance, for such stores as money could still purchase.

The day after the return from my journey just described, I was dining at the little English mess with

General Beauchamp Walker, Herr von Alvensleben, who subsequently became his son-in-law, Keith Fraser, Alfred Austin, Innes, Skinner and Landells. Three of the party had arrived from Orléans, where heavy fighting had just taken place; and they described the pitiable state of Beaugency, where nurses were greatly needed; the wounded were literally starving for want of proper nourishment. I called on Count Malzan, the chief representative of the Johanniter Order at headquarters, and told him, that if his depot would provide medicines, I would do the rest and find transport. An English Sister obtained the services of three *sœurs de charité*, who spoke both French and German, and Surgeon-General Innes and Reichel undertook to escort these ladies in an omnibus. The next day, Sunday, we were busy selecting and packing stores in a general-service wagon, and on Monday (December 19) we left on our new expedition. I was very glad when Sydney Hall consented to accompany me, and I confess I was not entirely considering the interests of the 'Graphic' when I suggested that the road abounded in subjects for his pencil. He and I travelled on the limber-box of the wagon, which was drawn by four horses with two drivers. The rest of the party were to follow at a later hour, as, with a lighter vehicle, they could travel at greater speed.

We passed through Longjumeau and Montlhéry and slept the first night at Arpajon, where the Sisters were lodged at a religious house and the rest of us found good quarters at the Lion d'Argent. Next morning we went on to Étampes and over the ground where a few days previously the German commandant had captured Keith Fraser, C. Brackenbury, Col. (now Sir Henry) Hozier, Landells, and Holt White

(‘Pall Mall Gazette’). Then through Angerville, where I was inclined to stay for the night; but the rest of our party coming up, and, with their light carriage, having very wild notions as to distance, they persuaded us to go on to Tourny. Night overtook us, so, with a lantern strapped to my waist, I had literally to feel the way. At Tourny we had some trouble with the commandant, who was at length induced to let our carriages be placed under guard in the courtyard of the house he occupied; and our horses were stabled in a factory.

This was, I think, the only occasion during the war on which I was compelled to exercise my right to requisition food, and at the Etappen-commando half a small sheep was given to me. With this in my hands, for the men were occupied with the horses, I appealed to a poor woman to cook a meal for us in her cottage. With the aid of some Liebig’s meat extract we produced what Hall afterwards informed the readers of the ‘Graphic’ was a strong but nauseous broth.

The next day we came on evidences of the heavy fighting which had taken place at Artenay and Chevilly. The road, on which we met long columns of Market-tenders, was indicated by deserted camps, broken tumbrils, helmets, and the swollen bodies of dead horses; whilst over the heavy mantle of snow, in the dark leaden canopy of sky, the course of the road was repeated, curve for curve, by hundreds of birds of prey.

On arriving at Orléans we made our way direct to the Quai Châtelet, where Dr. Pratt and the members of the Anglo-American ambulance occupied a handsome house which had been lent to them. We were now relieved of all trouble, and our friends found us

stables, a safe courtyard for the carriages, and rooms for ourselves.

They had established the 'Loyd-Lindsay hospital' in the church of St. Euverte, which they had persuaded the authorities to heat with stoves and light with gas. From the porch to the steps of the altar it was filled with beds. A side chapel had been converted into an operating theatre, where later I met again Baron von Langenbeck (staff surgeon-general of the Prussian army), who performed several operations.

The next day we went on through Meung to Beaugency. I had seen death in many places before, but seldom had I seen him stalking about so rapidly as here, and the surrounding misery was quite indescribable. There was an absolute scarcity of everything necessary to the most elementary comfort. A few surgeons and nurses were doing their best, but their labours were greatly increased by the incapacity of those whom they were obliged to call to their aid. One scene can never be effaced from my memory, and after much entreaty I persuaded my friend Hall, who had turned his back on human suffering and was sketching near the river, to enter the humble Theatre of Beaugency; and the scene he witnessed was, with great reluctance on his part, faithfully transferred to a page of the 'Graphic' under the title of *Théâtre de la Guerre*. We had to step over dead bodies to get into this building. The place was crowded with patients, and the squalor, misery, and hopelessness were utterly appalling. The stage still bore the grotesque remains of the last representation; and now on the humble boards, before a full house, Tragedy stood unveiled and Comedy had borrowed her mask. All that day

until late at night, and again next morning, we worked hard to improve matters a little, and at noon, leaving our friends, Hall and I returned with the empty wagon to Orléans.

My first visit was to Monseigneur Dupanloup. I found him at the Episcopal Palace, which had been taken by the Germans, and he was a prisoner in one of the wings. I was much struck with the dignified sorrow expressed by the aged Bishop whilst speaking of the condition of his country. Two friends had kindly sent me 20*l.* for the relief of distress, and this enabled me to purchase a little bread for the most needy persons in Beaugency, and I was also able to place in the Bishop's hand 500 francs, with which his Lordship undertook to buy food to be sent at once to the Sisters there, so that they and their patients might have something to eat on Christmas Day.

At the church of St. Euverte, the Christmas tree was not forgotten, and inside the altar rails the nurses were hanging such little gifts and gaudy ornaments as they had been able to hunt up, so that the patients might be reminded of distant homes which so many of the poor fellows had left never to see again. When I returned to the street there were few signs of peace and goodwill.

The next day was Christmas Day, and notwithstanding a pressing invitation from the staff of the Anglo-American hospital to spend the day with them—and C. Brackenbury, Dr. James, Dr. Becker, and Reichel were to be of the party—I felt that my duty was calling me back to Versailles, and Hall kindly refused to separate from me.

At 6 o'clock we left in the dark after the usual difficulties with the drivers. With them, drunk or



incapable was one state; drunk and incapable the alternative. About every half-hour Hall and I had to jump down to prevent the blood from freezing in our veins, and I also found occupation as wagoner, for the drivers were not competent to do the work unaided. I have already mentioned the loss of warm clothing I had sustained, and in these journeys I found the advantage of supplementing my too thin garments with newspapers—the 'Times' for choice. We reached Étampes in the evening, having done forty miles, and there we ate our Christmas dinner. The inn was full of Germans, and we heard the usual nonsense about the continuance of the war not being possible but for the assistance in arms furnished by England.

CHAPTER V

A Demonstration of International Neutrality—Initial Difficulties—Chartres—War without its Pomp and Glory—La Ferté-Bernard—Some beautiful Châteaux—Tours—Le Mans—Chartres to Versailles in a Horse-box with Invalids.

I WISH space and the patience of my readers would allow me to describe life as it was at Versailles during this most interesting period. It was of the most varied character, but I must confine myself to a few of the episodes connected with my duty as a commissioner of the British Red Cross Society.

Hitherto the greater part of my work had been amongst Germans, and a not unnatural feeling had sometimes been expressed by Frenchmen that the English society was not quite neutral. (I only refer to the district in which I was then engaged.) When, therefore, the Vicomte de Romanet asked me to join with him in an expedition to the Loire I readily consented, for I felt that the moral effect of such an alliance between members of two national societies must be most valuable. The sequel will show that circumstances still left me chiefly with the Germans, and I am bound to add that my associate, notwithstanding his nationality, always manifested the strictest impartiality. Many questions arose, and my departure was strongly opposed on the part of the authorities. This opposition to the project led me to write the first and only official letter with which I troubled the

German headquarters during the campaign. This elicited the whole truth, which was centred in strong hostility to the Woolwich ambulance. There was nothing new in this, but I hoped it had disappeared. I had then to give an assurance that no officer connected with it would accompany us, and to this with much reluctance I agreed.

The convoy, which had been much delayed, was ready to start on January 4; but now the military authorities opposed other objections, and it was very evident that there was a misunderstanding between the Commandant at Versailles, General Voight-Rhetz, and Count Malzan. This compelled me to apply direct to the Crown Prince, and I was then assured that I was at liberty to go in any direction approved by Count Malzan. I at once called on General Voight-Rhetz and he gave me papers to enable me to go to the headquarters of Prince Frederick Charles or the Duke of Mecklenburg. We were thus given more latitude than we had originally asked for, and on January 6 we set out.

There was the usual difficulty with drivers. Nearly all the French drivers I had anything to do with—and the number was not small—had to be forced to do their work; they seemed entirely to forget that they were most fortunate in being able to earn good pay, whilst so many of their countrymen were almost reduced to starvation. I admit that the pick was limited and we were obliged to take such men as we could get. Many a time I have had to rub down the horses after a long journey, because I wouldn't have the poor beasts left in a dirty state, and on one occasion, leaving a driver on the road I rode the leaders of a team more than twenty miles in order to prove that I could be independent of his assistance. The French drivers—most of them,

I think, street loafers from Havre—were the trouble of my life, and I rejoiced that I now had a companion who was willing to share the work.

The caravan was formed as follows:—A Woolwich general-service wagon with four horses, two drivers and a groom; a large omnibus, four horses (two of which I had given in the name of the British Society to the Versailles Committee, two drivers, and a conductor who had charge of everything. The omnibus was laden with stores, but two places were left for our surgeon, M. Casilis, and Brother Léon, a Dutch Capuchin friar. De Romanet and I drove in a phaeton with one horse in the shafts, and a saddle-horse attached to a splinter-bar at the side. There was just sufficient room for us, together with our knapsacks, one day's supply of provisions and a box of cigars. I must confess that, having scarcely recovered from my late severe journey, I had stipulated for this little vehicle and the luxury of a more comfortable seat than a limber-box affords. Through Cognières we went on to Rambouillet, where the carriages and their contents were left in front of the Mairie in charge of a sentry, and we found excellent quarters at the Lion d'Or. The next day we went on through Maintenon to Chartres, in which neighbourhood fighting was going on. De Romanet and I called on the Commandant; he was absent, but we found an active young lieutenant who was acting as Platzmajor. He told us there was only one way open to us, and we must take the road *via* Illiers and Brou to Beaumont-les-Autels, where we should find the Duke of Mecklenburg. 'Mais,' he significantly observed, 'si vous vous égarez, Messieurs, prenez garde.' This smart young fellow, who bore on his breast the Iron Cross, and a Mecklenburg order, was a good specimen of the

intelligent material which is never neglected in the German army. He put on a vast amount of swagger, but was evidently well fitted for the post he occupied. His French was irreproachable, and I was not surprised to learn that before the outbreak of the war his place had been behind or in front of a counter in that well-known Paris shop, the *Bon Marché*. If still alive, that promising lieutenant is probably now a general.

Just as we were turning into bed, we heard the well-known rattle of musketry followed by artillery, and this helped to convince us that we were on the right scent and might soon be in a hot corner.

Having been officially told that we could do nothing until we had reported ourselves to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, we agreed that it would be folly to attempt to hunt His Royal Highness with a heavy convoy, so we decided to leave our friends in charge of the wagons, with power to use anything for the benefit of the hospitals at Chartres. We also called on the Mayor, and he helped us to find a strong horse for the *victoria*. The too elegant carriage when prepared for the journey, with a grey cart-horse between knotted rope traces, looked made up of requisitions, and this appearance was probably of advantage.

At Illiers nothing was known of the Grand Duke, but our horse could do no more at the jog trot, to which it was unaccustomed, so the Commandant said he would lend us a horse; he would have given it, but as it was a *Königliches Pferd*, it must be returned when we had done with it.

This royal animal proved to be a remarkably good little mare, and probably came out of some French nobleman's stable: it was a pleasure to drive it. It

was dark when we arrived at Beaumont-les-Autels, where we expected to find the Duke of Mecklenburg, and we were very much surprised when told there was neither a duke nor even an Etappen-commando, and there were no troops except two soldiers, then engaged in mending a cart which had broken down. However, our instincts in house-hunting had become sharpened by practice, and at the end of a long avenue we came to a very fine château belonging to M. Mortimer Ternaux (Membre de l'Institut). When he had heard our story—a bull's-eye lantern being rather a suspicious introduction—he gave us a hearty welcome, the more so as he had that morning been relieved of the presence of the Grand Duke and a Staff of thirty officers and a considerable number of soldiers and servants. Early next morning we left our pleasant quarters after having visited eight wounded Frenchmen who were most comfortably housed in a wing of the mansion. Surgical attendance was the great difficulty, as the nearest medical man could only visit the house about once in five days.

I had sent a messenger to Chartres to authorise M. Casilis to act on his own discretion during our absence, and we soon had reason to congratulate ourselves that we had left our wagons behind. Snow began to fall heavily, and the road became very slippery. We could not but remark amongst the French inhabitants in this district the absence of anything like participation in the war. Fifty energetic and well-directed men might have given incalculable trouble to the Duke of Mecklenburg, especially by cutting off the numerous unprotected convoys we met struggling along the roads. We noticed several scouts, who called themselves *francs-tireurs*, and from these

we ran as much danger as did the German troops. We warned some of them as to the folly of their conduct, and told them, if they had no intention of fighting, their best policy was to remain at home.

Fighting was going on to our left, and we met several soldiers who had just been wounded. Our sensible little mare, which we had named 'la Commandante,' in compliment to the officer from whom we had received her, refused to be driven or coaxed any further. The suggestion of the royal quadruped was a good one, as it was preferable to go into battle, if necessary, on foot rather than in a phaeton, which had no pretension to be a chariot of war.

This part of France was quite new to war, and the inhabitants did not yet understand what it meant. We took shelter at a farm, a little off the road. That morning two of our best horses had been taken, and, whilst we were in the house, six different parties of Germans came in to make requisitions. I was successful in disposing of them all except one, and this time there was no denying the right to press the last horse into the service of a convoy which had stuck fast in the snow.

After a meal we started again, de Romanet and I trudging through the snow, which was now some inches deep. The fighting had ceased, and only an occasional shot disturbed the silence of the winter evening.

At La Ferté-Bernard we met an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Mecklenburg, who recommended us to stay where we were. De Romanet was fortunately known here. A butcher took charge of our horse and carriage, whilst M. Richard, a tanner, insisted on our remaining under his roof. The only exciting incident

of the night was a visit from the butcher's son-in-law, who told me his slaughter-house, where our carriage was hidden, had been broken into. I sallied forth and soon arranged matters with the well-disposed Mecklenburgers.

Although we knew we were in the midst of fighting, we had absolutely no knowledge of the actual military situation. La Ferté-Bernard was full of sick and wounded soldiers, and the Mayor had quite lost his head, so de Romanet and I assumed a direction which we should have found it difficult to substantiate had we been closely questioned. The Hôtel-Dieu was in charge of *sœurs de charité* and a local doctor, but the mill of M. Girardot contained seventy patients, most of whom had been wounded, but there were also several cases of typhus and four or five of smallpox.

We gave free expression to our feelings, and insisted on the Mayor convening a meeting of the principal inhabitants at the Hôtel de Ville at one o'clock. Meanwhile we induced our host and his wife to set an example in their own house, and thus avert the imminent danger of a terrific pestilence. At the meeting we explained the terms of the Convention of Geneva, and formed a local committee, which my colleague undertook to affiliate to the French Central Red Cross Society. Our task was a most unpleasant one, as those with whom we argued entertained a most narrow view with regard to their duties to the victims of war. However, we adopted a high tone, and, as a first step, we insisted that the smallpox and other infectious cases should at once be isolated.

It was well that the Mayor and corporation were so overcome by the gravity of their position that it did not occur to anyone present to ask us with what

powers we were armed; though, I think, we should have been equal to the occasion.

We had visited the fine old church, which is noted for some of the finest painted glass in France. When we returned to it again in the afternoon, it presented a strange contrast to the quiet and peaceful appearance it had in the morning. Three hundred French prisoners had been put into it. German soldiers were shouting and swearing, and forcing their way through the group of excited Frenchmen who, in a state of semi-starvation, were struggling around the kind and charitable women who, from all quarters of the town, were bringing in bread, soup, and other things which, in many cases, they were denying themselves and their families. Within the chancel rails a little more order was observable, and a small group of officers were quietly eating the food that had been given to them, one of the party occasionally responding to the appeal of an aged priest to go to his assistance in restraining the noise and riotous behaviour of the men below the salt. There was much excuse for the poor fellows, who had been exposed for many hours to cold, snow and hunger, and as they had been captured in the fight at Conneré on the previous day, they had doubtless passed a very cruel night.

De Romanet was now in his own country, where estates of members of his family adjoin and stretch away for many miles. Having done as we thought a good morning's work, and dreading another night in the pestilential atmosphere of La Ferté-Bernard, we set off for the Château des Feugerets, the residence of the Countess de Semallé. The road was very severe on our plucky little mare, and it took us three hours to cover nine miles. On leaving the town, we passed a

German post, and directly afterwards two Lancers bringing in a franc-tireur. A little farther on three Hussars called on us to halt. These were followed at a distance of a few hundred yards by a troop from which three officers rode forward, and, being satisfied with my answers, allowed us to proceed. Beyond this we thought it prudent to intimate to the natives, as far as we could, that we were not enemies.

Soon after six we drove up a steep road to the château, where we received a most hospitable welcome. The party at dinner consisted of the Countess de Semallé and her two daughters, the Comte P. de Romanet, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse A. de Romanet, Mlle. Milon, my companion and myself. There was much to talk about, and our exchange of news was carried far into the night.

An idea of the state of this part of the country may be gathered from the fact that the German armies had passed over it three times. The day before 10,000 French troops had been here, and in the middle of the night they applied at the château for 1,500 lbs. of bread, of which only 400 lbs. could be supplied in the morning. Then there was fighting on both sides of the château, and now the French had evidently retired and the Germans were feeling about for them.

Madame de Semallé had established a little hospital in one of the pavilions that flank the bridge leading over the moat into the *basse-cour*. Here we found several wounded French soldiers. The only doctor in the neighbourhood had not called for several days; the day before he had been sent for, but could not obtain a pass. The Countess and her daughters acted as nurses, and the next morning we assisted to dress some of the

wounds. A day or two before one man had died of smallpox.

After breakfast we bought a carriage horse, for it was absolutely impossible to continue the journey without some stronger power than 'Commandante.' In the afternoon we made a start, every corner of our carriage having been packed by our kind friends with additions to our *cuisine*.

At La Ferté-Bernard we found that all our instructions had been carried out, the wounded and infectious cases had been separated. The École Communale had been turned into a hospital, and many beds were occupied, whilst bedsteads and mattresses were being rapidly manufactured. Half of M. Richard's house had been arranged for patients. But the town was in a painfully destitute state, and there was a terrible want of medical attendance. The two civilian doctors were quite overtaxed, but two German army doctors arrived and there was promise of improvement. There was almost an absolute dearth of medicines and hospital comforts, and the apothecaries' shops could not be replenished. We gave the best aid we could in dressing wounds. At the Maison-Dieu we obtained the services of a nurse for M. Richard's house and another for the school-house.

The state of the weather and the depth of the snow had thus prevented us from carrying out our original plan : the stores were still at Chartres, and fortunately so, as it would have been a rash experiment to move them. This affords one of the many examples I could cite of the necessity of allowing the *recognised* commissioners of Red Cross societies the fullest liberty compatible with military exigencies. Had I followed the instructions given me at Chartres, I might still be

travelling in search of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

On our way back to Chartres, we halted for two hours at the beautiful Château of Madame de Gemasse (sister-in-law of Madame de Semallé). Our course across the park was a little risky, as the smooth surface of snow did not show the slightest track. After a hunt for a human being, a man and his wife at last came out of hiding, and they admitted they were in charge. This house had been occupied by German troops, and everything was upside down, couches and chairs had been used as beds, and the floors were strewn with linen and silk and satin dresses ; the débris of a feast littered all the tables, whilst innumerable bottles were strewn about the floors, the only corks which had not been drawn being those marked *eau minérale*. If I could have seen the absent châtelaine, I should have advised her to return with her children and put the house in order, this being the best way to protect her property.

As proof of this, after creeping along the heavy road for some hours, we arrived at the Château d'Unvers, where we were hospitably received by Madame Bouyer de l'Ecluse, who, with her daughter and son-in-law, had wisely decided not to yield entirely to foreign occupation. Here we remained for the night, and next morning continued the journey to Chartres, where we arrived late in the evening after a most fatiguing struggle of eleven hours through the snow.

I may add that during this expedition I did not once display the Red Cross, either on a flag or a brassard. When it had seemed advisable to do so, we had explained the object of our mission, and for the rest we had trusted to Providence.

Casilis and Brother Léon had been working well in our absence, but more stores were necessary, so de Romanet and I agreed to separate for a few days; he to remain at Chartres and to despatch help to La Ferté-Bernard, the moment the road should be practicable, whilst I returned to Versailles for fresh supplies. I took a service wagon with two drivers and four horses, and I had a man with me in the victoria drawn by two horses. I halted for one night at Rambouillet, and then seven hours brought me to Versailles. The road in places was like a sheet of ice.

On the following morning I reported myself to Count Malzan and told him of the state of the places I had visited. Afterwards I called on Baron Léon de Bussierre and arranged to make a joint expedition to Chartres with him and his son-in-law, M. de Bammerville. The Versailles committee allowed me to make a selection from their depot, and Count Malzan, who expressed his entire approval of the plan, gave me a share of the drugs he had just received from England.

The next day, all my arrangements having been completed, I again left with a well-laden wagon, a two-wheeled cart, and horse, which promised to be useful, and the phaeton. My French friends were to make a slight détour and then to join me later.

This was the King of Prussia's birthday, and I had been invited to assist at the ceremony in the Château of Versailles and to see the King of Prussia, seated in the chair of Louis XIV., proclaimed as German Emperor. I would have given much to be present on this occasion, but my position was a peculiarly difficult one. At the same time that I was attached to the headquarters of the Crown Prince Frederick as a Red Cross

commissioner, I was living amongst French people on the most friendly terms. I felt therefore that my neutrality in their eyes would have been compromised had I been present, and I was glad to have an excuse to carry me away from Versailles.

At the Lion d'Or at Rambouillet, where I spent the night, forty-five officers met at dinner to celebrate the occasion, and to make sleep impossible.

The next day we went on. The roads were very heavy, and I was obliged to detach one of the horses from the victoria, and harness it in front of the animal in the two-wheeled cart, which was loaded rather heavily; and for a change, and in order to keep myself warm, I put one of the drivers in charge of the phaeton, whilst I took his place as driver of the leaders of the fourgon. That evening I reached Chartres, where de Romanet was expecting me and Baron de Bussierre and M. de Bammerville joined me at dinner.

There was an alarm during the night, and the troops were kept under arms. The people were very much excited; on the previous day troopers were clearing the square, and an apothecary's assistant clutched at the bridle of a trooper in order to try to escape, when some men ran out of the ranks and his skull was smashed by the butt of a musket.

Brother Léon and Casilis were now established at La Ferté-Bernard; they were well supplied with stores, so, our promise in this direction having been fulfilled, it was now necessary to take a wider sweep and to inspect another district. M. de Bussierre and his son-in-law determined on an intermediate line, so that between us we covered a very large area.

We left a quantity of stores in the basement at the back of the town hospital. I was much struck by the

incongruous contents of this place; amidst bales of clothing and casks of wine were piles of new coffins and stacks of deals, ready to be manufactured into similar lugubrious receptacles. Close by was a temporary shed used as a mortuary chapel, and here several dead bodies were waiting for interment.

Early next morning de Romanet and I left Chartres, taking with us a fourgon and four horses, the victoria and pair and two saddle-horses. The first night we spent at a farm on the estate of M. de la Thulaie, and the following day continued our journey through La Fourche, where everything testified to the fighting which had just taken place, and on to the Château de Viantais, the residence of the Baron A. de Beaumont, de Romanet's brother-in-law, and here we spent Sunday night. On Monday we continued our journey, halting at the hospital of Bellème for an hour. Here, in charge of Sisters, were sixty French soldiers and eight Germans. Of this number twenty-five were suffering from smallpox, and the remainder from wounds. We distributed cigars and left a supply of medicines, bandages, waterproof sheeting, coffee and sugar. Later, we got back again to the Château des Feugerets. Our work would not admit of delay, otherwise we should have lingered in this haven of rest, but we were compelled to move on.

After another visit to La Ferté-Bernard, where we found that the Germans had made matters easier by removing most of their wounded, we called at three German hospitals, and at all the houses where there were French wounded, and left stores, principally drugs and hospital comforts, at each place.

Not having been able to find the officer who had lent us the *Königliches Pferd*, we left the little

Commandante to M. Richard for hospital purposes; the other horse, *Feugerets*, showing signs of sickness, we were obliged to leave him behind.

Four hours and a half brought us to Vibraye, where, in the absence of German troops, we found quarters at the Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge; but the night was bitterly cold; snow covered the ground, and a biting wind swept through the numerous crevices in the 'Red Hat,' and all our rugs were required to curtain windows and doors. The Germans, to our disadvantage, had gone from this district and, as a consequence, it had been left to the tender mercies of francs-tireurs, and we were looked upon with considerable suspicion. We were on the borders of the forest of Vibraye, which the American General Sheridan, before I left Versailles, had advised me—in forcible language—to avoid if I did not wish to find myself in a hotter place than is usually associated in one's mind with a forest. However, we passed through it on the following day, and although numerous deep trenches had been cut across the road, and formidable barricades had been erected, we did not meet with any serious interruption; probably we discovered the reason for this when, on calling upon the Marquis de Vaussay at the Château de Barre, we found that for the fourth time his house was occupied by German troops, and a little farther on St. Calais was occupied by the Tenth Army Corps.

We made a distribution of stores; warm clothing was very much needed, and this was coming on behind us in Baron de Bussierre's convoy, which was hourly expected.

It being impossible to find empty stables, the Director of the College had two rooms cleared of desks and forms, and some straw was placed on the floor;

one room was given to the men and the horses were stabled in the other.

De Romanet and I then drove on to Bessé, where we met Count Bernard de Montesquiou, who took us to his residence, the beautiful Château de Courtenvaux. This palatial residence is situated in a quiet valley and, probably owing to its seclusion, it had been spared the visits of the enemy.

The party assembled at dinner was so noteworthy that I cannot omit describing it. There were present the Count and Countess Anatole de Montesquiou-Fezensac: the former was aide-de-camp to the First Napoleon in Russia, and the Countess was *dame d'honneur* of Queen Marie Amélie; their son, Count Vladimir de Montesquiou, chamberlain of Napoleon III.; their grandson, Count Bernard, whom I have already mentioned, and his wife, and also the Countess Odon de Montesquiou, whose husband was then acting as aide-de-camp to General Trochu, and consequently was shut up in Paris; whilst at a side table were this lady's little children, with their *bonnes*. I doubt if any country except France could show such a remarkable gathering of four generations.

When I found myself, at night, looking out from a massive oak bed, with its panels, and posts carved with all sorts of grotesque figures, the firelight playing over the arched ceiling of sculptured stone, and multiplying the weird forms around, I was almost impressed with the belief that, after all, I was only a piece of stage property.

At St. Calais next day we had the same difficulty as we had experienced at La Ferté-Bernard, and our chief work was to assist in separating the infectious cases from the wounded.

The stores we had left at Chartres reached us to-day, and in the convoy were 500 shirts, which proved most valuable. After a very busy day we returned to Courtenvaux.

The next morning (January 27) we left our charming and hospitable hosts and drove through Pont de Braye to Poncé, where we called on Count Henri de Nonant at his ancient château on the banks of the Loir.¹ He gave a graphic description of the manner in which the Germans had taken him by storm a few days before. They had swarmed over the terraces and down the steep hill at the back of his mansion, whilst everyone was looking out for them in the front. Great preparations had been made to give them a warm reception, and we passed many barricades and trenches; but, as I had so often remarked, and especially at Sedan, of course the Germans were not going to confine themselves to the valleys if the hills were open to them.

Our next halt was at Rillé. Here in a most beautifully situated convent we found many patients. A mile or two farther on we came to La Gidonière, the handsome château of the Marquise du Prat, who had given us full permission to use her property as we pleased, and if necessary to convert the whole mansion into a hospital. Between sixty and seventy French invalids had been left here after the last fight in the neighbourhood. The horses required a rest, so, leaving them with the men and wagons in charge of the steward, who found another horse for us, we pressed on the same night, and in three hours arrived at Beaumont-la-Ronce, where the Marquis and Madame de Beaumont (cousins of de Romanet) gave us a delightful

¹ This little river, which gives its name to a department, must not be confused with the Loire.

welcome within the walls of their ancient castle, conspicuous by its lofty tower. French troops had found a home here, and now German soldiers were daily visitors. Nevertheless the master and mistress and their children, a chaplain, a governess and servants, including an Irish maid, stuck to their posts, and sick and wounded men of both armies had learned that charity knows no nationality.

The Marquis lent us a little Bretonne mare, one of the fastest trotters I have ever sat behind, and early next morning we speedily accomplished the journey of fifteen miles from Beaumont to Tours, notwithstanding the way in which the road had been cut up by trenches. Acting on the suggestion of M. de Beaumont, we put up at the house of his father-in-law, the Marquis de Mondragon, and de Romanet and I, having much to do in a short time, divided the work and took separate ways. I first called on Colonel (now Sir Nicholas William) Elphinstone, the representative of the British Red Cross Society at Tours, and inspected his depot, which was very well provided. I also met Mr. Lee, the acting secretary, and Mr. and Mrs. Chater, whom I had last seen at Sedan. Having gleaned all the information I required (and Tours was then the capital of France), I picked up de Romanet at the Couvent des Dames de la Retraite, which was then also a hospital, and we drove back to Beaumont. Notwithstanding the pressing invitation of our friends, we merely remained long enough to harness horses and light lamps, and then sped away to La Gidonière, where we arrived at nine.

Next morning (Sunday, January 29) we examined the drugs and medicines which the French doctors had left behind them when retreating, and appropriated

those which we required, and at 11 A.M. we started again with the convoy.

Looking back at the handsome and recently restored Château of La Gidonière, as I saw it on this bright frosty morning, standing in the midst of a pretty park, with the little Loir beyond flowing under wooded banks and through pleasant fields, I anticipated the time when, after the restoration of peace, I should again return to see the amiable châtelaine in the midst of her own people. But the wish was not to be realised; La Gidonière was never again to see the mistress who was so much beloved. Amongst those of her sex who behaved so well and nobly throughout the war, as I had frequent opportunities to testify, the Marquise du Prat (*née de Gramont*) will long be remembered by those who had the privilege to know her.

In the public hospital at Grand Lucé the patient who attracted most of my sympathy was a poor Spahi who could only speak a few words of French. Covered with his white burnous, he sat crouched on the floor close to the fireplace, nursing one arm, which had been shattered by a ball. He was a pitiable sight, but insisted that he only wanted his horse and some tobacco; the latter I could give him, but his horse, if alive, was probably between the traces of a Market-tender's cart. Thence through a beautiful pine forest to Parigné l'Evêque. Scarcely a house had escaped the storm of projectiles which had been directed on this unfortunate village. Dr. Marchand and Dr. Glatigny of the French army came to tell us of the wants of their patients, and Dr. Fournier, the resident local practitioner, who was also the mayor, showed us all the hospitality possible under most difficult circumstances. Two shells had burst in his house, but he

treated the matter most philosophically, and said it would only compel him to carry out some contemplated alterations and additions a little sooner than he had intended. He and other people in the village spoke most gratefully of the prompt manner in which English assistance had been brought to them by Mr. Lewis.

A small three-cornered room was found for de Romanet and myself in a neighbouring cottage, and though there was not space for two mattresses to be placed flat on the floor, we managed to sleep in it.

Our host, a very old man, was not particularly amiable when we were billeted on him, but he made himself more agreeable next morning when he discovered that we were not Germans; and he was evidently gratified when we made him a present of chocolate, his favourite beverage, of which he had been for some time deprived. I made every allowance for him, as it cannot be a pleasant thing for an old gentleman who had retired from business in the bustling port of Havre, in order to end his days with his wife in a quiet country village, to have a battle fought over his back garden. The old lady and gentleman with their servant wisely went out for the day and called on a friend in the neighbourhood, and returned when the fighting had ceased.

We travelled on to Le Mans through country almost every yard of which bore traces of the recent fighting, and arrived in this town about noon. The streets were blocked with military transport wagons. After leaving the men in charge of our convoy in the Place des Halles, we called at the headquarters of Prince Frederick Charles (the Préfecture), then at the Mairie, and on the Etappen-commando. The whole afternoon was spent in searching for stables; at last I

succeeded. The wagons were left at the Civil Hospital, and the horses were put into a large building at a considerable distance off. I was so thoroughly tired out that I rode through the town on one of the horses, leading another regardless of the harness by which I was surrounded. I make no apology for mentioning such small incidents, for in a description of our work such trifles are important, as in them we often found our hardest labour. It was quite dark when I had stabled the horses; there were no mangers or halter rings, and it was necessary to see the animals fed and to hire a room close by where the harness could be put under lock and key. Men can look after themselves, but at such times every consideration must be given to the horses on whom we entirely depend for the means of progression.

Casilis and Brother Léon had arrived from La Ferté-Bernard, and thanks to them we had a room at the Hôtel du Maine.

I called on Dr. Loeffler (Chief of the German Medical Staff), whom I had last met at Gravelotte. He said the Germans were well provided for, and he spoke in high terms of the kindness shown to the sick and wounded by the inhabitants of the town, but he admitted that the French wounded were in great need of help.

Under the circumstances, I thought I had better return at once to Versailles in order to despatch stores from the depot; so the next morning I found myself in a railway horse-box with fifteen wounded Germans lying on straw. At Chartres soup and bread were served out, and several more soldiers were put into the wagon, and there was not space for all to sit down. After a most uncomfortable journey, during which the

poor wounded men experienced a dreadful shaking, we arrived at Versailles between seven and eight o'clock. Later, in Sir W. H. Russell's rooms, I met Mr. Odo Russell, Lord Adare, Haworth (Queen's messenger), Hozier, Kingston, and Landells, and all were rejoicing that an armistice had been proclaimed.

Gleissner, Lord Carnarvon's courier, called on me at eleven the same night relative to carrying provisions into Paris. I despatched a messenger to my colleague Young, who I was sure would readily co-operate, and his answer reached me at two in the morning.

CHAPTER VI

The Convention of Geneva—Le Cocher International—Paris during the Armistice—A General Election under difficulties—Removal of the Twenty-seven German Prisoners then in Paris—At the Gates of the City—The *Sheep* and the *Goats*—A remarkable Dinner—City of London's gift of Provisions—Preliminaries of Peace signed—German Occupation of the Champs Elysées.

My first attempt to enter Paris was not successful, and on applying at the headquarters of the Crown Prince Frederick, I was told that it was not the Prussians who objected, but it was the French Minister of War, who wished to keep out the *bouches inutiles*.

Although the Convention of Geneva was made the excuse for all kinds of eccentric actions and applications, I was never blind to the fact that I had no position, national, international, or personal, which gave me the slightest right to any aid or protection from its articles. Services, however, which I had been permitted to render, and gifts, which, on behalf of the British Society, I had been enabled to make, had perhaps earned for me some title to consideration. But, beyond this, not a single member of any Society that was not French or German, and these only if recognised by the military authorities of the respective armies, could claim any immunity by virtue of the articles of the Convention.

After Sedan I discontinued the use of the Red



Cross brassard, as nothing could justify the abuses to which it gave rise, and of which I was a daily witness. My position at the headquarters of the Crown Prince was a recognised one, and I readily accepted any directions which were given to me by those whose duty it was to control the delegates of volunteer societies. I pondered over the reply which I had received to my application to enter Paris. For some months I had worked in the midst of Germans, and I had not once overstepped the rules of the Geneva Convention, which had been *practically extended to neutral volunteers*, and had endeavoured to act up to them in the letter as well as in the spirit. There was now an armistice. Why, then, should I be prevented from going into Paris, especially when I wished to pass in empty-handed to ascertain the state of the hospitals, and whether it was possible to aid them?

I asked Count Malzan what would happen if I went into Paris. He replied, 'You may try to go in, if you like, but you will not succeed.' I regarded this answer as sufficient, and I acted accordingly. Members of the corps diplomatique had occasionally gone in and out during the siege, and I found one of these gentlemen about to start. His coachman did not like the idea of driving him, and I easily arranged that he should give me his livery and allow me to occupy his box. Thus equipped, in long coat of green cloth, with regulation gaiters, a hat with gold band and tricolour cockade,¹ I ascertained that my friends did not recognise me, so I mounted the brougham with confidence and started on my journey. At the bridge of Sèvres I was stopped by the guard and papers were demanded. Pretending not to understand German I pointed with

¹ The late Imperial livery.

my whip to my master inside, who quite satisfied all inquiries. When we had crossed the river the real difficulties began, as we were constantly brought to a halt by French troops. However, we passed on. The great danger for me was when we entered Paris; in these days any person who was not a Frenchman was believed to be a German, and I knew that my disguise would not deceive stablemen nor even save my life if I took the carriage into a yard, and sooner or later somebody would have to do this.

Having disposed of my master, I drove up to a religious house where I was known, and declared myself; I also asked that a livery-stable-keeper should be sent for to take charge of my equipage. This having been done, I peeled off my coat, gaiters, and stock with horsey pin, and stood revealed in my proper garb. Thence I escaped over the garden wall and made direct for the Palais d'Industrie. Finding that the offices of the French Red Cross Society had been moved to Baron Rothschild's hotel in the Rue Lafitte, I called there, and found Count Sérurier and Count de Beaufort, and I had a hearty welcome. A French gentleman lent me his phaeton drawn by a beautiful cob. I mention this because a poor man suggested *en passant* that he would very much like to have a steak from the sleek quadruped. Paris was still Paris, and I cannot say that it looked very miserable, though it was decidedly a little subdued. At night the absence of gas was observable, and a petroleum light on every other lamp-post was scarcely a good substitute.

At dinner the waiter who was serving me made a remark of which I often thought afterwards. He said, 'Now, monsieur, the Empire has a right to demand from the Republic what improvement it has made



upon Imperial institutions.' An item on my bill also struck me as a curiosity : twelve francs for the wing of an attenuated fowl.

At the Hôtel Westminster in the Rue de la Paix I found the portmanteau from which I had been separated for five months, and the contents reminded me, by their uselessness, how rapidly the seasons had succeeded each other since the dogs of war had been worrying the peace of Europe.

Having made a general survey, I called with Mr. Auberon Herbert and Dr. Wyatt on the Minister of War, and obtained from him a letter to the effect that the hospitals were in great need of fresh food, and that he, on his side, would offer every facility to enable Red Cross agents to enter Paris. Thus fortified, on the afternoon of February 3 I drove back to Versailles *via* the Pont de Neuilly and Bougival.

On the following day I set off again for Paris with a service wagon laden with fresh meat, vegetables, butter, white bread, &c., and a fourgon similarly filled. On the bridge of Neuilly there was a dense crowd of vehicles trying to move in both directions. A lieutenant-colonel of Landwehr, in language more forcible than polite, assured us we could not pass, but must return. Imagine a drag turning round on Kew Bridge on the evening of a Derby day, and some idea can be obtained of our position. I had no German pass, for I had already experienced the impossibility of obtaining any concession in this respect, and I preferred to adopt my usual course. 'C'est seulement Monsieur Furley, qui va partout sans jamais demander un laisser-passer,' was the compliment once paid me by one of the German magnates.

Eventually, owing to our heavy wagons having possession of the crown of the bridge, and after having exerted an extraordinary amount of polyglottic eloquence, I gained my point.

Leaving Kleinmann in charge of the convoy at the Palais d'Industrie, I drove to Count de Flavigny's house, and, as he was presiding at a meeting of the Red Cross Council in the Rue Lafitte, I went thither and met all the members of the executive. I was promised the same independence I had been allowed on the German side, and that the English representatives should have control of all supplies sent in by the London committee.

Having distributed all the food we had brought into Paris—including some fresh joints especially intended for Madame Trochu's Breton patients, which we had to leave on the marble floor of the hall at the War Minister's—I went to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the Quai d'Orsay, where I was sure of a welcome from Baron Mundy. This remarkable Austrian had organised and presided over a large French hospital in this building. His hospitality was unbounded, and he gave a dinner that evening which deserves to be mentioned, if only for the fact that the menu included fresh soles. I never heard how the Baron had accomplished this. The party was made up as follows: our host, Baron Mundy, Mlle. Hocquiny, a very active member of the Red Cross ladies committee, Count Oxküll (Austrian military attaché), Dr. Mosetij (physician to the ex-King of Hanover), M. Albert Ellissen and his brother Alexandre (members of the French committee), Surgeon-Major Wyatt, Dr. Arendrup (Dane), M. Christens, and M. Niessens (Norwegian surgeons; the three last named were attached to Baron Mundy's

hospital), M. Grisza (Hungarian), Mr. Landells ('Illustrated London News'), and myself.

Permission was given me to use rooms at the British Embassy as a depot. Naturally the Germans objected to the bringing in daily of more than a limited supply of fresh food, as otherwise a scarcity might be caused at Versailles, and siege prices would be transferred to that town. Recognising this, I confined my distribution to preserved meats, vegetables, and other things sent from England. Kleinmann remained at Versailles as storekeeper.

The French Central Committee placed carriages and horses at my disposal, and in every way gave me the greatest assistance; in fact, from that time forward I was treated as a colleague and compatriot, as had been the case at Versailles.

The visits I paid to the different hospitals and to houses where I had business to perform were of a most varied character, and alternated between garrets in the lowest quarters of the city and the magnificent hotels in the Faubourg St. Germain and the neighbourhood of the Champs Élysées. I was often the bearer of letters and messages, sums of money, news of absent relatives, and, in some cases, presents of food.

Without any prearrangement, there was certainly a race into Paris as to who should first take in food, and the representatives of the British Red Cross Society were undoubtedly the first to pass the post.

It must be remembered that the gates of Paris were only partially opened, and much time was left to me in which I could assist communication between sick and wounded soldiers and their relatives. Frequently I carried in fifty or sixty simple family messages written on cards, and whenever I could do so I delivered them in

person, and took back replies. It was interesting work, but sometimes inexpressibly painful.

Young and I now agreed to break up our establishment at Versailles and St. Germain, it being no longer necessary, and during the armistice it was very costly to maintain. Besides, the French committee had promised to lend any transport I required. Another reason was the too military appearance of our horses and wagons. Everything not French was looked upon as German, and on more than one occasion we were surrounded by a menacing mob. Our Woolwich wagons also had an irritating effect on certain German officials.

On February 7, I met Dr. (Hon. Alan) Herbert, and told him that, as I was assured hospital stores would be allowed into Paris, I had arranged to form a depot and leave the distribution to Dr. Wyatt, Dr. Gordon and himself, as having more knowledge than I of the actual wants of the city.

The same morning I returned to Versailles, meeting with the usual difficulties. My principal object was to claim the assistance of General Walker in regularising my position, and obtaining permission to convey English aid direct to the Paris hospitals. I was liable, at any moment, to be stopped, and this inconvenience was even greater in the case of those who were working under me, their position being less clearly defined than my own.

The most capricious orders existed at the gate of Versailles. The farce of a general election of deputies was being played by permission of Germany; electors were allowed to go to the poll, and, as I was mistaken for one, sanction was given me to pass. My companions were allowed to go through on foot and not in

any other way. Having walked a hundred yards and thus complied with ordained ceremonial, they again joined me. Why this distinction I could not ascertain.

I might write volumes simply by relating some of the sorrowful indirect consequences of this war, but I must be satisfied with giving occasional examples.

For instance, on this particular day I returned to Paris with a young Danish lady who had only that morning been informed that her husband had died at the Danish Legation. Rain was falling, and the roads were very heavy, and we did not arrive at the Pont de Neuilly before dark. The gate had been closed before the proper time, and I called the attention of an officer to the hour; his answer was quite Prussian: he said, 'Berlin time is kept here.' I am glad to say I did not express what I thought. This man's superiors were at dinner, and we were kept waiting an hour and a half. The letter we carried was then considered quite satisfactory, and a lieutenant was sent to clear the way. After passing the drawbridges and a series of barricades, we were again brought to a standstill at the French guardhouse for half an hour, until the officer in charge, who was in a muddled state of semi-intoxication, would allow the bridge to be lowered.

The rule now laid down at Versailles was that our society should only be allowed to send three wagons daily into Paris, and that these were not to contain stores of a value above 500 francs. But who was to value our consignments? I therefore put a liberal interpretation on the order. Thirty thousand, which was the actual number of the sick and wounded soldiers then in Paris, could not be left to starve. British consignments were subsequently allowed to be made direct to Paris *via* Dieppe.



THE TWENTY-SEVEN GERMAN PRISONERS 125

Twenty-seven wounded Germans were still kept in Paris, and, as far as comfort and happiness were concerned, they could not have desired any change, except to their own homes. A great deal of unpleasant discussion had occurred relative to their detention, and I ventured to express a strong opinion to the effect that, whether the concessions demanded by the Germans were formal or informal, and whether reciprocity were promised or not, the French authorities were bound, for the sake of the 30,000 wounded men then in Paris, to give up these few prisoners, in order that they might not form a further obstacle to the importation of the food which was so necessary.

The question of the German prisoners having been settled, I was asked to accompany Counts Séurier and de Beaufort in charge of these men. At Neuilly the bridge was cleared for us, and the prisoners, who occupied four ambulance carriages, were handed over to Count Fürstenberg. My French friends returned to Paris, and I went on to Versailles, where the remaining formalities were completed. Count Malzan and Dr. Kirchner received the invalids and superintended the removal to their beds. I may add that the French representative before leaving Neuilly had presented to each German prisoner a small gift of money and tobacco.

The railway having been put in working order, I returned to Versailles next day in the same train with MM. Jules Favre and Picard. On arrival I anticipated some difficulty when I saw that General — was examining passes. The passengers stood in the rain, filing through the gate by slow degrees, and after half an hour my turn came. The General, whom it was not the first time I had met, looked at my pass,

which was signed by the *Préfet de Police*. He said, 'You must go back to Paris.' The order was shouted from soldier to soldier '*Links*,' and I was turned into a pen on the left where the *goats* were awaiting a return train to the capital, whilst the *sheep* were allowed to go into Versailles through a door on the right. Objecting to such treatment, I made a rush for the General's aide-de-camp and explained my position. He conducted me again to his chief, who said, 'To what society do you belong?' 'The British Red Cross Society,' I replied. 'Then you must go back immediately to Paris, for we have already too many English at Versailles,' was the polite rejoinder.

During the preceding six months I had been too often met by Prussian difficulties and obstructions to be defeated in this manner, or to be surprised that the General should ignore my position as representative of a neutral society, whose agents had invariably received courtesy and consideration from the rank and file of the army in which he held high rank. I told him I had already come out of Paris with wounded German prisoners. He said, 'How did you get in?' 'In the same carriage that brought me out,' I answered. Not waiting for more questions, I produced a passport signed by Lord Granville and my *Legitimations-karte*. These documents having no effect, I brought out a letter from Count Séurier to Prince Pless, relative to the removal of the twenty-seven sick and wounded Germans. This succeeded, and the General ungraciously said, 'Well, you may go.'

I had never deluded myself with the idea that the agents of the Red Cross societies of neutral States had any defined position which was not subject to the caprice of every officer in the belligerent armies.

Under the circumstances, I still acted according to what I believed to be the spirit of that little-known, and much-abused, Convention of Geneva ; and I think I may be pardoned if I admit that, during the armistice, I gave the benefit of my numerous doubts to the sufferers still shut up in Paris. In the absence of express directions, I claimed the right sometimes to act on my own discretion, and at this particular time it was especially necessary that I should do so. The German army now had unbroken communication on all sides, and there were no material needs that they could not supply. My attention, therefore, was more especially concentrated on the hospitals of Paris, which were threatened with exclusion from the benefits of the armistice.

On February 12, Sutherland, Captain Norman, and other members from the Meaux depot, came in with six well-laden wagons, and these, with the cases which had arrived direct from London, considerably increased our store at the Embassy.

Here work was of a double character. On the morning of the 14th might have been seen a long *queue* of poor English residents waiting for their share of good things, which had been sent by the Lord Mayor of London's Committee for distribution. Dr. Herbert presided here, and during many hours he and his assistants were occupied in giving out bacon, cheese, biscuit, flour, salt and sugar, &c. The value of the benefit thus conferred on the recipients was inestimable.

My depot this day was quite subservient to the 'Lord Mayor's Larder,' so I went to the hotel of the Princess Mathilde in the Rue de Courcelles. Here was the linen-store of the French Central Society presided

over by Mlle. Hocquiny. As in August so now in February, I found this lady displaying the same energy and perseverance. Her books were models of order. I need mention only one item. She had received 45,000 linen and cotton shirts; twice a week one of the principal laundries of Paris gratuitously placed sixty women and girls at her disposal, and on this particular day they were unpacking bales, sorting linen, mending shirts, making bandages, &c. There was no department connected with French administration during the war which was more complete, practical, and thorough, and there was nothing more decidedly French than the tasteful manner in which the shelves were arranged and hidden by chintz draperies.

Thence I drove to Baron Mundy's hospital at the Palais du Corps Légitif. Here, again, whenever I walked through the magnificent galleries, now filled with beds and surgical appliances, and saw *sœurs de charité* gliding about noiselessly over the polished floors, I could not but be struck by the comparison between the present and the past. I remembered the same gilded saloons when, not long before, the Count de Morny lived in them. This palace then rivalled the Tuileries in the splendour of its hospitality; and the walls were covered with treasures of art, now scattered far and wide.

I had breakfast this day with Dr. Herbert in a restaurant, the shutters of which were still up, and the door only opened to a few highly favoured frequenters. On this occasion no objection could be raised to an extra guest, as my entertainer had received his own provisions from Dieppe. In a corner of the room was a very fine white cock, which for some weeks had been

sadly conducive to breaches of the tenth commandment; eighty francs were offered for it, then a hundred; now its intrinsic value was, probably, considerably lower. In oscillating between Paris and Versailles, I noted innumerable circumstances, most interesting in themselves, but I cannot attempt to reproduce them. I will only here and there mention facts which serve as a clue to the rest of my story.

The Parisians were beginning to recover their normal conditions, and, although very many shops remained closed, the streets were putting on a gayer and busier appearance; yet one could not but remark that nearly all the ladies were in mourning. At every church door and at every cemetery gate there was one constantly recurring scene, varied only according to the grade of the person whose funeral was being performed. The poor French soldier's death was deprived of all the circumstances that in life gild a glorious perspective, and afterwards hallow the retrospect of survivors. Mutilated and fever-stricken bodies followed one another in rapid succession to the grave. France was watered by tears, as she had been deluged by blood. Still she paraded her smiles, and laughing Paris concealed an infinity of woe.

My greatest anxiety at this time was caused by the report that the Germans intended to occupy a portion of Paris. I will not enter into the merits of such a decision, but I fully recognised the danger, for I felt very strongly that a single indiscreet act on either side might cause a frightful loss of life.

One day I had seen at the Préfecture of Police specimens of infernal machines of the Orsini type which had been prepared for the Germans, and I heard of many other things which boded mischief. Almost

daily I went to Versailles and, as far as a man in my position could do, I exerted my endeavours to enlighten men of power and influence as to the imminent danger which menaced Paris and all within it, both French and German, should a triumphal entry be made.

I was in a position which enabled me to see below the surface, and the existence of that spirit which was soon to overwhelm order and patriotism was very apparent. Paris was ripe for anything. A woman might excite the rage of the conquerors or the vengeance of the conquered.

The war was over and the preliminaries of peace were signed; but another humiliation was required. The inhabitants of every part of France which had been trodden by hostile troops had drunk deep of the cup of bitterness; but Paris, hitherto excepted from this, must be made to bear the yoke, if only for a day. A grand review at Longchamps, and the march of a portion of the German army into the capital, were fixed for Wednesday, March 1. On the afternoon of Tuesday I went into Paris with this information for a select few.

Having finished my day's work, I met de Romanet by appointment, and we agreed to dine together, and afterwards to visit the disaffected quarters. We selected a restaurant on the boulevards, with a balcony which commanded an extensive view. We had made up our minds that Paris to-night would be worthy of study. The streets were very full of people, and stump orators were numerous. At ten o'clock we went to the Vaudeville, where a mixed musical and theatrical entertainment, of small merit, was given for the benefit of the wounded Breton soldiers. Popular addresses were delivered, and actresses carried round bags for

subscriptions. Towards midnight we drove in a victoria along the Boulevards on an expedition of doubtful prudence. Drizzling rain was falling, and the watery moon only partially succeeded in assisting the petroleum with which the streets were still lighted. Groups of more or less excited men stood at the corners of the streets; and soldiers, Mobiles and Nationals were wandering about, some with, but the majority without, arms. Passing the Hôtel de Ville, it was evident that we were watched, and that we should not get back without an adventure. One man drew attention to us by pointing at us and shouting 'Voilà Bismarck!' As it would have been injudicious to retreat, we continued our way at a walking pace. At the Place de la Bastille, around the base of the July column, which was profusely decorated with flags and garlands, the crowds were larger and more animated. Seeing a man running from group to group I remarked to my companion that this time we should have to give an account of ourselves. A mob bore down on each side of us, and armed men stood at the horse's head, whilst we were interrogated in a most irregular manner. We were told that we had insulted the social republic by driving in a carriage. We expressed our willingness to descend and walk round the column, in order to atone for any apparent want of respect; and we added a hope that, as Paris was a very large place, we should not be compelled to walk home. (A prison or the river seemed, for the moment, a more likely destination.)

It was suggested that de Romanet might be a Frenchman, but certainly I was a German. I denied this, and told them I was an Englishman; to which they replied, 'We love the English, but at such times as these we are suspicious of everybody.' My

companion expatiated in flattering terms on the services on which I had been engaged during the war. The leader, who was evidently not at all a bad sort of fellow as long as he did not attempt to talk politics, then made a little speech, in which he said, 'We have been so often robbed, deceived, and sold, that we now intend, with our own hands, to defend and save the last remaining twig of the tree of liberty.' I could not imagine where this was going to lead to, but as an amen, I responded, 'Messieurs, you are perfectly justified in endeavouring to do so.' De Romanet added some diplomatic remarks, and it was a most gratifying termination when the man in command shook hands with us: others followed his example, and the two citizens were allowed to go on in possession of their carriage. One incautious word might have led to a less satisfactory result. At the end of the Rue de Rivoli we found that troops were constructing barriers with artillery wagons and forming a line of demarcation beyond which the German troops were not to tread. Here we dismissed our carriage, and reached the Hôtel Westminster at two A.M.

I rose in the morning (March 1) in no degree reassured by what I had seen during the night. However, I made up my mind to remain for the last scene of the act. At nine o'clock I went to the Embassy, and made arrangements for our work to be continued as far as the interruption of traffic made it possible; and this was to a very limited extent. De Romanet came for me and we walked up to the Arc de Triomphe. The weather was as brilliant as the Germans could desire; and even the absence of foliage could not lessen the beauty of Paris, as we saw it on this bright and memorable day. At an early hour, a regiment of

Hussars and a few companies of infantry had entered and taken up a position on the Place de la Concorde, where the statues representing the principal cities of France sat immovable on their pedestals, with bandages of crape over their eyes. The lines separating the part of the city abandoned to the Germans were well defined and maintained ; and I saw a Mobile in one of the streets, near the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, bring his bayonet down very smartly to the charge to oppose the progress of a Prussian staff officer who was anxious to enter the Palace of the Élysée from the other side. The German appealed, and then commanded, but the sentinel, encouraged by a sergeant, who said 'Très bien ; continuez, mon garçon,' preserved his obstructive attitude, and the officer was obliged to go back.

The *gamins de Paris* mustered in force, and no person escaped their observation. Two of these remarked that de Romanet and myself were 'mouchards,' and they flattered us by a promise that they would not lose sight of us. On the Boulevards, in the Rue Royale, and throughout the whole of the quarter given up to the Germans, all the houses were closed. I only saw one shop open, and this was in the Rue Matignon. At the Arc de Triomphe the groups were very large, excitable, and demonstrative, and any person who gave information to Germans was roughly handled. I made up my mind not to recognise anyone in the German uniform.

In truth, the interval between the entry of the advanced guard and the main army was a most critical period : now and then the attitude of the crowd was sufficient to exasperate any troops, and my experience of the Germans convinced me that they would show little consideration for a Parisian mob. A few

harmless charges were made, and two or three times I retreated into an angle of the Arc de l'Étoile. This was rather compromising to one's dignity; so, as a messenger informed me that the entry would not take place before two o'clock, I returned to my work at the Embassy. At half-past one we witnessed the entry of the German troops.

I need not give a minute description of the sight. The subject belongs to history. The Bavarians had the place of honour, and well they deserved it. When the first band played down the avenue of the Champs Élysées, hardly a note could be heard, so overwhelming were the discordant sounds produced by the men, women, and boys, penned up in the side streets. Every prominent figure, who was in any way remarkable in dress or general appearance, was immediately the object of a shower of observations, witty and disagreeable, in which the women were conspicuous. But two or three of the fair sex, on the contrary, appeared a little too amiably disposed towards the foreign invader, and this excited so much indignation that they were immediately caught and whipped, and one had nearly all her clothes torn off her.

Archibald Forbes paid the penalty of taking the proffered hand of the Crown Prince of Saxony: he was considerably knocked about, and would have suffered more but for his own strength and pluck, and the fact that the garden gate of the British Embassy was opportunely opened to him. The troops speedily settled down in the quarters allotted to them, notwithstanding the remonstrances made by servants; and the horses were stabled in the Palais d'Industrie—which the Société de Secours had been

obliged to relinquish—the Cirque, and other places, whilst some were picketed in the avenues.

At night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I went to the Place de la Concorde. The cordon of French sentries was very strictly kept; thence I walked along the Boulevards. I had never before seen Paris so deserted at this hour; there was not a sound to be heard, except at the numerous posts of the National Guard.

General Vinoy's arrangements were excellent, and Paris seemed well in hand. But this was only in appearance. Belleville and Montmartre were in open insurrection against the Government, and the insurgents had more than one hundred pieces of artillery, whilst Vinoy had only six, a disparity which I then thought he could afford.

But it was necessary to get rid of the Germans from the Champs Élysées before thinking about such distant places as Montmartre and Belleville. On the following day things were to all appearances *in statu quo*. The shops all remained closed, black flags were hanging out in some places; those people, mostly of the poorer classes, who did come out, were all moving in the same direction, with the intention of looking at the Germans from the barricade at the end of the Rue Royale or from the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré.

I confess that to me this German triumph was a very humiliating spectacle, as far as the Germans were concerned. They were like animals in a zoological garden, to be looked at, and jeered by a Paris mob. They were hemmed in by artificial barriers, and by armed sentries, who looked on all their movements with suspicion; and behind these, hour after hour,

a curious crowd was watching them from all the streets which open on the Champs Élysées and the Place de la Concorde. The play was certainly not worth the candle. No French person, without business in the occupied quarter, or who had any respect for himself, would be seen there. I could not at the time, nor can I now, find any justification for this semi-triumph. Either the Germans should have gone through Paris *coûte que coûte*, or they should not have entered the city.

Strong detachments of Chasseurs d'Afrique and Gendarmes à cheval patrolled the streets, and the National Guard was on duty at all points. I went round to some of the hospitals, and did as much work as the state of Paris would allow me to do.

During the afternoon I walked through the French lines into the German. How strange it all seemed then, how much stranger it seems now that I look back upon the scene! The Champs Élysées were crowded with people, who had adapted themselves to circumstances, and certainly did not appear to look with disfavour on their conquerors. Bavarian bands were performing, much to the delight of the pleasure-loving people of Paris.

Detachments of men were being taken to see the Tuilleries, and I saw a number of men of the Landwehr returning decorated with laurels which they had plucked in the gardens. Some men had penetrated as far as the extreme eastern end of the Louvre; but the excitement caused amongst the French who saw the hated uniform in a balcony opposite the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, was so great that the experiment was not repeated; indeed the Governor of

Paris sent a message that, if it were, he would not be responsible for the results. On the whole, the behaviour of the German troops was excellent, and I heard very few complaints. On the evening of March 1 a telegram had been received from Bordeaux stating that the preliminaries of peace had been ratified; there was therefore no excuse for the German troops to remain in Paris.

On the morning of the 3rd, after a stay of a little over forty hours, they took their departure. I arrived at the Arc de Triomphe to see the last battalion passing through, they having since their arrival removed the barricades and made good the road. Their shouts were most exultant, and swords, helmets, and chakos were waved in the air as they turned their backs on Paris. They certainly were not able to boast of an excess of hospitality on the part of the Parisians.

Not a moment was lost; the tramp of the Germans had hardly ceased when an army of scavengers was occupied in sweeping away every trace of them, and huge bonfires were made of the débris.

Soon another army, less peacefully disposed, appeared upon the scene, and the windows of those cafés and restaurants where anything had been sold to the Germans were smashed with stones.

The Parisians had not had the same experience of war as the Versaillais. Fortunately, in 'la ville du Roi Soleil' the people were wise in their generation, and soon learnt the value of thalers. Some, I know, made fortunes out of the enemy, without having their windows broken. On the next day, after giving over everything which remained in the depot at the Embassy

to Dr. Herbert and Dr. Wyatt, and leaving Kleinmann in charge of the depot at Versailles, I returned to England for a rest; but this was only to be of short duration. I had many matters of business to settle in Paris, and, as the sequel will show, after an interval of ten days I embarked on a fresh undertaking.

CHAPTER VII

A scanty pause for breath;
A curtain drop between the acts of death.

The French Peasant-farmers' Seed Fund—The Coming Storm—Departure of the Germans from Versailles and arrival of French Troops from German Prisons—Development of the Commune—The Montmartre Guns—Assassination of Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas—Flight of Thiers and his Ministers and the Army from Paris—Barricades—The Rival Camps, Paris and Versailles.

THE English Committee of the French Peasant-farmers' Seed Fund having appointed me chairman of the Paris branch, I consented to undertake charge of the work for the four departments of Seine, Seine and Marne, Oise and Seine, and Oise. Notwithstanding my desire for rest, I felt that my knowledge of the country would be of advantage to the society, and my hesitation was removed when I understood that Mr. Pitman would be my colleague and that Mr. James would again act as my secretary. So, after about eight days in London, I had an interview with Lord Vernon, the president of the committee, and at once returned to Paris.

I spent a few hours at Boulogne with General Sir Vincent Eyre and M. Vaillant, both of whom were engaged in the double work—Red Cross and Seed Fund. The Crown Prince Frederick had held a great review at Amiens that day, and travelling was consequently very slow; but at 6.30 in the morning I

arrived in Paris after twelve hours in a closely packed carriage.

That day was spent in visits to the Ministers of Agriculture and Public Works. I also called on the secretary of the Agricultural Society of France. Mr. James established a grain depot at La Chapelle with a siding on the Northern Railway. During the next few days, whilst he was attending to this and similar details, I was chiefly employed in obtaining the assistance of the highest authorities and the consent of railway companies to carry grain at reduced rates, &c. But political questions occupied the ministers, and the Government had little time to spare for agriculture.

As M. Thiers was at Versailles, and his Ministers were continually oscillating between that town and Paris, great hindrance was caused to public affairs, and it was very difficult to find those who should have remained stationary. My good friend de Romanet again gave me his valuable co-operation, and we established a branch office at Versailles; and for the department of Seine and Oise I had the assistance of M. Cochard, who was then practically the Préfet. I also had the courteous help of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the confidential secretary of M. Thiers, and he gave me useful letters to the Ministers of Agriculture and Public Works. Applications for grain soon came in upon us from all sides; and on March 16, a convoy having arrived at the depot, we were able to make a first consignment of wheat to Montlhéry.

But the little scheme of organisation, which was to accomplish all that the London committee expected, was doomed to collapse; and circumstances which few had foreseen compelled us to pursue a course suitable to and dependent on events, but quite independent of

ministerial assistance. Something even worse than war was anticipated by those who looked a little beyond the actual present. Frequent warnings had indicated that a volcano was smouldering which sooner or later must find vent. War had unchained the worst passions of the French nation, and in every direction a reckless indifference to law, order, and life was manifest.

Few, however, could have predicted that Paris, after enduring a siege of six months, would form the crater from which should issue the diabolical elements which were burning at the heart of France, and which were not to be extinguished except in fresh rivers of blood.

My first remark on entering Paris at the beginning of February seemed cruel to those to whom I had addressed it. I said that it was a misfortune for France that the capital had suffered so little in comparison with the provinces. I was reminded of this a few weeks later when, as we could hear the guns thundering in and around the city, an elderly lady belonging to one of the first families of France expressed the feelings of her class when she said, 'As the Germans have not destroyed Paris, I hope the Communards will do so, for, as long as there is a Paris, France will have no peace.'

During those six months of siege, the most unpatriotic revolution that the world had ever witnessed was being prepared. The enemy was at the gate; the city was closely surrounded by thousands of armed strangers; the last hope of France was in Paris, and the world looked on in silent admiration at the endurance and fortitude displayed by the inhabitants of the beautiful city of pleasure. But whilst thousands were giving their lives' blood for their country, a large

horde of revolutionary spirits, whose only aim was the appropriation of property for which they themselves were too idle to work, and whose only triumph was to be found in a reign of terror and confusion—these men, calling themselves 'Internationalists,' though every nation disowned them, were secretly preparing a greater disgrace than had ever before befallen France. Silently they arranged their plans, and instead of aiding in the defence of their city, they were accumulating formidable means of aggression to be directed against the national institutions, such as were totally wanting when required against foreign foes.

Probably, no two persons were better informed of the actual condition of Paris and the intentions of these men than the Emperor Napoleon and Prince Bismarck; and in the well-grounded forebodings of the former are to be found reasons for much in his conduct that would otherwise be inexplicable. And had M. Jules Favre thought less of his own personal popularity and followed the advice of the German Chancellor, and not allowed the National Guard to keep its arms, he would have been spared the cry, 'J'en demande pardon à Dieu, et aux hommes.'

The men at the head of the Government of September 4 were blinded by ambition; and in order to obtain an ephemeral popularity they yielded to the wishes of Belleville and Montmartre, in the same manner as a little later they drove loyal men into the ranks of the Commune and sacrificed a host of innocent persons 'pour éviter l'effusion du sang'!

It will be first necessary to state in a few words where I lived during the period of which I am about to write. On my return from England on March 13, the Countess Guidoboni-Visconti, of whose hospitality

during the winter many others besides myself enjoyed the privilege, kindly offered me rooms in her house at Versailles; and it may well be imagined, the headquarters of the French army, as well as the Assemblée Nationale, being in the town, that I was not slow to accept a proposal which insured me the greatest comfort as well as the most perfect independence. Here, as well as at the houses of other friends, to whom I have already referred, there was always a place for me at table. During the winter, had it not been for my pleasant quarters at Versailles, to which I could return after excursions made perhaps without a change of clothes or one satisfactory meal, I should have broken down; so now I could not have gone through the war of the Commune without the home that was thus made for me.

In Paris I had rooms at the Hôtel Westminster, where, once or twice, I was the only visitor; but a friend, who was unable to remain in France, owing to the suspicion of his being German, offered me a handsome suite of rooms on the first floor at 8 Boulevard des Capucines, at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, facing the Rue de la Paix; he also kindly left his man for me, and here I always had a bed ready. One room I had made into an office, and there was policy in this, as the printed papers headed 'Société de Secours en Semences aux Paysans Français' might perhaps be some protection during the domiciliary visits to which I was subjected. Independently of this, there was the fear, which at a later period was realised, that I should be cut off from communication with our office in the Rue du Bac.

I have rather anticipated events, but I will now return to something like chronological order.

Versailles had been completely evacuated by the Germans on March 12, and on the following day the French troops charged with the protection of the National Assembly began to arrive, and M. Thiers established himself at the Préfecture. Everyone asked his neighbour, 'What will happen now?'

On the morning of the 17th I went into Paris, and after giving out hospital stores from the depot at the Embassy, I called on some gentlemen who had promised to undertake the arrangements for fetching and distributing grain in the neighbourhood of their own estates. Then I went to the office in the Rue du Bac, where my secretary was busily engaged. Amongst those who called during the morning with a long list of particulars as to the requirements of his neighbourhood, duly signed by the Mayor and the schoolmaster, was an elderly gentleman from Villiers-le-Bel. He had walked in with his dog and stick, and notwithstanding his sixty-five years, he intended to return on foot. He was a brave old man, and his sorrow for the loss of his most cherished possessions was greater than his wrath against the Germans who had taken them.

What he most valued was evidently a collection of porcelain, manufactured at Sèvres and decorated by himself. He said, 'I, myself, painted all the pieces; now they are gone, and after sixty years the hand has no longer the power to reproduce them.'

The chief command of the National Guards of the Seine, since March 3, had been in the hands of General d'Aurelle de Paladines, but this office was merely nominal. Paris was already divided into two camps, in one of which men acted, whilst in the other men talked. The red flag, the symbol of the former, which some sailors a few days before had succeeded in

removing from the summit of the July column, had again reappeared there. Montmartre was a labyrinth of barricades, and cannon looked ominously down from its heights. The inhabitants of this quarter bivouacked around their guns. The National Guards in the streets looked like so many spoilt children playing with dangerous implements, of which they ought to be deprived; and amongst these were thousands who really might be classed in this category. Occasionally a number of noisy fellows were to be met dragging a big gun without a carriage along the streets, and singing the 'Marseillaise' as they did so. Whilst the Government was occupied in suppressing journals and considering how to retake the cannon already acquired by the insurgents, these men were occupied at their leisure and in full daylight adding to the number of their guns. The well-affected inhabitants waited in expectation that M. Thiers and his generals would do something. Time seemed to be of little consequence, and never before in the history of the world were revolutionists so well assisted by the inactivity of their opponents.

On the same day (March 17) an important meeting of the Ministers was held at the Office of Foreign Affairs, at which Generals Vinoy (Commander-in-Chief), Valentin (Préfet de Police), and d'Aurelle de Paladines (Commander of the National Guard of the Seine) were present; and it was then decided to retake the guns from Montmartre and the Buttes Chaumont. At a second meeting of the military authorities, held later in the day, a plan of operations was decided on; and it was resolved that, as far as possible, bloodshed should be avoided, and the cannon should be taken by surprise.

Two proclamations, addressed, the one to the inhabitants of Paris, and the other to the National

Guard, were posted on the walls. Though in different terms, both were to the same effect, and they appealed to the loyal citizens to separate themselves at once from the insurgents, and to use the arms which the Government had left in their hands, and thus save the Republic from anarchy.

Early on the morning of the 18th, the most important positions in the capital, such as the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, the Invalides, and the Place de la Bastille, were occupied by regiments of the line; a cordon of troops was gradually tightened round the most disaffected quarter, and an active movement was directed against Montmartre and Belleville by Generals Susbeille, Lecomte, and Paturel. Everything promised success, and already seventeen guns had been removed as far as the Place des Abbesses, when an absence of orders or inattention to commands caused a delay which proved most disastrous. The necessary number of gun-carriages and drivers had not arrived. There was a halt in the midst of a turbulent and menacing population, every moment increasing in numbers. The *rappel* was beaten. Mingled with thousands of men was a large proportion of women and children. The men of the 88th régiment de marche, yielding to the solicitations of the mob, and perhaps to their own fears, raised the butts of their rifles in the air, and allowed the cannon which were in their possession to be re-taken. Some *chasseurs à pied* imitated their example. General Susbeille, recognising the gravity of the situation, used his best endeavours to retrieve the position, and ordered the *chasseurs à cheval* to charge the crowd. The bridles of the horses were seized, shots were fired, the officer in command, Captain de St. James, was killed, and General Paturel

and a few other officers and soldiers were wounded. The most indescribable confusion prevailed ; and General Susbeille, finding that no reliance could be placed on his troops, and fearing to sacrifice those who were loyal, ordered a retreat, which was immediately effected.

At Belleville the attempt was attended with no better results ; a detachment of the 35th had succeeded in occupying the Buttes Chaumont, but the inhabitants of the quarter ran together, the soldiers fraternised with them ; at the same time the 120th regiment allowed itself to be disarmed, and another mob took possession of the Caserne du Prince Eugène. Thousands of persons were speedily engaged in the erection of barricades, and especially was the constructive genius of the Paris mob devoted to the defence of Montmartre —‘that modern Aventine hill of demagogues’—and Belleville. Within six hours, between the Buttes Chaumont and La Chapelle more than thirty barricades closed the entrance to the different streets. Sentries were drawn across all the approaches to Montmartre, and one by one the principal public buildings were in the possession of the insurgents. That the Government printing office was in their hands was made evident by the proclamations which soon covered the walls. The plan of the generals had failed in every part, and this was chiefly owing to a want of punctuality in following out instructions. Events might have been completely changed had the drivers and gun-carriages arrived at the proper time, and removed the cannon which had been seized.

General Lecomte had been made prisoner at the moment when the men under his command fraternised with the people ; and, shortly afterwards, General Clément Thomas, who, dressed in plain clothes, had

come as a spectator, was recognised and also arrested. These brave men were subjected to the mockery of a trial at No. 6 Rue des Rosiers, and were then shot in the garden at the back of the house.

The attempt to retake the guns having failed, and the troops having been withdrawn from the quarter bordering on Montmartre, the insurgents were not slow to push their advantage. Soon battalions of the National Guard were marching on the Place Vendôme and the Hôtel de Ville, towards which a smaller column had already been directed. But here again the insurrection received a check in presence of the troops which had advanced along the Avenue Victoria to the Place de Grève, with three cannon and two mitrailleuses. The Place was cleared, but only for a short time. During the whole day the people pressed round, and endeavoured to win over to their side the soldiers who were shut up in the Caserne Napoléon; and, as proof that some of the troops were too much disposed to fraternise with them, I saw soldiers in the streets amicably exchanging their chassepots for the muzzle-loading and comparatively useless weapons of the insurgents.

Late in the afternoon a company of the Garde Républicaine charged out of the Hôtel de Ville with considerable effect; but this was the last attempt made to coerce the mob. Soon afterwards the army retired to the left bank of the Seine. M. Thiers and his Ministers fled to Versailles, and the same evening the central committee of the National Guard took possession of the Hôtel de Ville.

During this eventful day the streets presented a strange appearance. Opposite to my windows a line of sentries of the National Guard of the Party of Order

was drawn across the top of the Rue de la Paix, and the caution with which I carried on my investigation of the state of affairs was increased when, on the approach of a column from Montmartre, I heard the order given to load. This was immediately followed by a counter-order, and the detachment was allowed to proceed without further interruption. Large bands of National Guards paraded the streets, and mingled with them was a considerable number of soldiers of the line, who were greeted with cries of 'Vive la Ligne!' 'Vive la République!' 'Vive les Gardes Nationaux!' 'À bas Vinoy!' Now and then a futile shout of 'Vive l'Ordre!' was given in response, but this was quickly hushed. As I approached Montmartre and wound my way in and out amongst the barricades, I was fully impressed by the gravity of the situation, and I felt that no wordy protests, no milk-and-water legislation, would restore peace. War to the bitter end was the sole remedy, and the sooner the Government recognised this as the only solution, so much the better would it be for Paris and France. It was very curious to listen to the stump oratory of the Boulevards. Here the Friends of Order were in a majority, and it was not often that a Communard would venture to ventilate his opinions. Occasionally one of these gentlemen came to the front, and generally obtained a hearing by declaiming at first against the Imperial Government by which the nation had been deceived and sold. This fact being generally admitted, a hearing was obtained for the individual, who then went on to explain, in the style we are accustomed to hear in Hyde Park, how the regeneration of the country was to be brought about by the adoption of a social system which was evidently only understood by himself, notwithstanding

the elaborate arguments by which he endeavoured to enlighten his hearers.

Wondering whether light would ever again emanate from the surrounding darkness, and whether it would be possible to establish order out of the prevailing chaotic confusion, I retired to my bed at two o'clock A.M.

Such was the commencement of active operations. Paris was in the hands of the most terrible mob it is possible to imagine. The troops had shown that no dependence could be placed on them, and the same night the Government and the army abandoned Paris to its fate. I will not now criticise this decision. The chief blame rests with the well-affected citizens of Paris, who refused to respond to the appeal published by the Government, and remained inert in their own homes, or talked in groups on the Boulevards. It was of little use to employ words when stronger arguments were required. I despaired of these when in one quarter, in answer to the *rappel*, I saw three men appear on parade, and in another fifteen to represent a company. True it was as difficult to distinguish between the *rappel* of the Friends of Order and that of the insurgents as it was to identify members of the rival parties. As for well-disposed leaders, they had all gone off to Versailles to swell that multitude of counsellors which, instead of finding wisdom, produced the same effect as too many cooks are said to do when they devote their energies to the manufacture of broth.

The Government could not remain in Paris without the protection of a strong military force, and the experience of the morning had proved to General Vinoy how little reliance could be placed upon the

troops at his disposal, and that he could count even less upon the armed citizens.

A good nucleus of 5,000 loyal troops, in occupation of such a commanding position as the Trocadero, might have saved Paris on March 18, and the Friends of Order would have had a rallying point. As it was, they were thoroughly demoralised, in the first place, by the absence of a leader, and secondly by the want of cannon, of which, for the first time in the history of revolutions in Paris, the insurgents possessed a large number.

On March 18 the 'army of the Commune,' which afterwards became so formidable, did not exist. There was a large, undisciplined mob of well-armed and disaffected men mixed up with the peaceful portion of the population of Paris; each man doubted his neighbour, and the want of cohesion made them quite unequal to meet a small body of regular troops. They had cannon, but men capable of handling them had not yet been discovered.

Step by step I watched their preparations, and I must confess that the energy and determination shown by the Commune in the early stages of this formidable insurrection were worthy of a better cause. So strongly did I insist on this at Versailles that I was sometimes accused of entertaining sympathies for the Reds. This was far from being the case; but I have seen no reason to change my opinion that, at this time, the energy displayed by the Central Committee in Paris contrasted most favourably with the inactivity observable in and about Versailles, to examples of which I shall have other occasions to refer.

What most surprised me during those eventful days

was the moderation of the rebellious spirits who were the actual rulers of Paris. Unfortunately, this was of short duration.

I was not one of those who had lost faith in French soldiers properly led ; and often I had had occasion to admire their steadiness, discipline, and excellent spirit under fire I readily accepted military testimony as to the able manner in which the second siege was carried on, and I fully appreciate the humane feeling of the Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif, which prompted him to avoid, as much as possible, the shedding of blood. Nevertheless, I believe that if the military authorities had looked a little beyond Versailles, and occupied themselves less with army reorganisation, and concentrated their endeavours on forming a small army for immediate use ; and had M. Thiers allowed a rapid and severe blow to be struck at once, the army of the Commune never would have had a serious existence ; Paris would have been spared many weeks of terror, and many beautiful monuments would yet be standing.

It was not necessary to be a Frenchman to know what troops might have been relied on at this critical time. It is an insult to the French army, which I maintain it does not deserve, to say that the disaffection in the ranks was so widespread that no officer could trust his men. My own personal experience is sufficient to enable me to give an emphatic denial to such a charge. The army was, for a moment, paralysed by the indecision of the Government, the members of which had no right to charge it with their failings. Subsequent events proved that the troops required to be led and not consulted.

War, even for soldiers, is not an agreeable pastime,

and I should be the last to suggest that French soldiers regarded with satisfaction the prospect of a fight with the inhabitants of Paris. The majority of the officers and men who were daily arriving at Versailles had just been released from captivity, and having escaped from one war, which, to say the least, had been most unfortunate for them, they may be pardoned for a strong disinclination to rush at once into a fresh campaign, especially against their own countrymen, in which the danger to be incurred was not to be compensated by any laurels to tempt their ambition. At Versailles, many of the officers were rejoined by their families, and who can blame them if they thus found an additional reason for not desiring another war? Still, I repeat, there was an army which could have gone into Paris in March, and within the city there was a large force of well-affected citizens, who, under proper direction, would have formed an important reserve. A few days completely changed the aspect of affairs, and a regular siege became inevitable. Added to the circumstances which I have suggested rather than described, the ignorance which existed in Versailles as to the real state of things in Paris at this time can only be compared to the ignorance of the chiefs in Paris during the German siege as to all that was passing outside.

It was difficult to realise the truth that another Revolution had been accomplished, in such a matter-of-fact way did people seem to regard it. And now commenced a perfect war of placards, and each Government—for I was obliged to recognise two—seemed determined to outdo the other in proclamations.

The first two *affiches* which appeared were signed by the Central Committee of the National Guard; one

declaring that the 'shameless madmen who had deceived them' had been driven away, and calling on the people to prepare for the elections, and to establish the only true Republic. The other fixed the elections of the Communal Council of the city of Paris for the following Wednesday (March 22).

Versailles also issued a great deal of printed matter. M. Thiers on the same morning published a circular to the authorities in all the departments, to the effect that the Government of France was now settled at Versailles, and that an army of 40,000 men was concentrated there in good order under the command of General Vinoy. Under pain of forfeiting their offices, all the civil and military authorities were enjoined to obey such orders only as emanated from the legal Government. Members of the National Assembly were invited to hasten their return, in order to be present at the sitting of the Chamber on March 20. This was signed by Thiers.

I have no intention at present of inflicting the contents of any more proclamations on my readers. The two I have quoted will suffice to mark the moment when the two Governments of Paris and Versailles resolved on *la guerre à outrance*.

Everything was in the most chaotic confusion, and few persons could understand the actual position of affairs. It is easy now, after a lapse of years, to separate the facts as they happened; but it was quite otherwise when everyone had a different story to tell, and the walls were covered with placards signed by persons whose names had never been heard of before.

The office of the 'Journal Officiel,' the *personnel* of which had gone to Versailles, was invaded during the day, and the Comité Central commenced the

publication of an official journal on its own account. Telegraphic communication for private purposes was forbidden, and one by one the ministries, public offices and buildings were occupied by the insurgents.

General Chanzy was a prisoner, and it was feared that he would meet the same fate as Generals Lecomte and Thomas. And yet the supposition was maintained that Paris still had an army of well-affected Garde Nationaux, and Admiral Saisset was appointed in the place of General d'Aurelle de Paladines to command it.

The Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif was regarded as an honest man and an experienced statesman, and subsequent events have fully proved that M. Thiers had the welfare of the nation at heart. But he was at the head of a Government in which the people generally put no faith; he was associated with men who had plotted and intrigued for place during the siege, and there were many who thought that, after all, they had as much right to set up a government in the capital as those who had sent the Government from Bordeaux to Paris, and which had been so recently driven to Versailles.

It was in this belief that many persons came to the conclusion that the two Governments—for Paris and Versailles at this time could only be regarded as two separate and independent States—might fight it out between themselves. Self-preservation was uppermost in the minds of those who lived in the quadrilateral formed by Montmartre, Belleville, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Place Vendôme.

At ten o'clock, Lawrence Oliphant, and I went out together, on a tour of exploration. Through certain streets it was forbidden to pass, though it was impossible to find out under whose order the guards

were acting. At the gates of the Tuileries and the Louvre not a single sentry was to be seen, and the *concierge*, who was evidently the sole guardian of the Palace, laughed when we asked him how many masters he had served since September 4. As we approached the Hôtel de Ville, we encountered more uniforms, and every corner had its debating society. Men and boys, principally the latter, were constructing barricades across every street leading to the municipal palace, but not one looked as if it would stand a well-directed shot. They were chiefly composed of wagons and paving-stones.

Occasionally there was a great movement, a small body of National Guards or men of the line would be brought in and received with acclamation and general handshaking; the *gamins* deserted their work of construction, and waved aloft their caps and spades. Our friends would doubtless have been surprised had they seen Oliphant and myself assisting to make a barricade in front of the Hôtel de Ville, but it was only after we had placed a few stones on the wall that we were acknowledged as Communards and allowed to continue our walk.

Sometimes my anger was so great at the apathy displayed in face of the disorder which prevailed, that I could have shouldered a musket; but more sober sense prevailed, and I preferred to go with the stream. Suddenly an ominous roar arose, and there was a rush towards the river. We headed the mob by taking a side street, and found that three poor wretches, looking more dead than alive, and supposed to be police agents, were being dragged along, and we heard afterwards that they had been thrown into the canal and pelted with stones till they were drowned.

It was pleasant to return to the Boulevards, and to see crowds of persons enjoying the fine Sunday, as if there were nothing sad or sorrowful in the aspect of the fair city.

It was still more pleasant to leave Paris, and return to Versailles. Here the troops were settling down in their bivouacs, and the streets swarmed with uniforms more numerous and varied than at any time during the German occupation.



CHAPTER VIII

A Visit to the Communist Seat of Government—Citizen Babick—Demonstration made by the Friends of Order and the sad Result—Lawrence Oliphant's 'Call' to America—Some strange Anomalies—How Communards were made—The Grain Depot moved to Creil—An Evening drive through the Lines of both Belligerents.

ON the morning of the 20th affairs were in a still more unsettled state; however, we continued on our way, trying to do the work we had undertaken, and as far as possible to act independently of circumstances. I started for Paris, but it was very uncertain whether I should reach the city.

It was on this day that Admiral Saisset assumed the chief command of such portion of the National Guard as remained true to the Versailles Government, and was still desirous to maintain order.

At our office in the Rue du Bac an immediate removal was in contemplation, but I took upon myself the responsibility of holding on as long as we could continue to do any work. But as our dépôt at La Chapelle was in danger, we decided at once on placing ourselves in communication with the rulers of Paris, in order that they might not plead ignorance of our existence and of the objects of the Seed Fund Committee.

Having driven to the Tour St. Jacques, de Romanet, Pitman and I left the carriage and advanced to the end of the street. This being closed, we were sent to another barricade, on both sides of which a

crowd was pressing. Two guns were pointed down the street, guarded by sentries, who exercised their authority by aiming blows with the butts of their rifles at the feet of those who they considered had no right to go through. A short parley ensued, and we were allowed to go as far as the Hôtel de Ville; here, after another discussion, we, being unprovided with cards of admission, were conducted by an officer to the Cour d'Honneur, where he left us with a promise that he would obtain an interview.

What a sight was now before us! The last time I had been here, the municipal palace was prepared for an Imperial ball; now it was littered with straw and mattresses; men in every variety of costume were wandering about, apparently without an object, or, stretched at full length on the dirty straw, were trying to sleep, notwithstanding the ceaseless buzz of voices. On the walls 'Mort à Ferry' and 'Mort aux Voleurs' were written in large black characters.

After some time had elapsed the captain of the guard allowed us to pass the sentries, and he left us in the Great Hall, where Haussmann the Magnificent gave so many gorgeous entertainments.

It is quite impossible to describe the scene, the painted walls with traces of the bullets of January 22, the parquet floor covered with such a coating of filth that it was scarcely possible to recognise the material of which it was made, the once brilliant surroundings now rendered so tawdry by wear and tear and dirt, the mixture of tragedy and comedy, the clanking of arms, the perpetual chatter within the building, the sounds of drums and trumpets without—all, and more than all this, composed a spectacle far beyond the descriptive powers of my pen. Seated at the tables, talking,

sleeping, or eating, were men of all grades—some waiting for orders, some to give the committee the advantage of their advice. A very talkative sentry, who frequently refreshed himself from a large tin bottle, kept the door leading to what I suppose was called the secretary's cabinet ; though I confess I was not able to distinguish between ministers and secretaries, officers and soldiers, masters and servants—so completely were equality and fraternity established !

After waiting for some time, during which a great many persons had gone in and out, our friendly captain reappeared, and he led us in and presented us to citizen general Lullier, who gave me the idea of a non-commissioned officer who had been deprived of his stripes for intemperance. He welcomed us warmly, and his own eloquence brought tears into his eyes. Subsequently I was informed that these tears were probably the result of absinthe, to which the citizen was much addicted, and under the influence of which on one occasion he broke a chair over the head of one of his colleagues of the central committee.

Left to ourselves in the embrasure of a window, we spent an hour in studying the changing groups within, and the vast concourse of people without.

Below the windows in the Place were ranged seventy-five serviceable-looking guns, and before these was a battalion waiting to relieve the guard within the Hôtel de Ville. At each of the barricades, which closed all the streets leading into the square, two or three cannon of small calibre were pointed outwards, and, beyond these, densely packed crowds surged backwards and forwards, and rushed off like children after every fresh excitement. A waving of hats, and loud shouts notify one of these occasions ; fifty horses led by thirty

dragoons enter the square. Whence they come nobody knows or cares : everybody feels it is so much gain for the army of the *social republic*. Under the influences around, we also endeavoured to become social. An armed body passes through the chamber ; in the midst is M. Glais Bizoin, a prisoner.

Two soldiers in the uniform of the line appeal to me as an Englishman to help them out of a difficulty. These poor fellows were Irishmen, and they had left their country as members of the Irish ambulance, to which I have already referred ; but at Havre they were sent off with a regiment to fight in the army of General Chanzy. They could only speak their own language, and they told me that they had had fighting enough, and they now wanted to have their pay and to return home. I gave them the best advice I could, but I knew it would be folly to attempt by personal interference to obtain their release from the army of the Commune.

There is a general movement and a rush towards an individual whom I should have imagined to be a low comedian from a provincial theatre, and with him everyone insists on shaking hands or embracing. It is Flourens, just released from prison, again to become an active member of the insurrection—but for a short period only. A violent death was soon to close a career which birth, fortune, and education had failed to preserve from the most arrogant folly.

But our principal friend was Citizen Babick, a shoemaker, I believe, by trade, and now a distinguished member of the Comité Central. He and those around him were greatly flattered and amused when I requested an interview with the Minister of Agriculture ; he laughingly replied, 'Nous n'allons pas si vite que ça.'

He expressed the gratitude of France for the aid given by England to the starving population of France, and he promised protection for our depot and liberty to distribute grain how and where we pleased. We were also told that passports would be sent to us, and after more polite speeches and promiscuous hand-shaking we left. Citizen Babick, a few months later, astonished the inhabitants of a town in Switzerland by riding through the streets on a donkey painted red, and proclaiming himself the anti-Christ ; he soon afterwards died—as may be imagined, a lunatic. Crime and vice and the horrible social scum that is always to be found in large cities, were rising to the surface, and every dark and foul corner of the city was sending forth those who had long been strangers to the light. Honesty was not altogether absent from the first counsels of the Commune, but those who conscientiously believed they were working for the regeneration of France were sowing the whirlwind, unmindful of the harvest they would have to reap. March 18 was pregnant with warnings, and the murder of such men as Lecomte and Clément Thomas will always be attributed to the men whose vanity and ignorance led them on that day to undertake the responsibility of government.

In the evening I found Versailles in a great state of excitement, and bodies of cavalry were patrolling the streets. Every house was crowded to excess with deputies, refugees, and the families of officers.

There was a large camp at Satory, and in the streets and avenues there were parks of artillery, wagon trains, detachments of infantry and cavalry, with all the paraphernalia of an army on active service.

My position now was an extremely anomalous one.

The war over; almost all the agents of the British National Society had returned to England, and it was generally supposed that the work on which they had been engaged was at an end.

Having a few stores left at my disposal, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and the London committee consented to the appropriation I made of them; and at a later period they were supplemented by contributions which were most valuable.

As I shall show, I became almost imperceptibly attached to the French Société de Secours.

At this time I was devoting myself, as far as circumstances would allow, to the special work of the French Peasant Farmers' Seed Fund; but it was impossible to do much in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris to repair the ravages of one war whilst a second was imminent and inevitable.

Since the Government had been fixed at Versailles, my former depot, the palace kitchen, had been converted into an official printing office. The opposite building in the Rue des Réservoirs, which had been used as a Johanniter depot, being vacant, was offered to me, and thither I removed the remainder of the stores. The day following, l'Intendant-en-chef de l'Armée ordered me to turn out, threatening to have the locks broken. Fortunately a general came up in the midst of the quarrel and politely settled the question by leaving me in undisputed possession.

The Place Vendôme was now the headquarters of the Commune, and strong barricades closed the streets on both sides of the square. M. Thiers, in the Chamber of Deputies, had confessed that his attempts to subdue the insurrection and disarm the National Guard had failed, and he took on himself the

responsibility of having withdrawn the army to the left bank of the Seine.

The wildest rumours were in circulation as to the intentions of the Germans, and their immediate occupation of Paris was devoutly prayed for by those who, a few days before, had expressed a contrary hope. But what had the Germans to gain by such a step; and, on the other hand, what might they not sacrifice by attempting to act as police for the Versailles Government?

On March 21 a feeble effort had been made by the Friends of Order to protest against the acts of the Comité Central de la Garde Nationale, and on the following day it was proposed to repeat this on a greater scale. I went into Paris and called on Mr. James in the Rue du Bac, and settled with him as to our course of action in case, as I anticipated, I should be cut off from communication with his office.

Later, as I was sitting almost alone at breakfast in the Restaurant de la Paix, I noticed that the iron shutters were one by one closing upon me like the dark shadows of coming events. Preferring light and liberty, I hastened through my meal and went out upon the Place de l'Opéra, where the Friends of Order were assembling, and knots of blue ribbon were being distributed to all who would wear them. Lawrence Oliphant was in my balcony and I joined him there.

At one o'clock the promised demonstration, consisting of from 1,500 to 2,000 respectable men, had assembled in front of the Grand Hôtel; here they were joined by Admiral Saisset and a small group, under whose guidance they were evidently prepared to march. After a short consultation they moved towards the

Rue de la Paix, and soon found themselves face to face with the unscrupulous-looking ruffians who formed the line that was drawn across the street.

Oliphant and I then crossed the boulevard to the Washington Club, from which we could obtain a closer view. The unarmed body moved steadily on, pressing before them the line of sentries and shouting 'Vive la République! Vive la France! Vive l'Ordre! Vive l'Assemblée!'

My companion proposed that we should follow them, and he continued to express his belief that there would be no serious collision. Looking at the faces of the men who stood there to bar the passage, I had no faith in their moderation, but nevertheless yielded to the suggestion. When we reached the Place Vendôme, the struggle became so violent that I looked out for a friendly door, and as I saw the defenders of the square trying to lower their rifles, whilst their opponents were endeavouring to force them upwards, I pulled at the bell of Blount's Bank. A minute of suspense, and fortunately the door was opened. As we reached the entresol, a young officer was receiving a Tricolour flag which had been lowered by a rope from the windows above, and with this he rushed forward, supported by a gallant band. At the same instant shots were fired, a man fell dead, others rolled over him, two or three corpses were stretched on the road; the confusion became indescribable; the murderous work was continued as the unarmed citizens dashed at doors that refused to open, and fled wildly up the street. On the one side it was a *sauve qui peut*, and on the other a deliberate battue.

As Oliphant and I were looking out of a window, literally fascinated by horror, a shot passed into the

room between our heads, covering us with splinters of stone and glass.¹

But the scene was too horrible to admit of personal consideration. Before us M. Hottinguer (the banker) fell, badly wounded, then others. There was a momentary pause, and Henri de Pène, the distinguished journalist, courageously advanced waving a white handkerchief; a fiend fired at him within ten paces; still he advanced, but soon fell pierced by a bullet. This slaughter of innocent but unwise citizens was speedily performed, and in a few minutes the street was comparatively empty. Several bodies lay stretched upon the ground. Streams of blood slowly coursed over the sun-lit pavement, and torn clothes, hats, sticks and umbrellas were strewn about in all directions.

Some attempts were made to pick up the wounded, but without success, as every person showing himself in the street was fired at by wretches who peered about with rifles at full-cock and forefinger on the trigger.

It was quite out of the question for us to leave the sheltering hospitality of Blount's Bank by the principal door; so, after cautiously examining the ground, we retired through the house and so into the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, where we found some of our friends,

¹ This shot was a curious coincidence. At the end of the same afternoon Oliphant told me he had a 'call' and he must start for America at once, as he did with his wife and his mother. He was then completely under the influence of the 'prophet' Harris, who had warned him that should a bullet pass through a window of a room in which he might be, he was to take it as a call to America. I have no intention to express my own opinion as to this remarkable incident, but I remember well that when Oliphant told me of his 'call,' Sir W. H. Russell was present and he said, 'Well, Oliphant, if you must go to America, you ought to take Furley with you, because, as the bullet passed between your two heads, the "call" was certainly meant to be extended to him.'

including W. H. Russell and Baron Mundy at the Hôtel Chatham.

From the corner we made careful observations of the enemy, but these were frequently followed by a rapid rush for shelter. On one of these occasions I could not resist a feeling of amusement when Oliphant checked my pace, and said, 'Don't let the brutes think we are afraid of them'; it was so perfectly immaterial to me what they thought. My heart was full of compassion for the unfortunate victims, some of whom were still lying on the pavement; of admiration for the impetuous but quixotic gallantry that had carried the Tricolour flag into the midst of the hell-hounds who occupied the Place Vendôme, and of bitterness against the wretches who, in the name of Liberty, could thus shoot down innocent and unarmed fellow-citizens.

Martyrs were necessary. Nothing less could dispel the ignorance which prevailed at Versailles as to the actual state of the capital. The bravery displayed by the Friends of Order might be called rash, but in my eyes the men who this day endeavoured to breast the waves which were threatening to sweep everything before them displayed valour of the highest order.

A strong force still occupied the entrance to the Place Vendôme ready to shoot any person who should venture to appear, and in front of them were two pieces of artillery pointed up towards the Boulevard.

The poor Friends of Order were dispersing in all directions to put on uniform and take up arms, the principal rallying point being the Mairie behind the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and the Bourse.

A bold attack might then have saved Paris. But there were no leaders: the men who should have come to the front were not at hand.

As I entered the *porte-cochère* leading to my apartments, I observed that the house had received a few shots, and one had gone through an iron shutter, a thick plate-glass window, and a mirror in Dusantoy's shop below my rooms.

I spent the night in Versailles, and on the following morning returned to Paris, where I found many pressing applications for grain.

Besides the office in the Rue du Bac, where one of my colleagues daily attended, I now used one of my rooms as an office, and thus avoided keeping all the eggs in one basket. This arrangement also had the advantage of enabling me to give an excuse for being in Paris, whenever, as frequently happened, I was arrested.

At this time it required some study to ascertain in what manner Paris was divided between Order and Disorder. For instance, the Place Vendôme, the Rue de la Paix, and the streets branching from it were in the hands of the Reds, the Grand Hôtel was occupied by Admiral Saisset and the *Amis de l'Ordre*. The new Opera House was a depot for Communist stores ; small detachments of insurgents were constantly going there for bread and wine ; and on the pavement in the Rue de la Paix were lying some hundreds of men sleeping off the effects of a too large consumption of alcohol. The St. Lazare Station and the Rue Drouot were in the hands of Admiral Saisset's men, and a large force under the same command occupied the Place de la Bourse. The Tuileries, the Ministries, the Senate House, the Palais du Corps Législatif, and other public buildings were in the possession of the National Guard of Belleville and Montmartre. Absolute confusion prevailed, and the streets were filled with crowds ready to listen to anyone who would stand and

harangue them and ventilate his personal opinions on the state of things in general, and Paris in particular. During this day an important event had occurred at Versailles, which proved how a little energy at this moment on the part of commanders could influence the soldiers. When Paris was abandoned by the Government and the army, on the night between March 18 and 19, the 69th régiment de marche, of the Brigade Wolff, a company of the 43rd, and a battery of artillery seem to have been forgotten at the Luxembourg. Notwithstanding all the attempts to win them over and to intimidate them, these troops were well kept together by Lieut.-Colonel Périer, and early in the afternoon of the 22nd the column, with the guns in the centre, marched out through the gate of Vaugirard, in spite of a show of opposition, which was speedily overcome by the bold attitude presented by this gallant band. On the following day they were received at Versailles by M. Thiers, General Vinoy, and an enthusiastic crowd.

In the performance of our work Mr. James and I drove on the morning of the 24th to our grain depot at La Chapelle. This led us right into the heart of the insurrection. We passed through several barricades; on the chief thoroughfares these were mostly constructed to admit a carriage between the centre walls and overlapping flanks. As we passed along the slopes of Montmartre these obstacles became more numerous, but there was no great weight of metal behind them, the majority of the guns being seven-pounders, over which unkempt-looking ruffians kept strict guard, as if France were to be regenerated through their instrumentality.

One of my best observatories at this time was the

balcony of the Washington Club at the top of the Rue de la Paix. Often I found it prudent to put the friendly masonry between myself and the lowered muzzles of rifles, as Communards prepared to repeat the ball practice of the 22nd.

On one of these occasions I was much struck with the forcible remark of an American who was with me; pointing down at the ferocious-looking brigands who were on duty, he said, 'There, sir, you see the majesty of the people, and be damned to it.'

This day, as I was leaving for Versailles, the St. Lazare Station was occupied by a battalion of the Friends of Order, but the farce of this was soon painfully evident. After the train had gone about four hundred yards, it was arrested and the passengers were examined by Communards. We were then allowed to proceed as far as Asnières, where we were again stopped and all the mail-bags were deliberately stolen before our eyes. The same thing when I returned to Paris in the evening.

The next day a garrison of Mobiles was put into the court of the house I occupied, and it was rumoured that the Reds would attempt to take the Grand Hôtel, at the opposite corner by a *coup de main*. If this were attempted, I should be in a hot corner, so, the whole house (a very large one enclosing a courtyard) being deserted, except by four or five persons, I ascended to the fourth story, and established another observatory which commanded a very extensive view, and enabled me to see behind many of the barricades.

To me the most amusing incident of the day was the arrival of de Romanet and Funck, who had come out to search for me. There had been a hue and cry raised at Versailles on account of my unexplained

silence, the English and American Ambassadors and some of the French authorities had been asked to aid in my discovery, dead or alive. They were astonished when they found me, and gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to take a bird's-eye view of Paris under the Commune.

Lord Lyons afterwards told me that in future the Embassy would spare itself any anxiety on my account, as it was evident I could take care of myself.

The passes promised to de Romanet and myself not having been sent, we determined to pay the chiefs of the Commune another visit at the Hôtel de Ville; but here we were referred to a delegate at the Mairie of the 1st Arrondissement, where we found a number of Nationaux studying the science of gunnery. Wandering over the building, in search of the delegate, we came upon men who were cutting up, with a sword bayonet, a large English cheese which bore a suspicious resemblance to those sent out by the Lord Mayor's Committee. Not being able to find any person connected with the Comité Central, we appealed to the officer commanding the battalion which occupied the Mairie, who informed us that he had no relations whatever with the fellows at the Hôtel de Ville, and he trusted that his regiment was equally independent of them. This was one of the many curious and bewildering instances of the manner in which the rival parties were mixed up. We returned to our office, and wrote a letter to the Comité Central to remind them of their promise.

To me personally the subject of a pass was immaterial, and this for a very amusing reason. My attention was called to some posters of large magnitude which were stuck about the streets; these referred to the distribution of seed to the peasant farmers, and, in

conspicuous characters, they bore my name, to which was attached *Président du Comité de Paris*. This document, which I had issued as chairman of the Paris Committee of the French Peasant Farmers' Seed Fund, was never intended for anything but private circulation. It was published, however, in the larger form, by mistake on yellow paper (the official colour of the Commune). This poster answered the purpose so admirably well that I was able to sign passports for the friends who were working with me, and these documents, in more than one instance, removed difficulties when more important names had no effect. In fact, on one occasion at least, as I told Lord Lyons, greatly to his amusement, his passport proved unavailing when mine was accepted.¹ It was impossible that the existing state of uncertainty could last much longer. Even in Paris, as I have already shown, there was no visible line between Order and Disorder. What would otherwise have been a great disadvantage was now of the utmost importance. I allude to the presence of the German troops in the neighbourhood of Paris, and especially at St. Denis; they kept the road open, and, great as sometimes were the difficulties opposed to men leaving the city, women and children were allowed to go in and out.

At Versailles the inhabitants had just begun to taste again the pleasures of peace; and it is not hazarding too violent a supposition to believe that the families which there crowded every house, sleeping often on the floor in hotel corridors, or even in stables and outhouses, were quite of Bismarck's opinion that Paris should be allowed 'to stew in its own juice.' As there was no glory or distinction to be gained in a civil war, the

¹ Lord Lyons was at this time living at Versailles, and Sir Edward Malet was at the Embassy in Paris.

army readily adopted the temporising policy of M. Thiers. At the same time, the Reds were arming and drilling, and regiments marched about the city with colours flying and drums and trumpets *en tête*; business was quite at a standstill; but it was easy to foresee that the same cause—namely, fear—which then prevented great excesses, would soon instigate them.

In one of the avenues at the Trianon I came upon M. Thiers inspecting a regiment of the line, whilst Madame Thiers and her sister, Mdlle Dosne, were close by in a carriage waiting for him! What a change from the traditions of the past! Here was the Chief of the State on foot, in a frock-coat and silk hat, reviewing troops as the head of the army. Such republican simplicity seemed little suited to bright and colour-loving France!

At this time monotonous excitement characterised my life. Almost daily I went in and out of Paris. Each train was arrested and inspected at Asnières or Batignolles. Frequently I slept in the city.

The Red flag was floating over almost every public building, whilst the Tricolour, 'the flag of Sedan,' was already regarded as the emblem of servitude. Every public building, even the Church of the Trinity, bore the words *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. Duty compelled me not to allow my colleagues to be in Paris whilst I was at liberty on the outside.

This day on my arrival I went to the Embassy and assisted Kleinmann to give out stores to persons with whom I had made appointments, and then went on to the Seed Fund office in the Rue du Bac. Here I astonished Mr. James by suggesting that he should immediately leave for Creil, and within an hour he and Kleinmann were on their way to that place to establish

a grain depot. This Cromwellian proceeding on my part was, I think, justified by the actual state of affairs. I had been advised some days before to clear out, but I had determined not to be driven away if it were possible to remain, for fear that a retreat just after it had been publicly announced that we represented in Paris an English society which was desirous of aiding French peasant farmers, might compromise the London committee.

It was on this day also that I realised that the Fédérés must be regarded as belligerents and not altogether as insurgents. Owing to the action of M. Thiers and his Government, the inactivity of the Party of Order and the benevolent neutrality of the Germans, the *Commune de Paris* was a *de facto* if not a *de jure* Government.

Deserted by the Government of M. Thiers, besieged and bombarded by the army of Versailles, a large proportion of these men, hitherto loyal, went over to swell the battalions of the Commune. As one man told me, during the war he had been paid a franc and a half daily to serve in the ranks as a Mobile; when peace was declared, he had hoped to resume his usual occupation, but the Government and the army fled from the city and honest men were left to starve. The Commune offered them the same pay they had received during the war, and they were compelled to accept it in order to live.

Although the actual authorities at the Hôtel de Ville had assured me protection, it was evident that the promise of one member of the Commune was not binding on a colleague or successor; a crisis was approaching, and I could no longer take upon myself the responsibility of recommending that more seed should be sent into the depot at La Chapelle, so I wrote

to General Sir Vincent Eyre, the representative of the Fund at Boulogne, to request him to consign only to Creil, where Pitman was already established. Having a double work in hand, I determined to remain behind and to distribute grain from Versailles as long as I might be able to do so.

It was evident that some decisive step was meditated by the Commune, and its members made no secret of their intention to march on Versailles. Twenty-five battalions, twenty batteries of breech-loading guns and fifteen batteries of mitrailleuses were already organised and there was a considerable force of francs-tireurs. Of cavalry not much was seen or heard, and those representatives of this branch of the service who ventured to appear in the saddle did not look very dangerous to anyone but themselves ; they were for the most part mounted on horses that bore a suspicious resemblance to the massive animals belonging to the Compagnie Générale des Omnibus. One day, indeed, I saw one of these horses refusing to go beyond the Palais Royal, thus exposing his rider to the jibes of an irrepressible *gamin* who remarked that the horse knew his 'course' better than his master.

The Government stores and Godillot's military outfitting establishment had been pillaged, and this accounted for the extraordinary prevalence of uniforms.

After I had seen Pitman, who came in from Creil to confer with me about the work there, I left for Versailles with de Romanet, and as both railway lines had been interrupted or entirely stopped, we went by road. We drove through Vaugirard, everybody evidently surprised to see citizens with so smart an equipage ; but then the leaders of the Commune employed the Imperial carriages, and as we gave out that we were on public

service we were doubtless taken for distinguished members of the central committee. My arrival was most opportune, as it was simultaneous with two telegrams asking me to obtain facilities to pass a large convoy of grain from St. Nazaire to Tours. I at once called on Lord Lyons and his Excellency, as on every occasion when I had to request his assistance, immediately devoted himself to the removal of all difficulties. At this time I saw him or one of his secretaries almost daily, and I am glad of the opportunity to acknowledge the great courtesy and kindness I always received from everyone connected with the British Embassy. I may also mention that on more than one occasion I carried despatches in duplicate as the Communards had no respect for the British or any other Foreign Office.

The rapidity with which the Commune de Paris had settled down to work and the wonderful manner in which the army of Nationaux had improved during a few days were quite extraordinary. An almost complete blockade existed, though fortunately the presence of the Germans at St. Denis kept one gate open.

It was really remarkable, considering what elements were found massed together, that peace inside the city could be preserved for a single day. There was unfettered liberty and no police. Liberty was degenerating into tyranny and everyone dreaded a reign of terror.

Having finished our work, at eight o'clock in the evening, notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of friends, we started off on our return. It was a lovely night and the drive was very enjoyable, the more so as there was a spice of excitement about it. We passed the various camps without interruption, and not a word

was said to us at the last post of gendarmes at Bellevue. A little farther on, under the heights of Meudon, we met two Chasseurs d'Afrique quietly riding along ; they looked at us with evident curiosity, but offered no objection to our advance. A few hundred yards beyond we were brought to a sudden halt by an insurgent patrol. A young officer, wearing three medals, rode forward and politely examined our papers, and then allowed us to proceed. Below Fort Issy we met a battalion with ammunition wagons ; and we were saved from an unpleasant accident by being stopped on the edge of a rifle-pit into which we were driving.

On arriving at the *enceinte*, the bridge was up and we, as well as a Communist band which was on the wrong side of the gate, met with considerable badinage before we were admitted.

And here let me ask my readers not to judge the early stages of the Commune by its infernal finale. The Commune was not entirely composed of Ferrés, Pyats, Rigaults, and Millières. The knowledge I had of the peaceable, though mistaken, aspirations of some amongst its members, and the certainty I felt that only prompt and determined energy could avert a reign of terror and bloodshed such as the world has seldom witnessed, compelled me to express my opinion boldly to some whom I knew to have influence and power. It was evident that the few insurgent leaders who held honest convictions would soon be swept away by the horde of ruffians, thieves, and assassins, who were daily being released from the prisons. I could not think without pity of the thousands of victims who were to fall before the storm. Often men said to me 'What are we to do ? We have nothing for our families, trade is at a standstill, the Commune offers



us pay, and we must take it.' It was in this way that the army of insurrection was fed, and whilst the innocent were shot down the guilty often escaped. The army in the streets of Paris in the middle of March would have been hailed as deliverers by the same people who a month later looked upon the troops engaged in the regular siege of the capital as the bloodthirsty instruments of a traitorous Republican Government.

CHAPTER IX

The Communists' First Sortie—The Mayor of Puteaux—My Observatory—The Château of Meudon—With Lord Lyons under Fire—The Storming of the Bridge of Neuilly—Imprisoned Hostages—A British Meeting at Neuilly—The Irregular Methods necessary for the carrying on of Work—Dismissal of the Central Committee of the Red Cross from Paris—Dr. Rousselle, the new Director.

IT was on March 29 Citizen Eudes proposed that in future the Municipal Council should be known as the *Commune de Paris*. Citizen Lefrançais was elected President for a week; and in order, I suppose, that there should be no doubt as to the real object of the new institution, Raoul Rigault and Ferré were nominated as the first secretaries of the Commune.

On the morning of Palm Sunday, April 2, the appearance of the city was particularly peaceful, and the churches were filled with large congregations. I had a visit from Mr. Norcott, the active representative of the Society of Friends and the Lord Mayor's Fund, and we compared notes as to our respective fields of labour.

Later de Romanet and I went out to make a reconnaissance, and to ascertain whether a review, which had been announced, or a battle, was going on.

It was soon evident that it was the latter, so we attached ourselves to an ambulance party. The bridge was up at the Porte Maillot, and a number of men and boys were hastily struggling to place two

guns in position on the parapet. The avenue was blocked with battalions in very loose order, and there was a large crowd of sightseers, who seemed in no way disturbed when the first house inside the fortifications was struck by two shells.

Our ambulance was soon summoned to the front; the drawbridge was lowered, and out we passed. My companion and I thought we might be of some use, but in any case we kept in view the alternative of being able to reach Versailles. On the other side of the bridge of Neuilly we picked up six dead and seven wounded men, and with these we returned within the walls. Then we made another start, and acting independently, we searched for wounded, and whenever we found them we sent an orderly for the ambulance detachment to remove them. Amongst these victims was a poor woman who had been struck down by a bullet.

It was soon evident that we were on doubtful ground. Puteaux being on the left bank of the Seine, and consequently supposed to be loyal, was full of Féderés, and sentries guarded all the approaches. Walking through the village, we were captured and taken before the Mayor, M. Roques de Filiol, who was subsequently condemned to penal servitude for life (and was set at liberty a few months later). He examined us, and we told him we belonged to the 'International,' the name by which the Red Cross Society was often known. He said, 'But to which International?' 'We only recognise one,' I replied. We were compelled to be very diplomatic, and ignored for the time Tennyson's words that 'half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.' The Mayor, under the impression that we were very anxious to return to

Paris, dismissed us, politely adding, that if we came near the Versaillais and apprehended any danger, we were to return to him, and he would send us across the Seine in a boat. After this we were very cautious in our movements, the more so when we found we were followed by two men, one of whom remarked, 'Ces gredins-là, il faudrait d'abord les pincer, ils s'expliqueront après.' Certainly we were in an unpleasant position, as we were in half rifle-shot of both belligerents. However, we were reassured on arriving near St. Cloud, when a peasant, who instinctively divined our feelings, said, 'You are all right now, messieurs; you are in France.'

The day after, being forced to take a holiday, I determined to look at things from the Versailles side, and I invited Captain (afterwards Admiral) Otway Inglefield to accompany me. The result of the preceding day had in no degree changed the intentions of the Commune to capture Versailles. For this purpose three corps were detached under Bergeret, Duval and Eudes. One of these was to advance upon Mont Valérien, the commandant of which fortress, as it had been falsely published in Paris, had promised to open the gates; the result of this expedition was a terrible rout. Floureens, one of the most honest of the Communists, was amongst the killed. Another corps of the Fédérés was directed towards Versailles through Plessis Picquet, Villacoublay, and Vélisy.

Sèvres was almost in the same condition as it presented during the Franco-German war; the houses were all shut up, and the inhabitants, who had commenced a pretty brisk trade, were again idle, standing in the streets and speculating on coming

events. Leaving our carriage well under cover, we continued our way on foot.

It was a lovely spring morning, but our attention was soon diverted from pleasant thoughts by the roaring artillery fire, which was kept up on our left. At Fort Issy, where the Red flag was floating, we could see the men busy at their guns, and but little disturbed by the shells which were plunging amongst them from Meudon. We remained here for some time watching the effects of this artillery duel, but our position was not altogether satisfactory, as a number of sharpshooters on the other side of the river were using us for target practice. Presently an artillery officer directed three guns to be placed there, and this decided us on taking up another post of observation.

We found No. 21 in the Avenue de Bellevue had been visited, if not occupied, by Germans, and the front door was smashed in; so this forming a good position, as long as the Parisian artillerists did not change the direction of their fire, which was aimed at the terrace of Meudon, about four hundred yards to the right, we ventured to take temporary possession. But we were not allowed to forget that it was no child's play we were witnessing, but a real display of well-developed *fraternal* feeling. Bullets whistled, and the crisp branches of the apple-trees in the garden and the wooden palisade fencing gave evidence that riflemen were busy in our immediate neighbourhood.

When we had become accustomed to our novel position, we were able to calculate to a nicety how many shells would be fired in the minute, and where they would fall. (This was before the introduction of smokeless powder.) After a time shots

began to strike right and left of our observatory, and as these attentions became unpleasantly frequent, we left the house and cautiously crept from tree to tree. At a stable door were lying the bodies of two Communists, one of whom had half his skull carried away by a shot—a saw could not have made a more accurate division. Others were scattered about on the turf, and one had been killed in the act of eating his ration of bread and cheese.

At the back of the Château of Meudon was drawn up a regiment of Marines, and capitaine de vaisseau Bruat—afterwards general, and subsequently admiral, for naval men in those days often commanded armies on land as well as ships at sea, as in the good old times—rode up with his staff, and the men were pushed forward to drive out the Reds who were swarming up the opposite heights. The officers were very polite, and we were able to share with them some refreshment we had brought with us. Their courtesy put us in a hotter place than we should have selected, and on their invitation we accompanied them into the park and up to the Château. The Germans I had thought had *arranged* this beautiful residence in a manner that could not be surpassed, but the shells this day added some final touches. The mansion itself, or rather the battered skeleton, was strongly entrenched, and the landscape gardener who laid out this once charming property for Prince Napoleon (Plon-plon), never contemplated such rough and massive embankments and deep moats as were now visible. A battery of artillery occupied the terrace, and the horses were huddled up behind the ruins of the Château; but where to find shelter in such a place? Just then a

shell burst over our heads, stones flew about, and a horse was rolled over. Within a very short space of time the soldiers had cut steaks out of the poor beast and put them away for supper, should they be alive for that meal.

I did not credit myself with a remarkable share of good sense when I afterwards heard a British admiral telling some friends that on this occasion I had put him under the hottest fire he had ever experienced.

At night we walked back through Bellevue to Sèvres in torrents of rain, and we were certainly indebted to the pluck of our coachman who had waited so many hours at his post, even after a shell had threatened to send him on a journey without a fare.

On the following morning de Romanet and I again went to No. 21 at Bellevue. As the Fédérés could not be left in possession of the important position which they held at Châtillon, there was sure to be some hard fighting, and the question was to be settled whether the Commune was to be allowed to continue the march on Versailles, as well as the more serious one whether MacMahon's troops were to be relied on. Some soldiers invited me to come 'pour regarder les physionomies de cette canaille.' These were the faces of several dead Communards, and certainly I had never seen lower types of humanity. The dead bodies were dragged by the heels to a large hole, and in this manner buried. Had I required any evidence of the feelings of the troops towards their opponents, this would have been enough. The mutual hatred was already intense, and foreboded terrible things.

This morning the Versaillais dislodged the Fédérés from the plateau of Châtillon, and drove them back with considerable slaughter. 'General' Duval and one or

two other leaders were shot at Petit Bicêtre; 1,500 prisoners were taken, amongst whom was 'General' Henry, an actor from the Théâtre Mont Parnasse.

About two o'clock a strong column, formed chiefly of the 35th and 42nd regiments of the line, with three mitrailleuses, came out of the wood and, passing the top of the avenue, descended the steep hill into Meudon. We had been sitting on the trunk of a tree, and, not unfrequently, lying behind it to escape the fragments of iron, which were plentiful: but as it was evident that some new move was in contemplation, we hurried back to the villa for our modest luncheon, and then followed the troops. They passed through Meudon and Fleury under cover of the houses and woods, and suddenly debouched on the slopes of Clamart. Then, without a pause, the infantry rushed forward on the Nationaux who were lying in ambush round the Moulin de Pierre and cleared the ground in very rapid style. From every house, from every hedge, and almost from every tree, they dislodged the insurgents, and the poor wretches, as I heard a Frenchman remark, ran 'like rabbits.' Those who were not killed or wounded made for the railway cutting, and many escaped into Fort Issy.

De Romanet and I found ourselves drawn by curiosity and excitement into a much warmer place than was altogether desirable. It was better, however, to stick close to the troops than run the risk of being shot as escaping Communards. But, although there was plenty of noise, we could see nothing, so creeping along cautiously towards a German earthwork, one hundred yards in front of us, we ran across the open, and settled ourselves behind it. We felt quite grateful to the Germans for having made such an excellent position for us. Looking over the parapet, we had

a fine view of Fort Issy, from which we were separated by about 1,000 yards. Communists in the cemetery kept up a rapid fire on the troops through loopholes in the wall. It may be presumed we did not exhibit more of our bodies than we could help, as shot pattered on and over our breastwork without cessation. After about an hour a company of the 42nd regiment crept up under shelter, until they reached us, and whilst a subdivision occupied the parapet, rations were served out below. The disadvantage of the red kepi was very apparent, and I noted that the men all turned their caps inside out before settling down to work. Both sides potted at each other in the most free and easy way, and there seemed little chance of an advance that evening; so, after spending four hours there, we decided to return to Versailles.

By way of making us unpleasantly conspicuous, a building on our right was set on fire by a shell; so we bolted into a wood, and lost our way in the park of Meudon. At last we got out of this by scaling a wall. A butcher volunteered to drive us part of the way in his cart, and we reached Versailles between 10 and 11 P.M.

Dining with Lord Lyons one evening, I suggested that his Lordship and Mr. Sheffield might like to see from my excellent observatory how matters were going on, so the next day they drove out, and leaving the carriage and horses under the shelter of an embankment, joined me in the villa. For some reason the Communist gunners changed the direction of their fire, which hitherto had been entirely devoted to two batteries right and left of my house. After three shells had fallen in the garden in close proximity to the windows, I was very glad when His Excellency relieved me of the honour of his society, after expressing his opinion that



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it would be a diplomatic blunder if he were to lose his life there. The feeling that I was, in some degree, responsible for the safety of the British Ambassador had a most uncomfortable effect upon me, and made me less free in the future with my invitations.

I have indicated the progress of events only as they passed under my own eyes. But during these days demonstrations and counter-demonstrations of more or less importance were being made on the other side of Paris, almost as far as St. Denis. Fortunately for France, the German occupation limited the scene of operations to that town on the left and Sceaux on the right.

On April 6 the army of Versailles, which had rapidly improved in strength and discipline, underwent a redistribution. Four army corps (to which two others were subsequently added) were formed, one of which, the army of reserve, was under General Vinoy, whilst the whole was under the chief command of Marshal MacMahon. His advent was marked on the same day by a sharp fight at Gennevilliers and Neuilly, in which the guns of Mont Valérien took part. I had thought we were going to have a quiet day at Bellevue, but evidently the gunners at Fort Issy had found out that the railway cutting on our left front was filled with troops, so we came in for a terrific hail of projectiles. This being the case, I walked towards the Lanterne, or rather to the spot where the Lanterne de Diogène stood before the war. Seeing a shell make a great hole in the park wall, and having heard that, according to the doctrine of probabilities, this hole offered a safe resting-place, as no second shot was likely to follow exactly in the same direction, I seated myself on the stones in the gap, in order to consider what should be my next

move. Here I was discovered by my old friend George Henty, the veteran correspondent of the 'Standard,' and whilst resting we compared notes and impressions.

The next day (April 7) was Good Friday, and this proved to be one of the most exciting days of my life. De Romanet, Funck and I, accompanied by Kleinmann, who had arrived the previous night with letters from Creil, drove to St. Cloud. Leaving the carriage on the terrace of Montretout, we walked along the railway to Courbevoie. Suddenly our conversation was disturbed by a loud report from behind, and a shot passed over us from Mont Valérien, which fortunately was still in the hands of the Versailles army. The reserves were halting at the Rond Point des Bergères, whilst, four hundred yards farther on, close to the Rond Point de Courbevoie, a battery was pouring a steady fire on Neuilly. We were close to the pedestal, on which the statue of Napoleon formerly stood. Funck was talking to an officer, when a shell passed close to his head; fortunately it did not explode, but it deafened our friend for some hours. Another burst in the midst of fifty or sixty men who were straggling about. I expected to see at least half a dozen killed, but not one man was touched.

Just at this time two ambulance wagons from the Red Cross Society arrived in charge of Bourdilliat, who was accompanied by Rodouan and Bonnafoux. Having placed the carriages under cover, we prepared for coming events, with the conviction that to-day, at any rate, we were in the right place, not only to see but to act. As we were in too close proximity to ammunition wagons to feel altogether comfortable, and after having been driven from more than one place, we fixed on a spot in the middle of a vineyard,

half-way down the slope towards the Seine. On the left was a battery of field artillery and a little further on were two batteries of twelve-pounders and mitrailleuses.

In the little street which runs at right angles with the high road, and behind everything that offered shelter, the soldiers were stretched on the ground basking in the warm sunshine.

As is well known to frequenters of Paris, the Rond Point de Courbevoie is in a direct line with the Arc de l'Étoile, and the bridge of Neuilly lies in the valley between them. The whole of this road was naturally very much exposed to fire. Our post of observation was four hundred yards from the bridge and two hundred yards to the right of the main road, and we were therefore in an excellent position to see everything that occurred as we sat on the doorstep of the house in which our first dressing station was established under the medical charge of Funck.

Affairs remained in this state until the afternoon, when the artillery fire slackened on our side, and General Montaudon sent down two columns under cover of the houses, one on the right, the other on the left of the avenue, and during an hour these troops remained massed in the side streets close to the bridge. Suddenly at three o'clock the guns on our left opened fire in a manner I had never heard equalled, and compared with which the German bombardment was child's play. The music of the artillery was awfully grand; the guns at Mont Valérien and those at our left making a fine bass to the treble of the mitrailleuses. Shells were bursting from end to end of the avenue. Round shot, shrapnel and rifle bullets whistled and screamed through the air in every direction. Sounding above all, because it was

continuous, was the awful rattling of the mitrailleuses or *orgues de barbarie*, as they were called. Once my thoughts turned to that description of a scene of which this was the anniversary: 'The veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom: and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent.'

But there was no time to stand still and analyse one's feelings. During half an hour this infernal din was maintained; then, when the barricades and the avenue were sufficiently cleared, the troops, which had been hidden in the side streets, emerged with a rush, the Tirailleurs stealthily taking advantage of all available cover. A sudden eruption and a dense column of white smoke indicated where an ammunition wagon had been blown up and a general officer killed.

Meanwhile we had persuaded some officers of the Intendance that our first dressing station must be brought forward, and de Romanet and I, knowing every part of Puteaux, volunteered to find a better place. Accompanied by Funck and Bourdilliat, we ran down the slope, and in ten minutes a house was opened and ready to receive wounded men within a hundred yards of the avenue and close to the bridge.

A body of engineers took possession of the houses on each side of the approach to the bridge, walls were pierced, and covered communications thus made. General Montaudon pressed forward his columns, and the troops, who had advanced at the double to the inspiriting music of drums and trumpets, which could be heard through all other sounds, were in possession of the tête du pont and of the houses on each side.

The slaughter still continued. Amongst the first wounded men brought in were Generals Besson and Péchot, both of whom died almost immediately

afterwards. Some poor fellows crawled in, others were carried in by their comrades. Leaving Funck in the cottage, assisted by Bourdilliat and others, de Romanet and I ran out with a stretcher, accompanied by two artisans, who volunteered to help us. Just as we turned the corner into the avenue a shell brought down the cornice of a house about our heads. At the bridge the soldiers were crouching behind the parapet, on which they had placed sand-bags, and they were keeping up a vigorous fire with small arms. A shot struck the parapet, and the heavy stones fell, smashing two men who were behind them. A man in front of me was hit full on the left breast and his heart and arm were torn out, splashing me with blood. Farther on were others, some dead and others dying, and still the horrible hail of lead and iron came pouring over the bridge. In the midst of all this deafening noise and indescribable confusion, looking on this awful scene, with soldiers crouching right and left, firing from behind anything that offered the least cover, and finding myself standing almost alone on the bridge, I candidly confess to a moment of hesitation. However weak and frivolous it may seem, I concentrated my thoughts on a cigar. I stooped down behind a heap of sand-bags and asked a soldier for a match; having lighted my weed, I stuck it in my mouth and determined to keep it alight. A few seconds later we had on our stretcher a marine, who had been shot through both thighs. There was then no time for uncomfortable thoughts, and whilst my companion and I were at work outside, Funck and his aides were dressing wounds in the cottage, and in less than an hour all those who could be removed were carried off in the wagons to Versailles. In the opposite house, army

surgeons had established themselves, and a large workshop was filled with mangled bodies. When the firing slackened it was evident that no forward movement would be made that day, so we retired to Versailles with such wounded as could be removed.

It is almost impossible now to realise, without an effort, what was the actual position of the honest, industrious, and well-affected inhabitants of Paris in the spring of 1871. The check received by the army of the Commune on April 3, rapidly followed by the rout on the 3rd and the death of Flourens, had maddened the leaders of the Fédérés. It was in vain that lying and bombastic proclamations were published in rapid succession, and that the foul press of the Commune endeavoured to mislead the Parisians. Rage and fear were evident in every word, and all the epithets which were best calculated to excite the worst passions of the mob were applied to M. Thiers and the army of Versailles. Thus, the proclamation which announced the fight at Courbevoie on the 2nd described their opponents as the Royalist Conspirators, the Pontifical Zouaves, the Imperial Police, the 'Chouans' of Charette, the Vendéans of Cathelineau, the Bretons of Trochu and the Gendarmes of Versailles.

Then was passed the law relating to hostages, which provided that every person accused of complicity with the Versailles Government should be immediately imprisoned. This iniquitous law was at once acted on, and Archbishop Darboy, Abbé Deguerry, curé of the Madeleine, Abbé Croze, prison chaplain, Abbé Olivaint, M. Bonjean, president of the Cour de Cassation, M. Jecker, the banker, and M. Gustave Chaudey, a brave representative of the press, were amongst the first victims.

And whilst the bodies of those who were within reach were seized, the property of those who were absent was sequestrated. Society in the capital was shaken to its base, and every man was suspicious of his neighbour. God was defied, the name of Christ was held in derision, and the devil was invoked. Yet during the whole of this time—and days then marked epochs—the Thiers Government was temporising, and endeavouring to come to terms with the Commune, treating it as a belligerent power.

Whilst envoys of peace were constantly passing between Paris and Versailles, the emissaries of the Commune were travelling through the provinces endeavouring to rouse into action those who were believed to be ready to revolt in all the great towns. The 'International' played an important part in these lamentable days, though the leaders were not conspicuous on the field of battle or on the ramparts of Paris. Had the Commune been proclaimed and established in only three of the great manufacturing towns—and it was not too bold a conjecture to suppose that it would be—in March or April, brigades, and even divisions, must have been detached from MacMahon's army, which could ill afford to spare either men or guns.

Living as I did all through these terrible events, one day in Paris, another at Versailles, I should not have been human had I been indifferent to the thoughts and passions which stirred the two contending parties.

During the weeks which intervened between March 18 and May 28, probably not one person had opportunities equal to my own for estimating the feelings of those who were in the rival camps, and

I do not hesitate to assert that the opinions I formed on the first day were daily strengthened throughout the whole period, and they received final confirmation during the awful week of slaughter which commenced on the 21st and ended on May 28.

On March 18 the forces of the Commune existed in an armed and undisciplined mob, and the leaders showed great energy and ability in the manner in which out of such material they succeeded in forming an army. When the sortie, which I have already described, was made on April 2, and I passed out of the Porte Maillot, this gate could not have been held for a quarter of an hour against a vigorous attack. From the Porte Maillot to the Place Vendôme there was then not a single gun in position ; and there was only one barricade—and this was incomplete—between the Porte Maillot and the Hôtel de Ville. How changed was the scene when the army entered on May 21 !

At this time I had a small depot of stores in Countess Visconti's coach-house. To use the expression of a friend at the Red Cross office in London, considered as a representative of that society I was 'virtually defunct.' A foreign civil war was quite rightly not included in the programme of the London committee, but Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and his colleagues endorsed my proceedings, and on this, as on all occasions when I took the responsibility to act on their behalf, they left me perfect freedom with regard to the stores still remaining in my hands. These were all the more useful as the central French committee was as completely blocked up in Paris as it had been during the Franco-German war.

One morning (April 10) I met Colonel the Hon. A.

Anson, H. Brackenbury, and Valentine Baker, and I agreed to join them at Neuilly at noon. This appointment was kept under exciting circumstances. I had just reached a barricade when suddenly a shell crashed upon it, throwing up a cloud of stone and mortar. As I had seen a boy close to the spot, I wondered what had become of him, when I was greatly relieved to see him none the worse, as well as the three British officers I had come to meet. I am never astonished to meet Britons anywhere, but this may certainly be noted as an appointment kept under peculiar circumstances.

I still managed to keep up communication with Pitman and James at Creil, but active co-operation was quite impossible. Early on April 11, Kleinmann came for me, and we set out for Enghien, and it was strange to find myself again amongst the familiar dark blue tunics and the *Pickelhaubes*. Having sent Kleinmann to Creil with a proposition to my colleagues to establish a small depot at Enghien for the farmers of the department of the Seine-et-Oise, I went into Paris and drove to the Barrack hospital on the Cours la Reine, which was still occupied by some of the wounded victims of the war as well as by about 100 Communards. The Red Cross council was sitting, and I had a very warm welcome from Counts de Flavigny, Sérurier and de Beaufort, Baron Mundy, Dr. Chénu and other members. Later, I dined with Sir Richard and Lady Tufton, who, owing to the illness of the former, had remained at their house in the Place St. Georges throughout the first siege, and were now enduring the second. Later I strolled on the Boulevards, where large and animated groups were discussing the *situation*.

I find it very hard now to believe that I have stood in the midst of Parisians and listened to the most senseless twaddle respecting this perplexing *situation*. And remember this was at a time when their city was in the hands of as unscrupulous and bloodthirsty a crew of ruffians as ever disgraced humanity. Churches had been pillaged and turned into guard-rooms, where the most licentious scenes were enacted. Persons who had committed no offence were thrust into prison; independent journalists were tracked and hunted down like beasts of prey; priests were shut up 'for having morally assassinated the masses.' The circle formed by MacMahon's forces was daily contracting, and families were hourly hurrying from the faubourgs towards the centre of the city, out of the range of the guns which were producing such terrible havoc in the neighbourhood of the fortifications. And yet, with all this, Paris did not bear outwardly a sad appearance. She was apparently indifferent. The boulevards were crowded with pedestrians; cafés and restaurants did a thriving business, and unblushing vice held a large share of the pavement. Even as I watched the flashes of light which crossed the sky almost without intermission, and listened to the thunder of the guns, it was hard to realise the *situation*.

I had promised to look after a friend's house in the Rue Chaillot, and, after doing so one morning I entered into conversation with a man who tried to convince me that no shells came anywhere near the place where we were walking. We were in the Rue de Presbourg when there was a frightful crash close to us; a tree was cut in halves, and splinters of stone from the wall of a house on the opposite side of the road came flying about us in a manner which was

intensely disagreeable. A fragment of the shell rebounded and slightly wounded my companion in the leg, but he was able to hobble off. Six shells burst around us in rapid succession, and seeing an open door I took refuge within it. This was a large Italian warehouse with two extensive frontages. I preferred the street to this, as a projectile amongst the hundreds of bottles would have been worse than the proverbial bull in a china shop. With no inclination to pursue my investigation as to friends' empty houses any further in the direction of the Versailles gunners, I turned off towards the Trocadero, where the Reds were very busy in the construction of a new battery. On the Quai de la Conférence a small crowd was admiring seven small river steamers which had been converted into gunboats. They did not look very dangerous, though at a subsequent period I regarded them with more respect. That evening I dined with the Count de Flavigny, and later the Countess held a small reception. These little items are necessary to show the extraordinary contrasts offered by life during the Commune.

I am purposely avoiding the routine and statistics which have long since been published in reports by the different societies I was striving to represent. Personally I could only facilitate matters through the aid of couriers, and by occasional interviews with French authorities, and with Lord Lyons and members of the British Embassy. On Pitman, James and Mansfield devolved the real work of distribution. My position as chairman of the Paris committee was almost a sinecure, for, in fact, I was the committee; but the office gave me a moral power greater, perhaps, than I could fully realise at the time. As an idle spectator I could not

have gone in and out amongst the rival forces, but, having a duty to perform, I was enabled to do so. I seldom carried a pass that, on one side or the other, was worth the paper it was written on; but I had a consciousness of good intentions, which was of great service to me, and when I met an insurmountable obstacle in one direction, I shifted the ground and succeeded in another. My expeditions frequently ended with very little advantage to anyone. But even when my work as a public servant was for the time being completely interrupted, the intervals were, I hope, spent to the benefit of private individuals who did not come into either category as invalid soldiers or needy peasant farmers.

One of the greatest difficulties we experienced during the first weeks of this second campaign was the want of ambulance carriages and horses. Whilst a large army of Frenchmen returning from German prisons was being reorganised at Versailles, the hospital material necessary for it was on a most inadequate scale. The greater part of the property of the French Red Cross Society was shut up in Paris. M. Delaroche and his committee did their best to supply the want, using such carts as could be obtained in the town or from the farmers in the neighbourhood; but we did not possess any proper vehicles until April 15. Two wagons which had belonged to the Irish Ambulance, already mentioned, and an omnibus then arrived from Calvados, and on the following day we put them into use. Funck, Bourdilliat, Rodouan and I took them through St. Cloud to our little hospital at Puteaux, where there were twenty-nine patients under the care of Dr. Delaunay.

Considering that the inhabitants of this village

sympathised with the Commune, the Reds did not show much consideration for their friends, and their projectiles were distributed in the most promiscuous manner. This very day we had some sad cases: a woman and her two daughters were all more or less seriously injured by the bursting of a shell, and two of them subsequently died; and on the previous day a little girl had been killed in her bed. With our newly acquired carriages we removed fifteen patients, and left them that evening at the military hospital at Versailles.

At this time, whilst an artillery duel was being deliberately carried on, agriculture was interrupted, mills and factories were closed, commerce was almost at a standstill, and thousands were wishing that they had never been born. Often, with a knowledge gained from behind the scenes, I had expressed my belief that the Communards, if allowed time, would offer a stout and vigorous resistance, and that a second siege *en règle* would be necessary. Those who had refused to accept my word as to the strength of Paris now began to admit that they were wrong, and they felt that, unless aided by unforeseen chance, they had serious work before them.

The next day I returned to Puteaux in charge of five ambulance carriages. Some of our coachmen had a wholesome objection to fire, and I had some difficulty in getting them to the hospital. My usual rule was, whenever we were within rifle range, to leave at least one hundred yards between the ambulance carriages, in order not to offer too good a mark to the enemy, and even then we occasionally had a shot through the panels, or, what was worse, through one of our horses. I can, however, testify to the fact that, even under circumstances of the greatest danger, assistance could

always be found amongst the peasants and artisans; and men were never found wanting to offer their unpaid and disinterested services in carrying the wounded from under fire.

There was plenty of work to-day. Two poor fellows had just been shot from windows in Neuilly; a captain of the 67th regiment was brought in dead, having received a shot under the left eye. Then there was an arm to be amputated. Delaunay operated, Funck administered chloroform, and another man and myself held the unfortunate patient, who was a powerful artilleryman. A few such details are necessary as framework to my story, but I gladly leave them for a theme of which I never weary.

The Sisters of Charity, to whom the house belonged, were quietly performing their self-imposed work, heedless of the shot, which for several weeks never ceased to threaten their home and themselves; they seemed to have no fear, and in the exercise of their charitable mission they conscientiously performed all the most menial and disgusting offices. Nor must I omit to mention Madame Delaunay, who on this as on other occasions was employed in aiding her husband in the most devoted manner. Eleven men having had their wounds dressed, we placed them in the wagons and started for Versailles.¹

Two days later it was again necessary that I should go into Paris. Kleinmann having secured places in a furniture van, he and I left for St. Denis. We met

¹ I received this day a very curious present. As I was going down the hill towards the river, a shell burst near me, and my friend Funck was able with the assistance of a workman to find every fragment of it; and these, accurately fitted together, I now have enclosed in a network of wire.

hundreds of people emigrating from Paris in every variety of vehicle ; and there was a great stream of pedestrians, each individual being laden with some household treasure. Kleinmann left for Creil to join Mr. James, and I went into Paris with between forty and fifty letters for anxious friends and relatives.

After calling on Lady Tufton in the Place St. Georges, I went on to the British Embassy, where I found Mr. (now Sir Edward) Malet, Mr. (now Sir Frank) Lascelles, and Mr. Atlee discussing the advantages to be derived from grazing the garden in case of a second siege. Thence to the Austrian Embassy to see Baron Mundy. At the Barrack hospital of the Red Cross Society I saw Dr. Chénu, and from him I first learnt that, the Commune having taken under its own direction the management of the society's affairs, all the members of the committee had left, except himself and the Count de Beaufort.

On leaving Paris on April 15 the Central Committee of the Société de Secours published a protest against the order which had been issued decreeing the dissolution of the society and appropriating its property.

This protest, dated Paris, April 15, 1871, was signed by the president, Count de Flavigny, the vice-president, the délégué près les Ministères de la Guerre et de la Marine, Count Sérurier, and, secretary-general Count de Beaufort.

It is unnecessary to quote this protest, but I shall leave my story to tell how the decision on the part of the Council of the Society affected our movements.

Dr. Chénu's hospital establishment on the Cours la Reine looked the brightest spot in Paris. The hospital sheds and tents were models of what such things

should be, and they were most creditable to the society.

Just across the road, lying moored alongside the quay, were still those mischievous-looking gunboats with their fires banked up. As Lullier had taken command of the flotilla of the Seine, there was reason to suppose that we should soon have a change in the drama, and that a *naval engagement* would be fought. Much of this gentleman's reputation as a man of action was founded on the very practical manner in which he endeavoured, on an occasion to which I have already alluded, to induce one of his colleagues to listen to reason. The delegates of the League of the Republican Union had again been to Versailles to endeavour to reconcile the two rival Governments—for the Commune had really come to consider itself, not only as the elected of Paris, but as the Government of France. M. Thiers stated his terms, but no person who knew the actual state of the city entertained for a moment the thought that Paris would accept them.

Three or four days had wrought a wonderful change in the appearance of the capital, the streets were comparatively deserted, and at night there was but little gas to brighten them. Indeed, there was an absence of everything cheerful, and as I tried to discover a restaurant where I might find other people dining besides myself, dark clouds covered the sky, and occasional flashes of light, followed by crashing, loud reports, marked the progress of the fratricidal struggle.

The last hope of the most influential Friends of Order had vanished, and many poor persons who had held aloof from the Commune, preferring the risk of being treated as *réfractaires*, now found themselves

compelled to side with the Reds for the sake of the pay and in order to obtain means of subsistence.

The daily pay which the National Guard had received during the German siege, and which had been stopped at the conclusion of the war, had a most important influence on the insurrection. A few thousand francs, judiciously spent by the Party of Order, would have kept many from the ranks of the army of the Commune. The members of the Central Committee understood this, and promptly acted on the knowledge they possessed. They not only continued the pay to the Nationaux, but they increased it, in the case of married men, and they also made provision for the families of those who might be killed or wounded.

The establishment at this time—April 17—of a court-martial, under the presidency of Rossel, was proof to those who knew anything of this brave but misguided artillery officer, that stern military rule would be enforced, as far as his individual energy and military knowledge had any influence. On the 18th, after a visit to the hospital, I called on the Count de Beaufort, in the Rue de Courcelles. He was at his post, resolutely determined to guard as far as possible the property of the society. Dr. Rousselle, as the new director of the society, had commenced his rule on the preceding day by banishing from the hospital the Sœurs de Charité, who were doing such excellent work there. The difficulty of the position occupied by M. de Beaufort and Dr. Chénu at this time will be best understood if I remind the reader that every person was more or less at the mercy of his neighbour, and private jealousy was quite sufficient to lead to imprisonment and even death.

The bold and able manner in which these gentlemen maintained their position undoubtedly saved the property of the society, its flag, which they refused to haul down, and its title, which they declined to change; and, a fortnight after, Dr. Rousselle, 'Chirurgien-en-chef de la République Universelle,' who proved himself to be most objectionable as a chief, was removed from his post, and Dr. Semmerie was appointed Director-General of Ambulances.

As I crossed the Champs Élysées this morning, there were, between the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de Triomphe, twelve pedestrians, one omnibus, carrying Nationaux to the front, and my phaeton. In the neighbourhood of the Hôtel des Invalides there were from thirty to forty persons. The Boulevards were completely deserted, and on those of the Madeleine and the Italiens about four out of five shops were closed. This will give some idea of the aspect of Paris.

That night I went to Creil, and whilst I dined at the station buffet, which was filled with German officers who had made it their messroom, Mr. James reported to me as to his work in the neighbourhood. Fortunately, Kleinmann had secured a bed for me in the roof of a cabaret. The next morning we met at the office, which had been provided for us in the goods station. Many peasants arrived with their applications signed by the proper authorities with a long line of carts to carry away the grain apportioned to them. This part of France had been particularly favoured by our Society, owing to its position and uninterrupted communication with England, and I was very anxious now to do something more for the farmers who had suffered so severely on the eastern side of Paris.



Unfortunately the direct roads were closed, and distances were more than doubled.

In the afternoon, when our business was over, we left Creil. Mansfield and Kleinmann stopped at St. Denis to see whether a depot could be established there, and Mr. James and I went into Paris and made an examination of the books at the Society's depot in La Chapelle; he then left me, and returned to his post at Creil.



CHAPTER X

Formation of a Committee of Action for Red Cross Purposes—The Imperial Farm of La Fouilleuse—Armoured Trains—Armistice of Eight Hours—Art displayed in the Construction of Barricades—A Visit to Mont Valérien—The Home of a celebrated Baritone—Night Duty—Thiers' last Appeal to the Inhabitants of Paris—The 64-gun Battery at Montretout—The Capture of Fort Issy—Under Fire in a Dogcart—The Destruction of M. Thiers' House and Garden—Overthrow of the Column in the Place Vendôme.

WE were now, as far as the Société de Secours aux Blessés was concerned, again in a transition state. The Central Committee in Paris had continued in the exercise of its functions until the Commune banished it in the way I have already described. The Versailles committee, on its side, had not ceased to perform work, to the best of its ability, taking into consideration its limited command of transport. The Count de Flavigny had delegated his powers as president to Count Sérurier, who, with other influential members of the Central Committee, now proposed to establish the headquarters of the society at Versailles, in accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting held in Paris on April 14. This was to the effect that, owing to the seizure effected by the Commune on the morning of the same day, in violation of the rights of the society, the council had been prorogued and the committee of action would remove to Versailles with all the available funds. On the following day the

order of the Commune to which I have referred was published.

In compliment to M. Delaroche, who had so ably conducted the affairs of the society at Versailles, this gentleman was nominated as chairman of the committee of action, which was composed as follows: Count Sérurier ('muni des pleins pouvoirs de M. le Comte de Flavigny'), Baron Mundy, the Vicomte de Magnieu, M. Pigeonneau, who acted as secretary, and myself. The addition of my name came to me as a surprise, especially as I had been for some time considering how I could make an honourable retreat. But this feeling now ceased. I had become so thoroughly identified with the work I was engaged in, and bound by so many ties to those amongst whom I was living, that at last I was impressed with the idea that retirement would be tantamount to disgrace.

The first meeting of the committee of action was held on April 23, and it was then made evident that we should not only have work, but assistance to perform it. Bordeaux, Tours, Lille, and other towns had already contributed supplies, and we felt that in a few hours we should be prepared to meet the requirements of the army. We had not only the wounded to consider, but it was certain that an army of 150,000 men, which had only just returned from captivity after a most disastrous war, would not possess a very complete medical organisation, and we might calculate on some hundreds of sick men.

I was still in possession of some English stores; and the London Committee added many things which could not be purchased in France. Dr. Arendrup was also commissioned to make large purchases in London on behalf of the French Society.

Before the Central Committee removed from Paris, the Versailles committee had found it necessary to embark again in very large undertakings; humanity demanded that measures should be taken to meet the daily increasing number of casualties. The Intendance was not yet capable of providing sufficient temporary hospitals. M. Delaroche and his committee had anticipated this want, and several small establishments had been formed. I was particularly interested in one, for the origin of which Funck was chiefly responsible. This was at the farm of La Fouilleuse, in the valley between Mont Valérien and Garches. A few months before, this had been the Emperor's farm, and, as may be well imagined, it was a model establishment. Day after day we used to go out to press on the works necessary for the new installation. Stables and fatting stalls had to be thoroughly cleansed, for during the last few months French troops had been quartered there, fires had been lighted on the asphalted floors, the walls had been loopholed for musketry, and trenches and rifle-pits had altered the aspect of the gardens. One of the buildings, ninety yards by nine, had been originally arranged for cattle in a series of pens divided by low walls. An entrance to each was now cut through the manger, and access was thus obtained to a passage which ran the whole length of the shed, and here a small tram line intended for feeding purposes facilitated the service. Seven iron bedsteads were placed in each compartment. At one end a bath-room was fitted, and at the other a chapel soon appeared.

Since April 6, the day on which Maréchal Mac-Mahon took command of the army, there had been no doubt as to the final results of the challenge thrown down by the Commune.

At this time, looking from my point of view, there were two separate fields of operations, one on the left of St. Cloud, the other on the right; and though the distance which divided them was comparatively small, it often happened that on one side spectators were quite ignorant of what was passing on the other. In this respect my position was an advantageous one, as I was not limited in my movements, and I was constantly going backwards and forwards between the extreme points.

After the storming of the Bridge of Neuilly, on April 7, it became a matter of vital importance for the safety of the *tête du pont* that the Château of Bécon, which stands between Asnières and Courbevoie, should be taken. An attack was therefore made upon it in the night, between the 12th and 13th; but the young troops who formed this expedition recoiled before the hot fire which was poured upon them from the loop-holed walls of the château, and a retreat was ordered. The attack was resumed on the 17th, and, after a heavy cannonade, which lasted for an hour, the place was vigorously carried by the 36th regiment, led by Colonel Davoust. The village of Bois-Colombes was taken on the 18th, and on the following morning General Montaudon's division attacked the Fédérés at Asnières and drove them out in indescribable confusion, many of them being drowned in attempting to cross the river. The firing during the German siege was as nothing when compared with that which day and night without intermission was now sustained. Between St. Cloud and Châtillon there were one hundred and fifty guns in position, and from these a continuous rain of projectiles was poured principally on Fort Issy and the Point du Jour. And now a battery was in

course of construction at Montretout which was to carry sixty-four heavy guns.

The Communists, on their side, in no way diminished their activity ; and in addition to the guns at Montrouge, Issy, and the Point du Jour, their gunboats and ironclad locomotives and carriages made us keep our eyes open. A black object would be seen to move out cautiously from under the bridge at Auteuil, or a curious and unaccustomed carriage would glide along the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture ; a flash of fire, a puff of white smoke, and a projectile would be thrown, perhaps in a direction where it was least expected ; the boat or the armoured train would then retire under shelter to prepare for another shot.¹ As a mere spectator I confess to a preference for localised artillery ! At eight o'clock on the morning of April 25, the breaching batteries commenced to bombard Fort Issy.

It had been agreed that on this day, April 25, between the hours of nine in the morning and 5 P.M. there should be a truce on the side of Neuilly to enable the unfortunate people in that neighbourhood to retire into Paris. After a meeting at Baron Mundy's rooms I drove to St. Denis, and thence went into Paris by rail. The scene in the Avenue de la Grande Armée and the Avenue de Neuilly was one of the most curious I have ever witnessed. The Porte Maillot had been knocked out of all shape ; there was not a house on either side of the long straight road which did not bear marks of the terrible shower of lead and iron which had been poured upon them ; roofs were battered in ; cornices, balconies, and all projections were entirely knocked away or greatly defaced ; the stone walls were

¹ These armoured trains were the precursors of those which nearly thirty years later were used in South Africa.

furrowed with shot ; trees and lamp-posts hung their heads in sad companionship ; the road was torn up and covered with débris and rubbish. Women and children who had been imprisoned in cellars came out of their hiding places ; and during the eight hours of the armistice, thousands of persons might have been seen running into Paris, laden with property they had saved ; omnibuses, ambulance wagons, private carriages (placed at the disposal of the poor), cabs, costermongers' carts, broughams, and phaetons were streaming in opposite directions up and down the avenues. Nobody studied appearances. Ladies might be seen mounted on the top of bedding piled on basket carriages ; almost everybody carried something ; men, women, and children, masters and servants, ran along with clocks, vases, books, glasses, and other objects in their arms. Some of the scenes were most affecting, and the emptying of the cellars of one hospital was peculiarly distressing ; one hundred and ten incurable children were removed from their subterranean hiding-place, and were taken in carriages to the Barrack Hospital on the Cours la Reine. A number of men and boys did a very good business during the day by lending out telescopes and field-glasses at so much a minute, for a peep at the Versaillais. I remained in the avenue up till the last moment of the armistice, here and there lending a hand, and doing 'an odd job.' Punctually to time the lines of soldiers and Nationaux were withdrawn from the places where, during the day, they had been keeping guard and gazing at each other. Gradually the avenues were cleared of people, but not until the guns recommenced their deadly work would the innocent sufferers and the curious believe that the cruel game had been again resumed.

At a later hour I performed a diplomatic mission with which I had been entrusted to the Count de Beaufort. He and Dr. Chénu were ostensibly under a director nominated by the Commune; but as they never sacrificed the moral control which belonged to them, there cannot be a doubt that their presence saved a large portion of the property of the society. Independence, caution, and common-sense at this time were indispensable to the safety of those who had anything to do with the Communists.

It was very curious to watch the calm and deliberate manner in which the Nationaux proceeded with their works of defence. Some of the barricades were most admirably constructed. The two most remarkable were the one in the Rue Castiglione, and that which divided the Rue de Rivoli from the Place de la Concorde. The latter was a most solid work of two stories, and in front of it was a considerable trench. Bags, on the manufacture of which a large number of women had been employed, were filled with sand, and thousands of these were built up into walls. The work was scrupulously neat, and the lines were so admirably drawn, that it looked as if the Commune desired to raise durable monuments of its constructive skill. It would have been better had they remained content with this, instead of invoking the genius of destruction.

On the day after the armistice at Neuilly I went to Enghien. Here I met, by appointment, Mr. Mansfield, M. Valentin de Courcel and his brother, a lieutenant in the navy, and aide-de-camp to Admiral de la Roncière. These gentlemen had interested themselves very much in the distribution of seed; and this day they were accompanied by some of the peasants from

the neighbourhood of M. de Courcel's estate at Athis. We had fourteen railway trucks full of grain on a siding, and in a lane close at hand were nearly forty carts, and more than this number of men and women. We immediately went to work, taking those first who had come the longest distances. Many of the carts had arrived the night before from Longjumeau.

The Lord Mayor's Fund and the agents of the Society of Friends' committee had been working round Paris, and we had to be very careful that the same people did not receive assistance two or three times over. During the morning Pitman arrived, and at a later hour he went to Paris to settle a difficulty with regard to a heavy demand made for the carriage of grain. In fact, the distribution was stopped until I had taken the responsibility, and deposited 250 francs.

Dr. Griffiths of Hyères, having called on me to volunteer his services, I asked him to accompany me on my rounds. We drove with de Romanet and Funck through St. Cloud and Garches to Mont Valérien, visiting on the way two hospitals at Ville d'Avray. Firing was going on, with more or less vigour, along the whole line from Montrouge to Asnières, but we had doubts as to the news we had heard that shells had fallen within the fortress of Mont Valérien. However, our doubts were soon dispelled. Just as we reached the bend in the road, below the glacis of the fort, some soldiers ducked into ditches and behind trees, and shouted to us to do the same. I did not understand this eccentric manœuvre, for I had not heard the warning notes of the bugle inside the fort, which was always sounded when the Paris gunners were about to fire a shot in that direction. Over our

heads flew a shell, and pitched right into the fort. Others followed, but they failed to reach the goal. Rapidly the gunners were at work, and a brisk responsive fire was opened, which continued throughout the afternoon. The Communist gunners were particularly proud of this feat, as no German shell had ever accomplished it. It was only managed by sinking the breech of the gun in the earth and placing it at a very high angle. Under these circumstances, we hurried the pace to Puteaux.

Dr. Delaunay was busy at his post ; and the house, which at one time we thought we must give up, was full of patients ; but the fire in this direction had somewhat abated. On one of the beds was a good-looking little boy, fourteen years of age, belonging to the village, who had been shot through the chest. The object of our expedition having been to inspect all the hospital preparations in progress, and to urge on the workmen, we did not stay long here, but returned to our carriage, and drove to Nanterre. One hospital here was in a photographer's studio. This was full of wounded men, and amongst them was a Communist. As I looked at him, I fervently hoped there was not much of the same fighting material left in Paris ; and I thought that if all the Nationaux had the same amount of vitality, they would require some killing. This man was a remarkably good-looking fellow ; he had been shot through the thigh, then through the chest, and as a finishing stroke he had received a blow on the skull from the butt of a musket. Notwithstanding this severe treatment, he did not exhibit many signs of an inclination to die.

In this neighbourhood we inspected the alterations

which a factory, in course of conversion into a hospital, was undergoing, and thence returned *via* Rueil and Bougival to Versailles.

The same evening, when calling on Lord Lyons, I warned his lordship not to be surprised if, amongst the trophies of the day, he should see an English flag, as I had met the 42nd regiment of the line with one which had been captured on a barricade. No doubt it had been taken by the Nationals from an English house. These people were not very particular about the nationality of a flag, provided they could hang out a piece of bunting with plenty of red about it. On one occasion they robbed our wagons of their Red Cross flags. It would scarcely have been in accordance with the Convention of Geneva had we fought for them! From that date we never displayed the Red Cross outside the Versailles lines.

The largest work undertaken at this time by the new comité d'action was a pavilion hospital at St. Cloud—a grand scheme, the plan, developments, and success of which are entirely due to the energy and perseverance of Baron Mundy, and I was proud to act as his subordinate. For the sanitary arrangements I imported workmen from England. Early on the morning of the 29th, Captain Wedderburn arrived from Boulogne with a convoy of stores from Sir Vincent Eyre's depot, and we at once unloaded. Baron Mundy and I drove to St. Cloud, and here we were joined by other gentlemen, who accompanied Funck and myself to Mont Valérien, where we understood that an officer of our acquaintance had been seriously wounded. Leaving the carriage at the foot of the slope, we walked up to the gate,

and, after the necessary formalities, were admitted. We laughed heartily when the officer whom we had expected to find nearly dead came forward uninjured to do the honours of the fortress. Three shells only had left their marks, but, beyond this, little damage had been done. Having enjoyed the splendid view, we returned to Versailles.

At this time our wagon train was considerably augmented by the arrival of a large number of fine horses of the Chemin de Fer à l'Ouest, which were then at Poissy, at the disposal of the Société de Secours, and several ambulance wagons, omnibuses, phaetons, &c. A large stable for about one hundred and fifty horses and sheds for the vehicles were being constructed inside the park gates at Versailles, at the end of the Boulevard de la Reine, and of this establishment M. Geibel was made director. De Romanet and I having been appointed joint directors of the *ambulances volantes* at the outposts, it was necessary that we should have quarters nearer Paris. There was no difficulty about this, and a deserted house on the hill between Sèvres and the park of St. Cloud was speedily appropriated. This villa belonged to Signor delle Sedie, a gentleman who was then well known to frequenters of the Italian Opera in London and Paris; and I take this opportunity to acknowledge the hospitality we experienced under his roof; we did our best to protect his property, and to clear away all traces of a German visit. It was no fault of ours that half a shell passed through two windows of his *salon*, and that another missile carried away part of a stone cornice. We left on the dining-room mantelpiece a large specimen of the *genus* shell, which pitched into one of the flower-beds in the garden, as evidence

that other visitors, besides ourselves, sometimes arrived without invitation.

Our party consisted of de Romanet, Couttolenc, his hard-working and conscientious lieutenant, Funck, who had been named medical inspector of volunteer hospitals, and myself. The wife of the lodge-keeper cooked for us, our *cuisine* being very modest¹; and we had our own men to attend to the horses, four or five of which were in the stables, and the remainder with the ambulance carriages, in a building at the foot of the slope. As the villa—to which we gave the name of this distinguished baritone, its owner—was quite empty, we imported a few articles of furniture. Each of us had a table, a chair, and a few absolute necessities. We considered one thing essential, and a *frotteur* came once or twice a week to polish the floors. Our candlesticks were formed of two unexploded shells (which, of course, had been emptied), given to me on Good Friday as *souvenirs* of the storming of the bridge of Neuilly, and these candlesticks I now have on the table at which I am writing.

After a little experience, I had fully learned to realise the truth of the old proverb, that 'as we make our bed so we must lie on it.' Each of us had a stretcher, a straw mattress, a bolster, and two blankets, but we soon discovered that there were different ways of arranging these things, and I was not too proud to take a lesson.

One evening (May 5) a sharp fusillade indicated

¹ This will be understood from the fact that in the daily rations no distinction was made between officers and servants: and when the balance-sheet was made out, it was shown that the daily expenditure for food was covered by one franc seventy cents, or something under eighteenpence for each person.

the probability that we should have some work before the night was far advanced. I may remark, *en passant*, that it had been my intention to sleep at Versailles, but certain signs lured me out to less comfortable quarters. As the darkness became deeper, the rattle of small arms became almost inaudible, under the thunder of the heavy naval battery which had been brought to bear on Fort Issy, and frequent discharges of mitrailleuses completed the harmony. Our duty was not to move towards the scene of action, until the Intendant Militaire should send for us. We therefore sat in our balcony smoking and impatiently waiting. Prince Ladislaus Czartoryski and Delaroche and his brother drove out, and spent an hour with us. The bright full moon rose majestically over the dark woods of Meudon, and to have this behind them was a great advantage to the Versailles gunners. The little camp on the right had been called to arms, but the men were soon dismissed; the lights one by one disappeared, and from that direction therefore we could gather no clue.

At eleven o'clock, we received a note from the Intendant asking for ambulance carriages to be sent to the ferme des Bruyères; and a courier was sent off to Versailles to request Delaroche to send us an additional section. Whilst de Romanet and Couttolenc were completing their arrangements, Funck and I ran down the hill to the stables; the horses were harnessed, and very soon we were *en route* with two ambulance carriages, and two omnibuses. We passed through the deserted streets, and then ascended by a steep lane through the woods to the farm which had been named as the rendezvous. Here all was still and we found only one man, and he was in charge of a

number of sleeping mules. He informed us that the Intendant and his staff had gone on towards Meudon. The firing was now incessant, and frequently shells burst in the wood and upon the paved road. A rapid descent brought us to Bas Meudon, and here we halted at a point where four roads meet. We looked in all directions, but we could not see a single soldier or anyone to give us information. Notwithstanding leafy groves, a silver moon, the sweet song of the nightingales—and the greater the noise the more did these birds sing—and other poetic delights, our position could scarcely be called a comfortable one, as we sat on a doorstep and took counsel together. Stones, bricks, and branches of trees, mingled with iron and leaden projectiles, were flying about, and these, to say nothing of the noise that accompanied them, certainly shortened our debate. The comic side of the position was irresistible, and fortunately we could still laugh. A light in a window at length guided us to a room, half underground, in which were two military clerks, and they told us the way to the viaduct at Meudon; here, at least, we should be able to see a little of what was going on. We reached the railroad, and then followed the line through a cutting to the Meudon railway station. The rails in places had been torn up, and the way was very rough; our fine white *percheron* horses (a special breed much in favour with the Paris Omnibus Company), behaved admirably, though appearances sometimes suggested that invalids could scarcely be trusted with them.

Leaving our carriages under shelter, we advanced towards the viaduct, and soon were able to understand the state of affairs. Whilst de Romanet and Couttolenc were studying geography, and endeavouring

to find the military ambulance, Funck and I discovered a German trench close to the viaduct, and from this we could see every flash of fire. Fortunately it is not often that such a sight can be seen in conjunction with such sounds and such results. In front of us, on the other side of the valley, at a distance of a few hundred yards, was Fort Issy, and on the left Paris. The brilliant moon was shining over all, bringing the river and the city into contrast with the dark foliage of the park of Issy, and the gardens and woods around us.

The Trocadero was plainly visible, and the whole city seemed at rest: yet the inhabitants must have heard the horrible noise that was filling the sky. The musketry fire was incessant, not only around the fort, but even along the ramparts, and what the Nationals could have seen to fire at it was difficult to understand. That there was a good deal of independent and random firing my companion and myself could testify, and we frequently congratulated ourselves that the Germans had left us a friendly trench. The artillery, too, were very liberal in the matter of shells. We were in a direct line between the Meudon battery and the forts, so that the majority of shots went over us; but there was a battery down on our left, which drew fire most unpleasantly towards us.

Suddenly at 1.15 A.M., three rockets rose towards the sky, apparently from Issy, and these were soon followed by four others. We thought, at first, that this was a sign that the fort had been taken, but the guns were soon again at work, and the Tirailleurs were also actively occupied on the banks of the Seine. Subsequently we learnt that the rockets were a prearranged signal, to notify that one object of the Versailles

generals had been attained, and communication between Issy and Vanves had been cut off.

Meanwhile, Couttolenc had come back for us, and we followed him with carriages. At the foot of the viaduct, in the bottom of the valley, was the field hospital, in a large farmyard. General Faron, who this night was in command, was here with his staff. We had been looking on the scene as a beautiful picture, but now we had arrived again at the horrible realities. In an outhouse, at the end of a courtyard, the surgeons were at work in the midst of a number of soldiers, more or less severely wounded. One poor fellow lay on the ground: his fractured arm had been bandaged, and now his left knee, which had been torn open, was to be dressed. Around the dimly lighted room there were others, some of whom had received attention, whilst the remainder were patiently waiting their turn. Men slightly maimed hobbled in through the gates, whilst some were borne in on stretchers, and then were removed to the rear in carriages. Earlier in the night the gunboats had sent some shot into this farm: and whilst we were there, one burst close to the gate and wounded a man, and others fell on the viaduct. After a time, there being sufficient assistance at hand, both surgeons and bearers, leaving Couttolenc in charge of the carriages, which had already commenced to take wounded men to Versailles, de Romanet, Funck, and I returned to our trench at the top of the viaduct. It seemed as if both sides were bent on expending every shot they possessed, so furiously did they sustain the fire.

At three o'clock we commenced our homeward journey. My appreciation of the beautiful—and a lovelier night I never remember—was considerably

tempered by the fact that we had to trudge about three miles, the greater part of the way on rough railway ballast. We reached our quarters at four o'clock A.M.

This night the final *coup* was in reality given to Fort Issy; but it was not accomplished without a considerable loss of life, and many wounded.

On the following day M. Thiers made a last appeal to the inhabitants of Paris, in which he stated that, in order to save France, the Government must put an end to the insurrection. 'Up to the present time the attack has been confined to the exterior works. The Government will only use artillery to open one of your gates, and will carefully limit to this point the ravages of a war for which it is not responsible.' When I first read this passage, I was confirmed in my opinion that the ignorance prevailing at Versailles as to the actual condition of Paris had not been dissipated by recent events; and the subsequent bombardment, which was not by any means limited to one gate, was a confession that the Government had not been well informed. The proclamation continued to the effect that the Government relied on the Friends of Order to rally round the national flag, as soon as the troops had forced an entrance, and it concluded in these words: 'Parisians, think well of this; in a few days we shall be in Paris. France must put an end to civil war. She will do so, as she ought, and as she can. She marches to your deliverance. You can contribute towards your own safety by rendering the assault unnecessary, and by taking your place, from this day, amongst your compatriots and your brothers.'

After three hours' rest, Funck and I drove to

Versailles, which we found in its normal state of complete ignorance as to what was passing outside of itself. Everybody was quite content to believe that the heavy firing during the night had been from the new battery at Montretout. This, however, was in course of construction, and the guns were not yet mounted. Couttolenc returned with our carriages at noon, having finished the night's work.

The difficulties in keeping the French Society on a working footing were much increased by the over-crowded state of Versailles, and the distance at which our principal stable was placed. The display of a little Prussian authority might have been exercised with advantage. Our services were recognised by the army, and in truth for the time being we formed one of its indispensable parts. Count Sérurier was the link between the society and the Minister of War and Commander-in-chief, and our relations with the Intendance were most satisfactory. Under the circumstances some of the private stables should have been requisitioned for our use. At Sèvres our little party had nothing to complain of. At the villa we shared the stable with an officer of the line; our saddle-horses, couriers and grooms were also there; and at a short distance from the house we had excellent accommodation for the drivers, with their teams and carriages.

We had had a very hard week's work, and things were daily looking more serious as we approached the end. But it was nothing compared with what would probably be required of us. I was glad when Dr Griffiths came in on the following Sunday from Puteaux and he and Henty proposed a few hours' recreation. I drove them out to Ville d'Avray, where we called at the

hospital under the direction of Dr. Anger. This was established in a beautiful château, in which there were then forty wounded men. Thence we went on to the Villa delle Sedie. As there was no firing in this direction, we walked into Sèvres, and at the bridge turned to the left along the bottom of the park. Some of my friends used to charge me with being possessed by *un esprit de gamin* and a great curiosity in regard to 'hot corners.' I entirely dissented from this charge—for instance, I did not seek fire; on the contrary, I wished to avoid it. However, my companions and myself were not consulted in the matter; the Paris gunners selected just the moment when we were passing behind the new porcelain manufactory, to send some shells at the battery of Breteuil, which was on our left; and there was plenty of evidence in the battered walls and torn trees that the object of their aim was not always reached. There was no peace to be attained even in a Sunday walk. From the bridge of St. Cloud we scrambled up through ruins to Montretout. Poor St. Cloud was then looking very much like a modern Pompeii. From any other cause than an earthquake such utter destruction and desolation seemed to be impossible.

Couttolenc joined us at seven. After dinner, as we sat on the balcony looking at the flashes of fire from the different batteries, judging distance by seconds, and speculating as to the course of each shell by the whistling flight and final explosion; we quite thought we should be called out for a night's work, especially as in the intervals when the big guns were silent an incessant rattling of small arms could be heard. Couttolenc and I kept watch until midnight: de Romanet then arrived from Versailles, and as no

messenger had arrived from the Intendant we retired to bed.

We were not disturbed during the night, except when we were nearly jerked out of bed by an explosion: but to this we were now accustomed, and the extent of this noise will be understood when I state that it was seldom the firing which awoke me, but its cessation almost invariably did so. On the following morning (Monday, May 8) we received notice that the much-talked-of battery of Montretout, the construction of which had for some days been an open secret, was to begin firing at ten o'clock, and we were informed that some of our carriages would be required at the Orangerie at that hour. Couttolenc went off in charge of the wagons, de Romanet rode into Versailles, and I remained to receive any messengers who might arrive. Punctually at 10.10 A.M. the guns at Montretout (and they were sixty-four in number) opened fire; and as shot after shot plunged in rapid succession on the buildings and earthworks around the Point du Jour, it was evident that terrible havoc was being made. I could see gables and chimneys giving way before the terrific hail of iron. Not many shots were fired in reply (perhaps one in two minutes); and as it was evident there would be very few, if any, wounded on our side, I decided to carry out my original plan, and to go into Paris to judge the effect there.

Having called on Delaroche and other members of the committee, I drove Funck to Dr. Anger's hospital at Ville d'Avray. Amongst the patients here was the young Prince de Broglie with a bad flesh wound in the thigh. Thence we continued our journey over the Celle St. Cloud and through Rueil, Nanterre, and Colombes to St. Denis. In accordance with our arrangements,

Dr. Griffiths and Kleinmann had preceded us ; the latter I sent to Mr. James at Creil, and the former accompanied me into Paris. Funck left for Luxemburg.

I did not then know that he would not again return, and I accepted, during what I hoped would only be a temporary absence, his post, the principal duties of which were to ascertain the wants of all the hospitals over a distance of twenty-four miles, and, if possible, to supply them. Funck, however, was unable to return. In every respect he was a loss to us. Loving his profession for its own sake, kind, genial and active, I shall always consider him as one of those men who best represented the volunteer aid societies.

On our arrival in Paris I called on the Count de Beaufort at the offices of the society, at the British Embassy, and at a few houses that came within my usual round. On leaving the Faubourg St. Honoré to go to the Palais d'Industrie, I had just told the driver to quicken his pace across the avenue when a shell burst at the corner of the Élysée, but it produced no effect beyond causing a poor woman who happened to be near it to faint, burrowing a big hole in the road, raising a cloud of dust, and creating wild confusion in the rookery overhead.

We found Dr. Chénu as cheerful as ever, and quite satisfied with his daily improving position amongst the Communists. This, I think, was chiefly due to his genial manner and the affection entertained for him by his patients and employés, amongst whom he was known as 'le Père Chénu.'

The wounds generally during the war of the Commune were of a very serious character. This arose from the comparatively large number of wounds in the head and upper part of the body, due to the

fact that the rival armies were almost always at very close quarters, and the Communists were generally exposed to a plunging fire. The mortality was also very large, and this was doubtless in a great measure attributable to alcohol, the consumption of which in Paris was never greater than during this civil war. The vice of drunkenness was carried to a frightful pitch, and it was impossible to move in the streets without meeting men, and quite young boys, in every stage of intoxication.

Just as we arrived at the Cours la Reine, an unfortunate man was brought into the hospital: he had been in the neighbourhood of the Arc de l'Étoile, watching the guns, when a shell burst close to him; it tore off one leg and an arm, crushed the second leg, and deprived him of an eye.

Late in the evening Dr. Griffiths and I visited some of the principal barricades.

It may seem incredible, but it was scarcely known in Paris that the batteries of Montretout had been pounding away all the morning, and that the houses in the neighbourhood of the Point du Jour were being reduced to dust. On the Boulevards, few persons stopped to listen to the distant thunder of the guns. Paris was by this time accustomed to such sounds, and the centre of the city was at any rate safe from projectiles. At Versailles they thought that the Montretout battery would spread the wildest terror throughout the city. I can affirm that it made no perceptible difference.

The next morning I called on Norcott. He was still at work, and maintained an influence with members of the Commune, to an example of which I will presently allude.

Now that Dr. Rousselle, the obnoxious director who had been placed over M. de Beaufort and Dr. Chénu, had been removed, the position of these gentlemen was much more satisfactory.

My hatred of the aims and acts of the Commune was not unmixed with sincere pity for the thousands of unfortunate people who had been compelled against their inclination to join the ranks and follow the lead of dishonest vagabonds and professional insurgents. Independently of this, the Government at Versailles had treated them as belligerents, and had imprisoned within the walls of Paris the innocent with the guilty. Had the chiefs at the Hôtel de Ville been able, in the first instance, to control their followers, concessions would have doubtless been made to them by M. Thiers, which would soon have been demanded by all the large towns in France. But the mob was blind, and it only aimed at confusion, during which the rights of those who possessed property might pass without difficulty to those who had none. Up to a certain point the leaders of the Commune knew what they were striving for, and they were to some extent true to their convictions; but as soon as they had passed this line, and opened the prisons, the worthless rogues and escaped convicts whom they had called into their service cast aside all honest theories as to the abstract and unattainable rights of man, and boldly carried into practice their own more intelligible ideas. Let those who wish to know the class of men who desire to rule creation study the interesting and instructive histories of such individuals as Cluseret, Assy, Dombrowski, Vermersch, Raoul Rigault, Félix Pyat, Ferré, Jules Vallès, Fontaine, Paschal Grousset, and Millière.

Fort Issy was evacuated on the morning of May 9,

and on the next day the captured guns were brought in triumph to Versailles, where they were exhibited on the Place d'Armes. After breakfasting at the Villa delle Sedie on the morning of the 11th, it was decided that Couttolenc and myself should go to Fort Issy to make inquiries as to the number of wounded who still remained in that neighbourhood.

My companion rode on horseback, I drove a dogcart, and a groom followed us, in case it should be necessary to send off a messenger to Versailles. Just after passing Bellevue, an artillery officer advised us to separate and to move rapidly, as the road was very much exposed to fire. Although I had lately tried a variety of sensations, I confess that being under fire in a dogcart was a novel one. We were more under shelter when we reached Lower Meudon; but the gunboats were still pitching projectiles in that direction. In the farm at the foot of the viaduct there was little stirring, almost all the wounded men having been removed to Trianon and Jouy. Our business here was soon over, and we then sent a letter to the commandant of the fort.

Whilst waiting for a reply, we walked up to the trenches, and took a close view of the destruction which for several weeks we had been watching with so much interest. Literally it was almost impossible to recognise Fort Issy and its surroundings. The buildings, walls and ditches formed a mass of ruins, the fields around shared the general devastation and the very earth was drenched with the blood of thousands. In the village of Fleury some of the inhabitants still remained in their cellars; and it was a beautiful sight to witness the quiet courage and cheerful patience of the women as they sat knitting in

dark corners, waiting for happier days. That morning one poor woman had been killed, and I spoke to a young girl, who on the preceding day had had her arm fractured by the bursting of a shell in her room.

The objects of our expedition being accomplished, and having watched for a little time the batteries all along the line, and Lullier's flotilla on the Seine, we started to return. Our horses were taken to the Meudon station, whilst we walked across the viaduct and placed ourselves in the German trench which had before afforded us shelter. The outposts were very close to each other, and there was warm work going on in the wood below the fort. The Parisian sharpshooters soon discovered us, and after they had dropped a few bullets, as we thought, quite near enough to our heads, we retired, and rode back to Sèvres.

Some of the most active members of the central committee had installed themselves in a house in the Rue Montebello, so that now I had another roof to offer me hospitality, and one where there was always a place for me at table. Our business meetings also took place there. A large temporary building was constructed a few yards from the house as a *lingerie* for Mlle. Hocquigny.

On the 13th, Baron Mundy, Dr. Arendrup, Alexander Ellissen, and Bourdilliat, with one or two others and myself, went by rail to Ville d'Avray, after assisting to remove wounded men (some of whom were Nationaux) from one of the hospital trains.

The indefatigable Baron Mundy never lost an opportunity of drilling men, no matter what their rank in life, into the proper method of transporting the wounded.

I was daily watching for an opportunity of assisting

from the Seed Fund the unfortunate peasant farmers on the east of Versailles. Kleinmann was keeping up communication between the Creil depot and myself; but it was not yet possible to extend the work in this direction. The inhabitants between Sèvres and Sceaux had not waited to see the last of the Germans before they began to till their ground, and to make preparations for sowing. Suddenly the work was arrested and a worse plague than the first fell upon them. The French peasantry may be relied on by any government which gives them peace and moderate taxation. The war of the Commune puzzled the farmers round Paris as much as it tried the comprehension of wiser heads; and such gleams of intelligence as the Press shed upon it were hardly of a nature to elicit their sympathy in favour of those who were pouring lead and iron into the beleaguered city for reasons of which they were perfectly ignorant. Meanwhile, the majority of those who lived on the fertile slopes, south and west of the capital, were doomed to be idle spectators of the fight; and land which had been carefully turned up by the plough, many acres of which had been sown, was now again overrun by troops and furrowed by projectiles. Wherever it was able to reach, the British Seed Fund was doing good work; and every day I heard grateful words spoken relative to the assistance afforded by England; this was not confined to the district in which I had been called on to act, but they came from all parts of France, where agents had been deputed to represent the society. Where bare and deserted fields would have been seen, had not Lord Vernon's committee come to the rescue, there was now at least fair promise that hopes would be realised and starvation erased from the catalogue of woes which

were afflicting France. But the charity of all the nations of the earth could not restore to her what she had lost; it could only lessen the calamity that had befallen her.

On the 13th a considerable advance was made by the Versaillais, and the village of Issy was taken by the troops. Immediately after possession had been obtained, one of the surgeons of the society, Dr. B. Millot, reported himself, and he was allowed to remain in the same house where he had established a hospital for the Communists, and which was then added to our list. A few hours later Fort Vanves was evacuated, and it presented a scene of waste and desolation, almost equal to that of the ruins of Issy. In it we found a considerable quantity of cognac, and, to add to the power of this stimulant, tobacco had been soaked in it. This confirmed the almost incredible statement we had already heard, and showed the manner in which the courage of the Communists was maintained.

On Monday, May 15, I went into Paris by the usual way. There was the same ebb and flow of carriages, the same overpowering dust, and the daily allowance of powder and shot. During the night there had been a vigorous cannonade on this side, and the villages of Clichy and Levallois had been cleared of insurgents.

Calling on Lady Tufton in the Place St. Georges I saw from the windows that the threat to demolish the house of M. Thiers was not an idle one. The laconic decree (Art. I.) that 'the goods and property of Thiers are seized by order of the Administration of Public Domains,' and that 'the house of Thiers situated in the Place St. Georges is to be demolished' had been speedily acted on. A long string of wagons was en-

gaged in carrying off the works of art, library, furniture, &c., and a number of men were already revelling in the pleasure of pulling down the house. The person of the Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif could not be touched by the miscreants who ruled Paris, but the statesman, the historian, the lover of art could be wounded in some of his deepest and tenderest feelings. The house could be rebuilt, but the collection of a lifetime could never be replaced.

That night, when dining with Lord Lyons at Versailles, I told him that the house of M. Thiers was to be pulled down and the site converted into a public garden. Somebody at table said, 'I wonder what name they will give to the new garden,' and his Lordship promptly replied, 'They can only call it the *Thier-garten*.'

Everybody seemed to have an instinctive feeling that we were rapidly approaching a climax; and even amongst the ranks of the Nationaux, I knew there were many who would have preferred death to a continuance of the actual state of affairs. Never at any period of the world's history was a city so utterly demoralised as the French capital had become. Some, probably, would attribute its state to the highest philosophy.

I am inclined to think that the apparent indifference to results was caused by the unbridled licence that had been given to the worst passions; the outrage which had been offered to every pure human sentiment, and the way in which Paris had been cast off by the rest of France, and left, to borrow Bismarck's forcible historical expression, 'to stew in its own juice'—women and children, the aged, and the timid Friends of Order—now saw but one termination

to more than two months of riot, bloodshed and confusion.

'Pour éviter l'effusion du sang,' professional insurgents, contemptible journalists, mad-brained and ignorant demagogues, and escaped convicts who had been guilty of every crime, had been promoted to the respectable position of belligerents. Their day was nearly over, but all who had watched the various phases of the Commune since March 18 knew that the last act of the tragedy would far surpass anything that the streets of Paris had yet witnessed. We were approaching the *mauvais quart d'heure*. Who can now look back and exaggerate its horrors? Paris, nevertheless, was apparently indifferent, and the Parisians walked about and amused themselves with trifles. There was a perfect rage for caricatures. Shopkeepers seemed to think less of their lives than of their windows, and these were now decorated with strips of paper of different colours pasted on in various patterns. Most of the English shops adopted a Union Jack pattern, and here and there stars and stripes indicated the nationality of the occupier. It must not be thought that all this papering was for ornament: it was done in anticipation of the employment of artillery in the streets, and, as far as possible, to save the glass from being broken by concussion.

I need not describe the overthrow of the well-known Column in the Place Vendôme. I must, however, remark that this piece of vandalism, prescribed by Courbet, an artist of some distinction, then holding the office of Directeur des Beaux-Arts, was executed in a manner that did credit to the engineers who performed it. Although broken in many places,

it fell in a perfectly straight line towards the centre of the Rue de la Paix.

As the season was now too far advanced for sowing, Pitman and James came from Creil and it was decided we should close the Seed Fund and prepare a report. This was done during the three following days, and the work of my two colleagues was then completed. I handed over a railway-truck load of garden seeds to the Comte de Melun and a French committee for distribution amongst the people whose gardens were now in daily use as battlefields, the moment that peace should be restored.

Late the same evening I drove out to Sèvres; a vigorous fusillade was being maintained from the ramparts, and the firing from the batteries in our neighbourhood was continuous. That of Breteuil was especially grand when, as happened now and then, a 64-pounder shook our villa to its foundations. At last I made up a bed on a mattress of dried seaweed, and after sustaining the shock of two or three violent explosions, I contrived to make myself comfortable for the night.

The following day I attended a meeting of the council of the Red Cross at Versailles and later drove out again to Sèvres, taking with me two young officers of the Royal Engineers, Mr. Hart and Mr. Lewis, who wished to have a closer view of things. New mortar batteries opened fire on our side at ten o'clock and we watched the bombardment for about three hours.

The next day there was the usual programme, so many losses during the night, a certain number of wounded to be removed from Fort Issy and others from the Bois de Boulogne. Our wagons were

despatched to these two points. Late in the afternoon it was reported that there was fighting in the neighbourhood of Sceaux. As this was rather unexpected, and we thought there might be need of medical help, Count Séurier and I volunteered to ascertain the state of affairs. We started on our expedition at 8 P.M. At the old Château of Sceaux, then converted into a hospital, we found the principal doctor of the town, who during the first siege had served in Paris with the Press ambulance. He had returned home with his family, and they were now experiencing even greater dangers than had befallen them during the German siege. He and his assistant were doing their best in a practical way, but they needed further help and especially—to borrow the language of the profession—a good knife. During the day a barricade had been snatched from the insurgents, and there were many wounded. Count Séurier and I visited all the beds: the majority of the occupants were Communards, but side by side with these were a few soldiers of the line. We had not much difficulty in making the former understand that they had not fallen amongst such savages as their leaders pretended the Versaillais to be. Two or three weeks before, the Executive Committee of the Commune had issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris in which the following passages occur:—

‘The Monarchists who sit at Versailles are not waging against you a war of civilised men, it is a war of savages.

‘The Vendéans of Charette and the agents of Pietri shoot the prisoners, strangle the wounded and fire on the ambulances.’

Among the patients were three children of one family, the eldest a girl of sixteen; all had been

wounded by one shell which burst in the room where they were playing.

Having given what assistance we could, and made a list of requirements, we left, promising that three surgeons and more material should be sent during the night.

Our return to Versailles was not easy, owing to the extreme darkness, the narrow lanes and the thick overarching trees. The stillness of the night was constantly disturbed by the booming of the guns, and lights flashed across the sky like summer lighting. With the exception of an occasional vedette, who challenged us, we did not meet with a single person.

Next day I had to go to Puteaux, where Dr. Delaunay and Dr. Griffiths were still doing excellent work. Then I drove to Trianon, where there was a military ambulance on a large scale, all the patients being under canvas, two in a tent.



CHAPTER XI

The Last Week of the Commune—The Tricolor on Bastion 62—Entry to Paris gained by Accident—The First Nights—Barricades taken one by one—The Rendezvous at the Jardin Mabille—A Night under a Glass Roof exposed to Artillery Fire—Paris in Flames—Assassination of the Hostages—The Ruins—The End of the Commune.

At the risk of wearying my readers, I have given perhaps rather too full a description of my experience during the Franco-German war and the war of the Commune which immediately succeeded it. Even after the lapse of so many years, this period of nine months is so fresh in my memory and so crowded with interest for myself personally, that perhaps I am expecting too much in imagining that my reminiscences can be regarded by others, even in a small degree, in the same manner. The present generation, perhaps, possess some historical knowledge of the great war of 1870-1, but how few of them have the least idea of that fratricidal war which followed it! Whilst writing I have been appalled by the amount of material I have had at hand, the result of copious notes and diaries. On these I have drawn largely, and though I have been obliged to put aside much that I should have liked to publish, I hope I have taken enough to make a fairly coherent story.

I am now about to give some idea of the terrible week (May 21 to 28) which terminated the war of the Commune and gave back Paris to France.

On this particular day, May 21, after visiting the hospital at the farm of La Fouilleuse, which was then occupied by 150 patients suffering from typhus and smallpox, I went on to the great redoubt at Montretout, where several ladies in bright toilettes, a group of deputies and members of the Jockey Club and a few peasants were watching the guns pounding away on the Point du Jour, and there was a sharp fusillade going on in the Bois de Boulogne.

It was a Sunday to be remembered, and I had an instinctive feeling that my engagement to dine with Baron Mundy at seven o'clock would be broken. I drove into Sèvres to see my colleague de Romanet, and I was hurried by a rumour that a Tricolor flag was flying at the Porte de St. Cloud, on Bastion No. 62.

In the park the troops were assembling, and the men were falling in in marching order. On arriving at the Villa delle Sedie, I lost no time in inspecting Auteuil through a telescope, and there remained no doubt in my mind that the Tricolor was there. De Romanet, Couttolenc and I immediately made our arrangements; a courier was despatched to Versailles to inform the comité d'action of our intentions, and in a few minutes we were off for the front, with three ambulance wagons and four saddle-horses. Rapidly we passed through Sèvres and along the bank of the river below the park, over the bridge of St. Cloud, and into Boulogne. Heavy firing was going on over our heads, but the few inhabitants who had remained were treating the affair with their usual philosophic indifference. After making a short halt at the Convent of St. Joseph, where we found the Sisters were preparing beds for the wounded, we pushed on to within fifty yards of the ramparts. But we had gone to the

left of the Porte de St. Cloud, which was the point we had determined on, and we were soon convinced that there was no chance of remaining where we were. In front were the moat and the city wall. We had little time to examine the effect of the late bombardment, or to watch the progress of the flames, which at two points had burst from the roofs of houses. The *moulin à café*, as the soldiers liked to call the mitrailleuse, was at work, and shots were pattering round in a highly sensational manner.

At such a moment, while thinking of one's self, it is well to talk of the property of others; and we had three carriages and ten horses. This was a fair excuse for a retreat; and by way of accelerating our departure a shell burst close in our rear, sending up a cloud of dust to hide our discomfiture. In truth, we were in quite a false position; we could not scale the walls, particularly as there were men behind them who were no respecters of persons; so we turned back about one hundred yards, and a road to the left speedily brought us to the Porte St. Cloud, where we arrived within an hour from the time we had first seen the Tricolor on the bastion.

Here the road was blocked with artillery and regiments of the line were streaming into Paris over a hastily constructed bridge of planks; and of course our duty was, not to offer any impediment, but to bide our time. It was evident that our services would soon be required.

Whilst we were debating what we should do, General Douay, commanding the army of Reserve, came up, and on our asking him where he wished us to place ourselves, he pointed to the last house in the avenue, just in front of the gate. He expressed his

astonishment to see us, and evidently could not understand how we had arrived there before him. Here, at Auteuil, there was no serious defence, and all except the most desperate had withdrawn from the walls; an intermittent and dangerous fire was, however, kept up from some of the houses, and these had to be approached with caution. In the little cemetery at St. Cloud between twenty and thirty corpses were lying, and amongst these the body of a woman in Zouave uniform.

And now a few words as to the manner in which this important advance was made. It cannot be doubted that this step, owing to its suddenness, saved a large portion of Paris from total destruction; but as to the exact manner in which it was accomplished many erroneous statements have been put forth, while the credit due to the individual who first planted the flag of France on the ramparts has often been attributed to the wrong person. When I heard in the morning that the attack on Paris would be made on the 23rd—that is, on the following Wednesday—I remarked that the only way to take the city was in the same manner as Asnières had been occupied: namely, by dash at the right moment without waiting for orders. It was, indeed, in this manner that the entry was effected, and it was under the following circumstances that the forward movement on May 21 took place, and the Tricolor replaced the Red flag on the ramparts. The bastions at the Point du Jour had been rendered quite untenable from the constant fire directed on them, and the Fédérés had retired, leaving this part of Auteuil almost deserted. Captain Garnier, who shared the use of our stable at Sèvres, and who was in the trenches, had noticed a man waving a white handkerchief, with the

evident desire to attract attention. On approaching this individual, who proved to be M. Ducatel, a civil engineer, he learned that there was nothing to prevent the troops from entering; so, after conferring with his superiors, Captain Garnier, at the head of two or three companies of the 37th regiment, entered the gate, and stuck the little Tricolor flag we had seen on Bastion No. 62. A few sappers followed, and established a passage with the *débris* of the drawbridge. This gallant little band held their ground for a considerable time before the division of General Vergé (3rd division of the army of Reserve) came up, and a forward movement was commenced.

I have been told that when General Vinoy received the first despatch, asking for orders, he said that not a man was to go into Paris until he issued the command. 'But we are in Paris,' was the answer; 'are we to have support? '¹

At the same time, the 1st corps, that of General Ladmirault, was marching in through the gates of Auteuil and Passy, and the 2nd corps, that of General Cissey, by the Porte de Versailles and the railway bridge at No. 75 Bastion; and speedily all the ground between the fortifications and the Ceinture Railway was occupied by the troops.

The guns at Montretout and Breteuil were now silent, and the breaching batteries in this quarter had also ceased firing, as they would have endangered the lives of the troops. Mortar batteries were at work on

¹ M. Thiers had decided that the assault should take place on the 23rd, and at first he could not be convinced that the entry had been accomplished two days earlier. When, however, by the aid of a glass, he saw the little white flag on the ramparts, and the Versailles troops marching into Paris, he turned to Lord Lyons, who happened to be with him, and said 'There, Milord, you see the success of my plan.'

our right, and at night the long tails of fire, followed by heavy explosions, marked the course of the projectiles. The progress of the troops could be judged by the firing in front, as the hastily constructed barricades were taken one by one, and the insurgents were driven back upon their central defences.

Very soon after our arrival at the Porte de St. Cloud, I passed through into Auteuil, and took a hurried glance at the position of affairs. A hastily constructed bridge of planks had been thrown across the ditch, but the way leading to it was strewn with *débris*, and on both sides the ground was ploughed up with iron. The gate itself and the temporary surroundings were split up into matches; indeed, it was difficult to distinguish which was 'the gate,' so utterly smashed, crushed, and torn out of shape were the walls, ditches, gates, and adjacent buildings. But, although the masonry on each side bore marks of severe cannonading, there was nothing like a practicable breach. The houses presented a lamentable appearance, and for the first two or three hundred yards not one looked as if it could shelter a rat, whilst the road was strewn with stone, brick, iron, glass and tiles.

Having taken a hasty survey, I returned to the public-house in which we had extemporised a hospital for first dressings. It was long before any military surgeons came to our aid, so we did what we could in their absence. Hearing that a hospital had been established at some distance in the rear, we conveyed some of our cases there, and in making one of these journeys I met with Mr. Woodville, a young American surgeon, and he volunteered his services. The number of wounded was comparatively small, considering the

fire, and all the poor fellows I had anything to do with were insurgents. It was piteous to hear the cries of some of them. One man in the agony of death appealed to me as we were moving to the rear, at one moment for a blanket, he was so cold, and directly afterwards for a drink of water, he was so hot ; he also spoke of his wife and children, whom he would never again see. I got him to the hospital, where his wound was dressed, but the bullet had lodged in his stomach, and death soon released him from his sufferings. Soon after midnight, de Romanet, Couttolenc, and I determined, there being no more wounded men in the house, all having been removed to a military ambulance at a distance of two hundred yards in the rear, to endeavour to find the headquarters of the 3rd corps d'armée, to which, for the time, we were attached.

Troops were still moving in through the gate, but it was a slow proceeding, as the temporary bridge was very narrow ; the greatest caution had to be observed whilst the insurgents were being swept backwards, and the barricades were one by one yielding to the troops.

The soldiers were patient and cheerful ; but the manner in which they stretched themselves on the ground at every available opportunity, without removing their knapsacks, showed how fatigued they were ; and no wonder, considering the time they had been out, and the load each man carried, including bread, meat, vegetables, and in many cases billets of firewood.

By this time General Douay had occupied the Trocadero, and his troops, after taking La Muette, with a large number of prisoners, advanced to Porte Maillot, and gave the hand to General Clinchant, thus

completing a chain which stretched along the whole south-west line of the ramparts. The sentries were so well posted that nothing living could pass them: now and then a *Fédéré* made the attempt, but in all such cases immediate death was the result.

Not a house was habitable, and several were on fire. We advanced cautiously, and arrived at the headquarters of the division in Grenelle. Here it was evident that, for the present, there was no strain on the resources of the medical staff which it was unable to meet, so we returned to our carriages.

A small piece of bread and an infinitesimal atom of cheese were produced, and divided amongst us; as I had eaten nothing since breakfast, I had been obliged to keep myself together with very bad cigars, which I found in a *cabaret* at Boulogne.

The road having been cleared for us through the thousands of soldiers who were on it, waiting orders to enter Paris, we determined to return to Sèvres, as it was quite impossible for us, or our horses, to continue the work without some rest. At 4 o'clock A.M. we reached our temporary home, and were glad to lie down on stretchers for two or three hours.

At seven next morning I drove into Versailles to report, and also to obtain further assistance. In the afternoon I returned to Sèvres, where de Romanet and Woodville joined me, and we went into Paris with three ambulance carriages, through the Porte de St. Cloud and Passy.

Sharp firing was going on in the Place de la Concorde, but we met with no interruption, except from the masses of troops on the quays and in the streets. Near the Pont de Jena was lying a horse just shot; this animal had belonged to Assi, one of

the most notorious leaders of the Commune. Here he had been taken prisoner, and now, men, women, and children were literally tearing the flesh from the bones of his charger, in order to fill the empty cooking-pots at home.

We had been directed to report ourselves at the Jardin Mabille. The troops had taken possession of this part of the city in the morning, but the insurgents still occupied the Place de la Concorde, and part of the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré. I was anxious to reach the British Embassy, but this was impossible. One of our (the French Society's) hospital orderlies had his legs shot off during the day, and another was killed by a bullet through the body.

From the corner of the Avenue Montaigne the prospect was not encouraging. There was not a single moving thing between the terrace of the Tuileries and the Arc de Triomphe : that is, there was nothing visible. The invisible was audible ; shot and shell tore and screeched through the air, and bullets pinged right and left. Every moment the effects were apparent. A chimney falling, an ugly indentation upon the front of a house, or a shower of leaves, would show where lead and iron had made a passage. The birds flew wildly about, frightened by the unaccustomed hail.

The firing during the morning had been very severe, the barrack hospital on the Cours la Reine, which was too exposed, had been cleared of patients, and the poor fellows had been put into the stables within the Palais d'Industrie, and there 400 of them were now lying, two or three in each stall. Shot and shell had made the wooden huts quite uninhabitable, but there was little improvement in the change, as the glass roof did not offer much resistance.

We remained here until 6 P.M., then despatched a courier to Versailles and put up our horses and carriages in the stable of M. Charles Laurent at the corner of the Rue François I.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Woodville and I crossed over to the Jardin Mabille. This may seem as if we had intended to finish the night in this once gay and dissipated resort. How different the scene was to-night! The gardens were in utter darkness, the orchestra was empty and the fountains were still. Groping our way we suddenly came upon an officer carrying a candle to guide him through the labyrinth of paths overhung with dense foliage. After an exchange of questions we struck a bargain and agreed that if he would give us an orderly to accompany us to the Palais d'Industrie we would send him back with a lantern. Without a guide furnished with the password, we knew we could not move a yard with any degree of safety, and the officer informed us that he had some prisoners in the garden whom the guards could not see; he was therefore obliged to put the soldiers shoulder to shoulder with them, in order that they might know should they try to escape.

A Gardien de la Paix was told off to take us to the Palais d'Industrie, and we were halted at every fifty yards whilst our guide advanced to answer the challenge. Not a light could be seen, and dark masses of troops were grouped in all the approaches to the Champs Elysées. No choice being left open to Woodville and myself, we decided to pass the night in the Palais d'Industrie, though this shelter did not offer much prospect of sleep—in fact, it was a focus of converging fires. Right and left of the building, regiments of the line were extended *en tirailleurs*, and just in front the

insurgents were strongly entrenched behind the terrace of the Tuileries, and the formidable barricade at the entrance of the Rue de Rivoli, as well as at other points which were in unpleasant proximity to us.

My American friend had asked me to put him into a position where he could do some work, but I little thought I should be able to comply so easily with his request. Nor had it entered into his calculations that he would have to pass the night under an immense glass roof within 400 yards of an enemy's battery. Although his services as a surgeon might be required, and I was too fatigued to think of a more comfortable place, there really was no alternative. Nurses, both male and female, were bravely doing their duty, and I did not see one exhibit any signs of fear. Dr. Chénu was also at his post, as if in the wards of the most peaceful establishment in the world. The Red Cross was not recognised, and even if it had been we should not have been entitled to protection, as many soldiers were on the roof indulging in independent ball-practice.

The bare suggestion of a night in the Champs Elysées usually conveys to the mind remembrances of a joyous character, and a charming picture instantly arises. How different it was on this May night, as, soon after eleven o'clock, I cautiously looked down the avenue. Not a single person could be seen, but on the terrace of the Tuileries dark objects indicated where the insurgents were standing ready at their guns; frequently there was a flash, and a shot came crashing through the trees or plunging down upon the broad road, scattering splinters in all directions.

My companion and I gratefully accepted an empty ambulance wagon which M. Verdière placed at our

disposal, together with mattresses, rugs, and a lantern. It was not an encouraging commencement to a night's rest, after many hours of fatigue, to have to crawl into a hearse-shaped vehicle, the only ventilation to which was obtained through two small wire-covered apertures, but even had the carriage really been what it resembled, I should have had no hesitation in using it.

The firing was continuous, and we had just settled ourselves when there was a terrific report and a bomb crashed through the roof with tremendous effect. The horses neighed and rattled their chains, the wounded groaned, shells burst upon the stone walls or descended through the fragile roof, bullets flew through and through the building without cessation, scattering glass in all directions and occasionally fragments of iron girders. Suddenly the musketry firing outside approaches nearer and nearer, two companies of the line are being called up by an officer, who runs from man to man, shouting 'Debout, debout!' The men are soon under arms, and they file out by a side door, whilst those on the roof and at the windows occupy the attention of the Fédérés. The insurgents, who had made a sortie from the Rue de Rivoli, are driven in again, and our men soon returned to continue their slumbers on the pavement.

Such interruptions were of frequent occurrence, but the most sensational incidents of the night were those when a shrapnel shell happened to burst on one of the iron girders of the roof, and the bullets and fragments came tearing through the vast interior. The noise was awful and indescribable. In the middle of the night there was a report louder than any that had preceded it—a shot had struck the stone group over the principal entrance, which represented Art and

Industry receiving laurel crowns from France, and half of one of these stony females and a large portion of the cornice came thundering down close to our wagon. The noise was stunning, and my American friend remarked that, had he known where I was going to sleep, he did not think he should have come to bed with me. Considering the position of the building (since pulled down) and its proximity to the enemy's batteries, it was wonderful there were not more casualties. A few men were killed and wounded during the night; but when one thinks how very timid even the bravest become when lying helpless, the effect which such a night must have had on the nerves of the 400 poor wretches around us can well be imagined.

During the previous day three nurses, and this day five, were wounded, two of whom died after amputation had been performed. A little later a patient was killed in his bed, and a male nurse was struck down by a shell as he was assisting a wounded man.

The appearance of the Palais d'Industrie in the morning was very curious. From its position, the end on the Tuileries side had suffered the most severely, and the great stained glass picture which filled in the eastern tympanum looked as if it had been covered with large white wafers, so many bullets had passed through it; the roof was open to the sky, and the floor of the great nave was covered with *débris*. I congratulated myself that I had been ignorant of the fact that, a few yards from my bed, there were some scores of loaded shells and shrapnel.

About nine o'clock in the morning projectiles again began to fall on the western side of the building, and the horses had to be removed. Woodville and I went

to help the wounded, and he gave assistance to Dr. Chénú in some operations.

The irregularity and uncertainty in the direction of the fire became quite exciting. I had gone into a small annexe, lighted from above, when I felt a shock like an earthquake. I ducked my head, and after a shower of wood, iron, glass and stone had ceased to fall, I looked up and found the roof had disappeared.

It had been our intention, in accordance with the request of the Intendant Général of the 3rd corps d'armée, to establish an ambulance at the Élysée, and about noon de Romanet, Couttolenc, Verdière, and I went to our stables and thence drove with the object of reaching this palace. The firing still continuing, we did not attempt to cross the Avenue, but kept parallel to it, and passing behind the Arc de l'Étoile, gained the Avenue de Friedland, the Rue de Penthièvre, and so on towards the Palais de l'Élysée.

Then, leaving the carriage in a side street, we walked down the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré; when near our destination, we met General Gremion and his staff on foot, and he dissuaded us from our plan, as the Élysée was too much under fire. We could readily believe this; the rattle of musketry was incessant. Besides, there was no immediate want of our services as at the Hôpital Militaire, in the Rue Penthièvre, we ascertained there were still sixty vacant beds.

There was very little to be done but to wait, and be ready in case of any great strain on the Army Medical Corps.

It was as if the plague had stricken Paris, and all the streets presented a very sad appearance, the houses were closed from top to bottom, except where here and

there a tobacconist's door or a *cabaret* was left open to invite the soldiers. Not a carriage was to be seen ; one or two pedestrians ran along hugging the walls, then halted and looked about like frightened hares. The scavengers no longer performed their functions, and heaps of rubbish had accumulated in the roadway. The streets were very dirty, and the soldiers marked their progress by tearing down all the bills and proclamations which the Commune had plastered, one over the other, in confusing succession. Now and then, at a window far from the ground, some adventurous individual might be seen endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the fighting, or to form an idea of the progress of events from the puffs of smoke. What was really going on it was almost impossible to imagine. Already I had come to the conclusion that a battle in the streets is the worst of all warfare, especially as one's view is limited by the houses. The aiming must have been very high, for frequently we could hear the shots tapping on the walls far above our heads, and there was a constant hail of stone, lime, and flattened bullets.

At this time the most important movements were concentrating on Montmartre. The four most valuable strategical points now held by the Commune were Montmartre, the Place Vendôme, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Place du Château d'Eau. The first of these positions was undoubtedly the most important, and everyone shuddered at the thought of the guns on that commanding hill. This great danger was averted by the bold and masterly manner in which the heights were taken in flank by General Clinchant, whilst General Ladmirault was occupying the Fédérés on the other side of the Gare du Nord. The hardest

fighting was at the barricade in the Place de Clichy, but this at length was taken. General Douay, after effecting a clearance between the Madeleine and the Château d'Eau, pushed forward his men by the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière and the Boulevard Magenta, and the circle was thus completed.

Having ascertained that the hospitals in the Faubourg St. Honoré were sufficiently provided, we returned. Bringing the horses well together in the shelter of the street, we dashed out and crossed the Avenue of the Champs Elysées at a gallop. Looking down towards the ugly guns of the Fédérés on the terrace of the Tuileries, there was only one man visible, and he was scudding along as hard as his legs would carry him. Projectiles were flying about in the most erratic way, and one place was as safe as another. As we entered the courtyard where we had our stables, a shell burst on the roof, and with a hot morsel of iron in my pocket as a souvenir from an officer who was stationed there with a few men, I left with de Romanet in a light phaeton for Versailles.

Having had a bath and changed my clothes, which I had not taken off for three days and two nights, I attended a meeting of the Red Cross Comité d'Action, at which Count Sérurier, Baron Mundy, and Vicomte de Maigneux were present, and later I called on Lord Lyons and gave him the latest news from the capital.

The next morning, having made arrangements for the reception and distribution of a convoy of grain, I called on Baron Léon de Bussierre, and it being evident that I should be in a very hot corner if I attempted to reach my apartments in the Boulevard des Capucines, I readily accepted his offer that I

should take possession of his mansion in the Rue Cambacérès.

There was great excitement in Versailles. It was reported that Paris was on fire; and there was little doubt of this when here, at a distance of ten miles, the town was filled with smoke drifting before the wind. The news that the Tricolor had replaced the Red flag on the Buttes Montmartre was confirmed; but the joy that this occasioned was banished by the sad spectacle of the capital in flames. The Fédérés, before retiring from the terrace of the Tuilleries and the formidable barricade in the Rue de Rivoli, had put the torch to the palace, the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, the Rue Royale, and the Ministère des Finances (the site of which is now occupied by the Hôtel Continental); and as they fell back they continued their incendiary work at the Palais Royal, the library of the Louvre, and elsewhere.

The cool and systematic manner in which the vengeance of the Communist leaders was executed will be best understood by the following documents, which are literal translations of the original orders:—

‘The citizen Millière, at the head of 150 fuse-bearers, will burn all suspected houses and the public monuments on the left bank of the Seine.

‘The citizen Dereure, with one hundred fuse-bearers, is charged with 1st and 2nd arrondissements.

‘The citizen Billioray, with a hundred men, is charged with the 9th, 10th, and 20th arrondissements.

‘The citizen Vésinier, with fifty men, is specially charged with the Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Bastille.

‘These citizens are to come to an understanding

with the chiefs of barricades, in order to insure the carrying out of these orders.

'Paris, 3 Prairial, year 79.

'DELESCLUZE, REGÈRE, RANVIER, JOHANNARD,
VÉSINIER, BRUNEL, DOMBROWSKI.'

But for terseness and vigour these orders are surpassed by that which I now give in the original, as a translation would weaken it. It is the more remarkable as it emanated from the *délégué au comité de salut public*.

'Cabinet du Ministre de la Guerre.

'Au citoyen Lucas.

'Faites de suite flamber Finances et venez nous retrouver.

'4 Prairial, an 79.'

That citizen Lucas promptly executed this order was soon evident, and all the valuable contents of the Ministry of Finance formed a glowing furnace for many days, which distributed figure-covered flakes of half-consumed paper for miles around the city.

As I was driving from Versailles to Sèvres I met a large column of prisoners, roped together, amongst whom were several women¹ and quite young boys.

Having changed horses at Sèvres, I went on to Paris and was met by one of our couriers at the Jardin Mabille. The Palais d'Industrie was in a more tranquil state than on the previous day, but the number

¹ Although the women of the Commune had put themselves in the same category as men and were often far worse, it was a mistake to make the female prisoners walk in this manner from Paris to Versailles. But I ascertained afterwards that there was some excuse for this. Vehicles to convey them could not be found, and troops enough could not be spared to take charge of large groups of prisoners in the midst of a doubtful population.

of wounded was greater, and they were being continually brought in. Amongst the patients were Okolowicz, Maljournal and for a few hours we had Paschal Grousset, a charge which involved a serious responsibility. As I said to a member of the Government, our duty was to give assistance to the wounded, not to mount guard over them. It would have been quite an easy matter for sympathisers to remove living Communards as corpses, especially as they, like many other patients, had veils over their faces to keep off flies. We felt somewhat relieved when, in answer to our remonstrance, a sentry was placed at the foot of each bed occupied by a notorious insurgent.

I had letters for Lady Tufton, who with her invalid husband had remained throughout both sieges in the Place St. Georges, and I determined if possible to deliver these, as I knew how besieged residents were sustained during this awful period by the knowledge that friends outside had not forgotten them. The troops had now obtained possession of the Bourse, and the Place Vendôme, which had for so long been the headquarters of the Communist army, had been abandoned. I was told I should not be able to move 500 yards without being shot or made prisoner. I suppose I had become hardened, as I had been so frequently threatened and not infrequently made prisoner. On the present occasion, my friends said, 'Well, if you will go, we insist on you taking an escort; so, accompanied by a Gardien de la Paix, armed with a rifle, I started on my round, for a straight line was out of the question.

I stopped for a moment at the house of Baron de Bussierre to tell the housekeeper I should sleep there *if I could*. Thence I moved on to the British Embassy,

which, like all the surrounding buildings, had not escaped some shots. Once I was stopped by a most objectionable patterning of bullets. However, I got into the Rue St. Lazare, reached the Place St. Georges and delivered the letters. Sir Richard Tufton's house bore traces of one or two shells and a number of bullets. Just opposite, the Tricolor flag was waving over the ruins of M. Thiers' house, and a regiment of the line was bivouacking in the square and in the adjacent streets.

It was nearly eight o'clock and I gladly availed myself of a kind offer of dinner. As I was sitting in an open window, I saw an officer gesticulating and shouting. I knew this meant 'close the windows or we shall fire.' [In street fighting this is invariably done to prevent the chance of firing from windows.] Directly afterwards there was a loud report followed by an exchange of shots at the back of the house, between the troops and persons posted in adjacent windows. I give this as an example of the constant state of excitement in which residents were kept.

At nine o'clock I started to return. The atmosphere was heavy and oppressive; thick clouds of smoke hung over the city, a lurid glare illuminated the sky, and sparks and flakes of half-consumed paper floated over everything. In the Rue Lafayette I only saw one person, and he rushed past me as if an army of fiends were in pursuit. Occasionally a large shot tore away a balcony or a tree; and bullets whistled so frequently down this fine street, which offered such an excellent rifle range, that, after walking in it for a few hundred yards, I was very glad to turn aside into a place where there was less chance of my being regarded as a fair target. I reached my temporary abode in the

Boulevard des Capucines, but the keys had been removed from the door in the Place de l'Opéra, and a large barricade blocked up the other entrance.

At the Hôtel Chatham I found Mr. Hely-Bowes ('Standard') and one or two other 'specials,' who deemed it prudent to remain where they were, lest they should be shot as Communards, or pressed into the service of the Fire Brigade. With them I ascended to the roof to look at the vast conflagrations which were adding so much to the horrors which then encompassed poor Paris.

Astride on the ridge of a steep roof six stories above the pavement, we looked down on a sad and weird scene. Behind, in front, all around, flames shot up through the heavy canopy of smoke, and lofty walls were falling under the repeated assaults of the long tongues of flame, which encircled palaces, theatres, shops, and warehouses in their fierce embrace. Imagination could not picture anything more awful.

The streets were now in dark shadow, where not illumined by flames, and it was necessary to pick one's way carefully over the broken stones and branches of trees which were scattered about the Boulevard. Frequently we were challenged, and my guardian, who conscientiously stuck to me, had to advance and give the password. A moment of forgetfulness, or a persistent inclination to walk on the footpath, was a sure way to obtain a reminder in the shape of a rifle bullet. The *pétroleuse* scare was prevalent, and walking near the houses was thought equivalent to an intention to put liquid fire, or infernal machines, inside the gratings of the houses. The young and untried soldiers looked upon every moving object as a Communard, and fear

sometimes induced them to fire at a man without considering his right to a challenge.

I called on Dr. Herbert, whom I found in bed, weary with his great labours. However, these were not times for ceremony, and I was anxious to learn whether I could afford him any assistance in the hospitals, in which he was doing so much good. His apartments exhibited a contrast to their usual orderly and tasteful arrangement, for he was housing the furniture and domestic goods of persons who had been burnt out of their own homes, and it was scarcely possible to find room for the sole of the foot.

It not being possible to go direct to the Rue Cambacérès, I went into the Rue Tronchet, which, from the position of the troops, I thought must be free from insurgents. But I was wrong, and the conviction was soon forced upon me that the honour of being escorted by an armed guardian was one that might be dearly purchased. Shots were fired upon us from the windows in the street. My faithful follower said that his uniform with the conspicuous white band on the cap was perhaps drawing fire, and that he had better keep at a little distance from me, a suggestion to which I readily acceded, and the more cheerfully as he had evidently received such hospitable treatment in the servants' hall at Sir Richard Tufton's, that I feared he might make a mistake between the troops and the Fédérés, and I had no wish to remain as umpire.

Just before I reached the Rue Cambacérès, a picket of soldiers at the back of the Home Office pounced upon me, and, to prove that I lived there, I invited them to accompany me. The ready tact of the house-keeper settled all questions, as, on seeing me in custody,

she exclaimed, 'Ah, monsieur le docteur!' Even at this time doctors possessed some privileges not allowed to men of other professions.

Heavy firing continued throughout the night, but what disturbed me most was the thought of those poor wretches who were being burnt in the fires which were blazing at all points; absolute indifference to the suffering of others was one of the striking characteristics of the last days of the war of the Commune; and there is no doubt that many wounded persons perished in the Tuileries, and in many other conflagrations.

It is not possible for anyone who was not in Paris at that time to realise now what was passing in that beautiful city between May 21 and 28, 1872. Nor can they in any degree imagine what were the feelings of the inhabitants, many of whom, having already experienced a siege of five months from a foreign enemy, had afterwards endured a second siege of two months from their own countrymen, and now saw themselves menaced with the blind and indiscriminate vengeance of those who had but one fate before them.

The advance of the troops was watched with painful interest throughout Europe, but the tenderest and most sympathetic hearts had been more or less educated for the finale of the Commune; and though this exceeded in horrors the boldest predictions, the sensation that the end had at last come deprived the published accounts of these memorable days of much of their interest. Vivid and graphic as some of these descriptions were, it was quite beyond the powers of anyone to describe Paris as it really was, or to paint the scenes of which it was the theatre, during this last horrible week.

I will not attempt to do so; I can only conclude

my personal narrative with a few notes made at the time and roughly strung together. These will assist some readers to understand what has been more comprehensively treated by others, but which, perhaps, may be wanting in the trifling and insignificant details which it has been my purpose to supply.

The contemplation of so much misery and sadness was very disheartening, and even now, after the lapse of many years, I cannot trust myself to invoke all the memories I possess, or to express the feelings which thoughts of that awful period never fail to revive.

Almost daily I had talked to my friend Norcott, who was incessantly labouring to bring some comfort into the lives of the principal hostages, and if possible to obtain their liberty, about these unfortunate individuals. Their fate was now scarcely doubtful. Some of these victims had been taken in the early days of the insurrection, but many had since been added to the number.

The 'Père Duchesne,' a newspaper to which I have seldom referred, because it is impossible to translate the foul language it employed, had already (on May 12) indicated their fate. 'You have passed a law with regard to the hostages; whether this is good or bad—and the "Père Duchesne" maintains that it is good—it ought to be applied, since you have not abolished it.'

Then was published the following document:—

'The Citizen Raoul Rigault is charged, with the Citizen Regère, with the execution of the decree of the Commune of Paris relative to the hostages.

(Signed) DELESCLUZE,
BILLIORAY.'

A few hours after the entry of the troops this

infamous decree was carried out. Some gendarmes and *frères hospitaliers* were shot, and then came the turn of M. Gustave Chaudey, against whom the 'Père Duchesne' had been particularly violent. On Wednesday, May 24, Archbishop Darboy, President Bonjean, the Abbé Deguerry, and the three Jesuit fathers, Clerc, Decoudray, and Allard, were assassinated—the last named, a missionary with the Red Cross brassard on his arm. Eighteen ecclesiastics are known to have been executed on May 24, 26, and 27, and twenty-three were saved by the arrival of the troops.

On the Thursday several Dominican fathers, two professors, and five servants were assassinated close to the Place d'Italie. M. Jecker, the banker, was shot in the prison of the Roquette. A few hours later, from the same prison, the Abbé Sabattier, vicar of Notre Dame de Lorette (a church which I had seen turned into a guard-room, and in which the most sacred objects had been profaned), Monseigneur Surat, Grand Vicaire of Paris, a missionary, three Jesuit fathers and thirty-eight gendarmes were taken to Père-la-Chaise and there shot.

The number of martyrs who died at this time will never be known. It was not difficult to arrive at the fate of the so-called hostages. But how many victims were murdered to gratify personal vengeance or a mad desire for blood? And as hour after hour passed, whilst blood and fire filled the streets, and a dense cloud of smoke hid the city from the light of Heaven, what pen could describe the feelings of those who were living in the midst of such scenes, knowing that at any moment they themselves might be hurried into eternity? The diabolical threats of the Commune were being so rapidly fulfilled, that it was quite within the bounds of

probability that the streets were mined and that the houses above might be crumbled into dust. I knew from the evidence of my own eyes that large quantities of explosives were stored in the sewers. People recalled the words addressed to M. Thiers by the 'Cri du Peuple': 'You will not enter Paris! If you are a chemist, you will understand us.' Men's minds had become accustomed to sad sounds and sights; and the repeated volleys of musketry, as criminals taken red-handed with arms in their hands fell before the Versailles platoons, made little impression on them.

Gradually, and in the most admirable order, the troops won their way step by step; and as street after street was cleared of Fédérés, and houses were left to their rightful occupants, women and children crept up from the cellars and other hiding places; greetings were exchanged, but too often cries of grief were heard. There were innocent lives to deplore and homes that had been wholly or partially destroyed.

In justice to the army of the Government, which had been at last compelled to recognise the strength of the Commune, let it not be thought that courage, which often amounted to heroism, was absent from the ranks of the Fédérés. Great as were the crimes of these men, there were amongst them those who knew how to die. There were many who would have scorned to imitate the cowards who disgraced journalism with their pens, and who, afterwards in their prisons, might have envied the lot of their brave but misguided colleague, Vermorel, who, with no weapon in his hand but a walking-stick, was shot down on a barricade. There were many others who would have been glad to separate themselves, even by their own death, from such infamous characters as Félix Pyat, Vermersch, and others who were soon

afterwards to be seen sneaking about in London and other cities, living on wages earned in honest labour by their dupes.

As I was looking down one day upon the bodies of 5,000 Communists laid in long parallel trenches, I could but think how different might have been their fate could they have seen their leaders as we saw them and as posterity will judge them.

The special work of my friends and myself still consisted in directing ambulance carriages to any point where they were wanted. In a city it is always easy to establish temporary hospitals wherever they are required and generally to obtain necessary material.

At this time drumhead court-martials were frequent, and those who at a distance criticised speedy judgment and execution had little knowledge of the actual circumstances which rendered them necessary. For instance, I was one day near the Place Vendôme when a woman drew a revolver and fired at an officer. She was immediately placed against the wall of a house and shot.

My walk this Thursday morning was a most varied and interesting one. I took letters to private houses; visited theatres and hotels which had been converted into hospitals and were filled with wounded men; exchanged notes as to persons who were killed or missing, and at the same time had opportunities to examine the effects of the bombardment on houses and monuments. Later I drove to Auteuil with the intention to reach Versailles, although I was told that, if M. Thiers himself were in Paris, he would not be able to leave it. I began to think this might be true when I saw a general of division turned back for want of a pass. However, with my usual luck at this time,

I managed to go to Versailles and, having done my business, to return at night.

Driving back, the fires enabled me to mark the relative position of the belligerents. In addition to the historical buildings which had already been destroyed, the Grenier d'Abondance, the Docks of La Villette and the Lyons Railway Station were now in flames. The order, too, which it was said had emanated from London, was carried out, and the buildings in which artists for many years had superintended the manufacture of the exquisite Gobelins tapestry, with all their contents, were utterly destroyed.

Could anything more false and infamous be imagined than this sentence in the order to which I have just referred? 'Burn the property of the railway companies, the banks, and all credit establishments. As a rule, destroy all factories where more than fifteen workmen are employed. Monopoly crushes the artisan.'

On my arrival at the Palais d'Industrie I was told I must not move without a Gardien de la Paix, so I waited some time for my keeper. However, the night was advancing and I was hungry; and as experience had proved I might be safer without a man in uniform, I started off alone, and steered for a small hotel where, as I expected, I was likely to meet one or two Englishmen.

A little before midnight I commenced my homeward journey, with a pleasant assurance from those I left that I should not be able to go a hundred yards. In this part of the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré the pavement had been torn up, the houses were very much defaced, and the remains of a barricade made the Rue Royale almost inaccessible: the confusion was increased by

the ruins of the houses at the two corners of the Rue St. Honoré, which were still burning. At the top of the Rue Royale I looked on the magnificent portico of the Madeleine, which had been sadly broken and defaced, and as a lurid glare illuminated the beautiful columns, it seemed to me to represent the gates of hell rather than a temple of God.

I lost all count as to the number of times I was arrested this night. Once I was taken to the guard-room of the Home Office, but my word was accepted. Then I was told I must give a hand at the fire engines: this seemed a legitimate demand, so I willingly complied. Again I was arrested on my way to 8 Rue Cambacérès, when the ready wit of the housekeeper in addressing me as 'Doctor' for the second time put an end to further inquiries.

Although there is nothing very exciting in this description of the manner in which I passed an evening, it will serve to give some idea of the streets of Paris. Most of the troops had gone forward, and this quarter of the 8th arrondissement was chiefly guarded by citizens, each of whom, to distinguish himself from the insurgent National Guard, wore a Tricolor band round his arm.

The number of the wounded in the stables of the Palais d'Industrie had diminished, but on the Friday we still had 432 there. I was very much interested in a sturdy little boy of thirteen years, who wore a bright red flannel shirt. He had been wounded by a shell splinter on board a gunboat on the Seine where he was serving. He was told he would be shot: he replied, 'I have been shot once. I fought for the Commune because I had no other work to do; and I would have fought for the Versaillais if they had asked

me.' His plucky demeanour failed him when he spoke of his mother, his sister, and his blind aunt, in the Rue Dauphine, and the tears rolled down the poor child's cheeks.

That afternoon I took charge of a convoy of fifty-five wounded men, and as no surgeons had been told off for this duty, an English volunteer and Woodville accompanied me. Two hours were spent in selecting and dressing the patients, and putting them into the carriages; and having to distribute them in different villas in Chaville and Viroflay, which had been converted into hospitals, the journey occupied five hours.

Towards the end of the week my work one day called me to different parts of the city. The Fédérés had been driven back upon their last defences, and it was evident that the struggle was almost over. Curiosity led me to diverge a little from those points where I had actual business. I passed the mutilated statues and fountains on the Place de la Concorde and crossed the bridge: after a hasty glance at the battered front of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the façade of the Corps Législatif, I moved along the quay. First I came to the blackened skeleton of the Palace of the Legion of Honour, the beautiful stone medallions on which I had stopped to admire but a few days before. Close to this the grand pile of buildings which was called the Cour des Comptes, where now stands the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean railway station, had been gutted by fire, and nothing was standing but parts of the walls. The Rue de Lille had lost some of its finest mansions and the houses in the Rue du Bac looked as if they had been afflicted with smallpox, so covered were they with bullet marks. A very large

share of hatred, excited by Eudes and Mégy, had been directed on this aristocratic quarter, and, indeed, it was surprising that any part of the Faubourg St. Germain escaped.

Farther on the Palais de Justice formed a large group of blackened and broken masonry, from the midst of which that incomparable specimen of Gothic architecture, the Sainte Chapelle, was standing unharmed. It was certainly not surprising that its safety was attributed to Divine interposition ; it had, indeed, a most miraculous escape.

Then with some difficulty I found my way into the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and I felt very thankful that this beautiful monument had also escaped destruction, notwithstanding the sacrilegious efforts of the Communards. A fire had been lighted against the high altar, which was much defaced, it having been made to serve as a butcher's block. In two different parts of the church, the benches and chairs had been piled up, and the charred wood bore evidence of the intention of the miscreants who had just used the cathedral as a guard-room and then endeavoured to destroy it. But there was even stronger evidence against them ; in the choir all the books and sheets of music which could be found had been made into a heap, then soaked with petroleum and afterwards set on fire.¹

Fortunately the flames did not reach the carved oak stalls, or irreparable damage would have been done. Some medical students from the Hôtel-Dieu (which adjoins the church) watched their opportunity ;

¹ A few weeks afterwards, a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who signed himself 'a Communalist,' amongst other statements denied that any attempt had been made to burn the Cathedral. I could not allow this lie to remain unanswered.

and that this grand building is still standing in its beauty and integrity is due to the energy and brave conduct of those youthful students.

From the Ile de la Cité I crossed the river to the Hôtel de Ville. This gorgeous civic palace, whose history dates back to the twelfth century, was as complete a ruin as centuries of neglect could have made it. The external walls had been dragged inwards by falling floors, and the lofty mansart roofs which crowned the pavilions had totally disappeared. The richly sculptured façade was blackened by flames, which, fed by petroleum, had literally eaten into the stone. The numerous statues erected in honour of some of France's greatest men had been battered down from their niches. Within, foul and hideous heaps, which were still burning, represented all that remained of the contents of that magnificent Town Hall. The library, the exquisite wood panelling, the tapestries, pictures, busts, statues, everything was totally destroyed. Here, at least, was a complete triumph for the Commune.

The Rue de Rivoli presented its worst aspects at the two extremities, the Tuilleries and the Ministère des Finances at one end, and the Hôtel de Ville at the other, with the Palais Royal and the library of the Louvre near the centre: but the terrible nature of the fighting which had taken place there was shown on every house front and almost on every stone. Many houses had totally disappeared. The Théâtre Lyrique was condemned. The Théâtre du Châtelet was partially burnt. Amongst the battered frontages of shops I should not have recognised the site of the vast clothing establishment dedicated 'Au bon diable,' except for the painted sign, which was still conspicuous. The lively

looking green demon who haunted me during my winter journeys, as on almost every wall in the provinces he mockingly held before my eyes an offer of warm clothing of which I was greatly in need, still preserved his cheerful demeanour, and held out the delusive promise 'Ici on rend un vêtement pour rien.' But perhaps no street had been more liberally treated by artillery than the Rue de Turbigo: from the Church of St. Eustache to the Place de la Bastille every house was more or less disfigured, and several had been knocked down, whilst the Column of July had been pierced by projectiles.

Nothing remained of the Théâtre of the Porte St. Martin but three walls and a heap of rubbish. The Place du Château d'Eau, where the troops found themselves confronted by seven barricades, had been the scene of very hard fighting; and in the large fountain, with only a few inches of water to cover them, I saw the bodies of two or three National Guards.

Notwithstanding the waste and destruction observable on all sides, several shops on the Boulevards and in the adjacent streets on that side of Paris were being opened, blood stains were being washed off the pavement, paper patches were being stuck over the bullet holes in the windows, barricades were being levelled, gas and water pipes repaired, and I remarked that even gardeners were at work in several enclosures. Paris will always wear a mask under the most adverse circumstances; and one must have probed her wounds to the bottom to be able to estimate what was the extent of her suffering at this time.

On my return from the walk just mentioned I went to the Palais d'Industrie and saw a poor woman whose

husband had been killed a day or two before on a barricade. She had come to search for other relatives in the long line of horse-stalls. In one place she found a brother-in-law seriously wounded; two stalls further on was his son at the point of death. His right leg was completely crushed, and his struggles for breath were painful to witness: he was still conscious, but it was necessary to hold open his eyelids to enable him to recognise his aunt. The poor woman, having given him a last embrace, turned towards her brother, but her strength failed her and she tottered and fell in a fit.

I could mention many such cases. In presence of the actual agony and anguish which resulted from the war of the Commune, it was still possible to realise the truth of the words used as a motto by Red Cross societies, which were constantly in my thoughts—*Hostes, dum vulnerati, fratres.*

The same afternoon I left Paris with thirty-two wounded men, whom I took to the Trianon Gardens, where a small hospital camp had been pitched.

On Saturday night only the heights of Belleville remained in possession of the insurgents. M. Thiers addressed a circular to the provinces in which was the following paragraph: 'After some hours of repose, which they are at present enjoying, our troops will to-morrow morning terminate on the heights of Belleville the glorious campaign which they have undertaken against the worst and most odious demagogues the world has ever seen, and their patriotic efforts will deserve the eternal gratitude of France and Humanity.'

During the night the arrangements were completed and by daylight the 1st, 4th, and 5th army corps and the division of General Faron held the desperate remains of the army of the Commune in a net, from

which there was no escape. At five in the morning the prison of La Roquette was taken by the brigade Langoureau, and the 169 hostages who had managed to overpower their gaolers were set at liberty.

It was with great difficulty that these innocent prisoners could be persuaded that the Marines had really come to save them. Day and night they had been menaced with death in different forms. Sixty-four of their companions had been cruelly murdered, and they at first thought that their deliverers had adopted the cruel irony of Ferré and Raoul Rigault, and were merely taunting them with delusive hopes.

The Communists fought with the rage of despair, and when other projectiles could not be obtained they loaded their guns with stones and lumps of asphalte torn from the streets. Soon after noon they hoisted the white flag on a barricade, but the generals naturally refused to treat with them. Two hours later all was over. The last stronghold was taken, and the troops had complete possession of the city. The cannon ceased to thunder, almost for the first time for two months. The last of the insurgent ministers of war, Delescluze, was found amongst the dead.

At 4 P.M. Marshal MacMahon issued the final proclamation :

‘A week of horrors, unparalleled in the history of the world, is over.’

After a short rest at home I returned to France, and then spent some weeks in the recently annexed provinces. I was in Alsace-Lorraine at the time when men had to decide whether they would leave their native country or remain there as German subjects. The annexation was carried out by the Germans in

their usual vigorous and uncompromising manner ; but it would be futile now to refer at any length to a subject which at the time occupied so much attention and the results of which, I must admit, ultimately proved far more satisfactory to the friends of peace than at first seemed possible. I was responsible for a series of letters which were published in 1871 on this thorny question.



CHAPTER XII

Short History of the St. John Ambulance Association.

So many years of my life have been closely interwoven with the work of the St. John Ambulance Association that it would be quite impossible to omit from these pages some mention of a society which from very small beginnings has risen to a position of national importance. Perhaps I shall appear egotistic, but I must run this risk, as it would be false modesty on my part to pretend that during the best years of my life I was not closely identified with its initiation and development.

It is often a matter of difficulty, if not an impossibility, to ascertain the origin of an institution even though its existence may not have exceeded three decades. Those who could perhaps have assisted in such research have either passed away, or they have retired from active service in the field where once they seemed indispensable. Others who have succeeded to their places are so much occupied with the present and the future that they cannot afford time for retrospection, or even to consider whether the aims they are pursuing are identical with those of their predecessors. This is the case with the St. John Ambulance Association.

The Red Cross movement, which was so actively progressive during the 'sixties and early 'seventies,

undoubtedly had much to do with the origin of the St. John Ambulance Association. At the termination of the Franco-German War, there were those who thought that no Red Cross society could properly fulfil the duties it had undertaken unless its organisation were completed in time of peace. The Council of the National Aid Society thought otherwise, and this divergence of opinion led to the secession from its ranks of Major (now Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry) Brackenbury, the late Surgeon-General Sir Thomas Longmore, and myself. In reference to this difference, I am most anxious that, as far as I am personally concerned, not the faintest shadow of doubt should be implied as to the excellent relations which I am happy to think continued to exist between Lord Wantage, the chairman, and myself up to the time of his death. In a letter which appeared in the 'Standard' (I think it was in 1873) Lord Wantage wrote: 'With regard to Mr. Furley, with whom I have from the very first been associated in Red Cross work, . . . I would say that the only difference between us relates, I believe, to the expediency of maintaining in time of peace an establishment on such a scale as would enable the society to take the field on the first outbreak of hostilities.' That a friendship to which I attached the highest value was never broken was proved during two subsequent wars, when, at his Lordship's request, I acted as commissioner for the British National Aid Society.

Everything must have a beginning, and, without disparaging the great efforts of others, I think I may claim that the originators of the St. John Ambulance Association were Sir Edmund A. H. Lechmere, Sir Herbert C. Perrott, Colonel Francis Duncan, and

myself, with Sir Thomas Longmore and Sir Edward Sieveking as zealous friends and professional advisers.

Sir Edmund Lechmere, by the earnestness of his simple nature, never-failing amiability (for he looked only for the good in everyone), and by his open hospitality, both in town and country, which kept all his associates in touch, was invaluable to us.

Colonel Duncan, until military duties called him to Egypt, was ubiquitous in the service of the association, and perhaps his life might have been a longer one had he spared himself more and economised his energies. He was one of the hardest and most conscientious workers I have ever met, and whether at Woolwich as an instructor of gunnery, as a school-master amongst boys—for he gave a large portion of his Sundays to their education—or as an apostle of first aid, he always devoted himself to the work in hand, regardless of all personal considerations. I have often known him to attend an ambulance meeting in the North, when he would charm his audience with breezy oratory, marked by periods of great pathos and illuminated by bright flashes of humorous anecdote; then in the smoking-room afterwards he would endeavour to inspire his companions with some of his own ardour in the cause of suffering humanity, and in the small hours he would say 'good-bye' and take the train, in order to be on parade at Woolwich at nine o'clock in the morning. Those who had the privilege to be associated with him can never forget what we owed to Francis Duncan in the early days of the ambulance movement, the interest in which he did so much to spread in his own inimitable style.

At the annual general assembly of the Order of St. John in 1874, a paper was read by Sir Thomas

Longmore, entitled 'Observations on the preliminary care and attention necessary for accidental bodily injuries and mutilations occurring in mines and establishments where many workpeople are employed.' This was the first occasion, at what is now familiarly known as 'the Gate,' on which broad lines were laid down, by a competent authority, on first aid to the injured.

But it was not until February 1878 that the keynote was struck, at a public meeting in connection with the ambulance department of the Order of St. John, which was held at the Pall Mall Restaurant, Regent Street, Sir Edmund Lechmere presiding. The meeting was a large and representative one, and, besides the chairman, amongst the speakers were Colonel Duncan, Sir Henry Brackenbury, Colonel Moncrieff, General Sir Richard Wilbraham, Major General Lowry and myself.

As a member of the executive committee and deputy chairman of the association, Director of Stores, the second Director of the Ambulance Department of the Order of St. John, and the second Director of the Ambulance Brigade, I was naturally brought into contact with the work in every part of the country, and for a considerable period I travelled on an average 500 miles weekly, attending meetings and giving lectures, &c. I may here mention that in 1884 I attended and spoke at a meeting at Malta over which the Bishop of Gibraltar (Dr. Sandford) presided, when a centre was formed in that island. Six weeks later I was invited to Kiel by the Princess Henriette of Schleswig-Holstein and Professor von Esmarch and I then had the honour to assist in the establishment of the German Samaritan Society which was formed on the lines of our association, and in 1886 I received the

diploma as hon. member of the Deutscher Samariter Verein signed by Prince Henry of Prussia, the president.

Frequently, members of the medical profession, who have always been our best friends, would say, 'We will give four lectures out of a set of five, but we know nothing about the transport of injured people, as we always have our patients brought to us at the hospital or elsewhere.' Under these circumstances, I often had to give the fifth lecture, and in this manner became acquainted with large classes of policemen, railway guards and porters, miners, &c. I also found it necessary to become an inventor and indirectly a manufacturer.

This last statement needs an explanation. I knew what was wanted, or I worked experimentally until I did know, and I then gave designs for stretchers, litters, horse-ambulance carriages, &c., but I had to depend on practical mechanics to carry out my instructions. Most of this work was executed at Ashford, Kent, and I am glad to say that, in this manner, I succeeded in establishing a new industry there. The vehicles made at Ashford have been distributed over every part of the world, and, when in South Africa, I felt very much at home when I found 'Furley' stretchers and 'Ashford' litters in use in hospitals, and at many of the railway stations. I had hoped to see one of our horse-ambulance carriages on the Rand, but the Boers disappointed me, as they had appropriated it.

The work of the association was at first tentative, and confined to very small limits. Leaving aside for the time being all questions affecting the preparation of hospital assistance in time of war, a determination

was shown that, at any rate, the vast field of suffering caused by the accidents of daily life should not be neglected.

In reference to the remarks made above as to the divergent views of the National Aid Society and the Ambulance Association, Sir H. Brackenbury on that occasion used the following words: 'The time came when it seemed to me and others—and I know that Mr. Furley was at the very head and front of the offending, whilst Surgeon-General Longmore and others were amongst them—that it was the duty of the National Aid Society to take up the question of organising in time of peace a system of relief for the help of the sick and wounded in war. We endeavoured at a meeting of the Council to bring about such an organisation, but I can only say that we failed.'

It would be quite impossible, within the covers of a volume, to refer to all the meetings on the subject which have since been held, or to show step by step how the work of the St. John Ambulance Association has been developed. Nothing but the retentive memory, the industrious pen, and the persevering method of my friend and colleague Sir Herbert Perrott could do this. I must therefore content myself by indicating some of the most salient points.

There was never any difficulty in filling the First-aid classes nor in finding surgeons willing to give instruction. The majority of the thousands of pupils, after a course of lectures, presented themselves for examination, and those who passed received certificates. But something more was needed to prevent them from forgetting what they had learnt, so a small medallion was instituted to which only those were entitled who had passed two subsequent annual examinations.

Advanced courses in nursing were also arranged, and everything was done to give permanence to the knowledge thus acquired. Then came the establishment of First Aid stations in London, speedily followed by others in the provinces. The earliest of these stations was that which still continues to show excellent results, under the steps at the south-west corner of St. Paul's Cathedral. The whole cost of this, including the first year's working expenses, was generously borne by Dr. Freshfield. The second, of a similar character, was the 'Duncan' Memorial station which originally stood in the Strand opposite to the Law Courts, until the space was required by the County Council, and it was then moved to the Docks.

Perhaps the most important outcome of the whole scheme was the establishment of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and I think I may be allowed a feeling of legitimate pride when I hear myself styled, 'the Father of the Brigade.' For nearly thirty years I had persistently kept in view the creation of such a body, but I can only lay claim to the credit of having foreseen what might be accomplished in this direction and of having consistently worked up to the goal I had before me. When the time arrived for the War Office to regard the brigade as a possibly useful supplement to the Royal Army Medical Corps, the organisation was taken up and carried on by others on military lines, which had hitherto been considered unnecessary.

The first step towards the realisation of a brigade was a very modest one, in which we had the valuable advice of Sir Edward Sieveking, M.D., and Mr. Edmund Owen, F.R.C.S., in the formation in 1884 of an Invalid Transport Corps, with its headquarters at the Gate. Originally this was intended for poor patients,

but when the more well-to-do people discovered its advantage it was soon made available for all classes. One morning I remarked that we had carried all sorts and conditions except Royalty; before that day had closed we were able to omit this exception, as a message came from Marlborough House asking that a German relative of our Royal Family should be moved by our men that evening.

The journeys varied in length, and patients were conveyed to and from all parts of the Continent, and on one occasion an ex-cabinet-minister was brought actually in a bed from Cannes to Eaton Square. The example was followed in the provinces, and soon detached corps, for local purposes, were to be found in most of the principal towns.

The Metropolitan Ambulance Corps had already shown its usefulness in the streets of London, on the occasion of the assemblage of large crowds, such as Lord Mayor's Day, and the most cordial co-operation existed between the authorities at Scotland Yard and those who were deputed to organise the ambulance arrangements. But it was not until the celebration of her Majesty Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887 that the absolute necessity of an ambulance organisation, in connection with the Metropolitan Police, was fully recognised; and the then Chief Commissioner, General Sir Charles Warren, personally took part in and encouraged the efforts which were made by the corps. On Jubilee Day three detachments of St. John's men, with carriages and needful appliances, were placed in the courtyard of Buckingham Palace, at Westminster, and at Spring Gardens respectively, and these rendered most useful aid to a large number of persons. I had full authority and a pass to enable me to circulate and

to keep the detachments in touch, and an interesting episode occurred which deserves to be mentioned. A serious accident had happened near Trafalgar Square, just as the head of the procession was coming up from Westminster. The injured man was put into an ambulance carriage, but the driver was told it was impossible to get to Charing Cross Hospital without going through the procession. Feeling assured what Her Majesty's desire would be in such a case, I said, 'I will take the responsibility,' and we passed through just in front of the Royal Princes, thus attracting the notice of the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor Frederick, whose approving remarks of what he had seen of ambulance organisation in London were afterwards published. On the following day, with the permission of the Children's Jubilee Celebration Committee, an ambulance marquee was erected in Hyde Park, within the enclosure where 30,000 children were entertained. On July 2 the Chief Commissioner of Police again accepted the services of the corps for duty with the police in St. James's Park on the occasion of the march past of Volunteers in presence of Queen Victoria; and two days later, when Her Majesty laid the foundation-stone of the Imperial Institute, the corps were again asked to be present.¹

Before leaving the subject of detached corps it is a pleasing duty to acknowledge how much I was indebted to Surgeon Samuel Osborn, Superintendent Donald Mackenzie, and Mr. E. R. Goodwin, for their

¹ As a souvenir of these events one of my most valued possessions is a medal, similar to that issued to all the police on duty, bearing the words 'Metropolitan Police. John Furley, Esq., Director of Ambulance.' In 1897, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee, a clasp was added to this medal.

loyal and unwearying support, and to Superintendent W. J. Church Brasier, who for many years acted as my principal assistant and most willing right-hand. There are others I should like to mention to whom I also owe a great deal, but the four gentlemen first named cannot be omitted from a share in any acknowledgment of success to which I myself am considered to be entitled.

Since this period, at all great exhibitions, and on all occasions in the metropolis, when large numbers of people are expected to be massed, the assistance of the brigade is now volunteered, and it may be mentioned that since 1887, when the Royal Agricultural Show was held in Windsor Park, and we were permitted to establish an ambulance station there, such a station has become a recognised part of the equipment of that institution.

Special honour was bestowed on the brigade in 1892, when Her Majesty Queen Victoria graciously reviewed a corps of Derbyshire and Nottingham men from the Tibshelf and Birchwood Collieries, numbering 414 officers and men, under the command of Mr. Stuart Wardell, in Windsor Park. The whole party were afterwards entertained at dinner in the Riding School, and then taken through the State apartments of the Castle.

It is necessary to emphasise the account of work done at this time by the comparatively small nucleus of an ambulance corps composed, almost without exception, of volunteers who gave their services willingly, without prospect of reward and who placed no eight-hour limit on the length of their day's service. This was really the starting point of a work which has steadily developed into a great system of practical and far-reaching philanthropy.

When the detached corps were brigaded, it was imperative that the control should be more or less centralised ; and the credit for the organisation which has led to such conspicuously good results is due to Viscount Knutsford, who for several years was Director of the ambulance department of the Order of St. John, Colonel Sir Edward Thackeray, the chief commissioner, and his successors, Colonel Bowdler and Inspector-General Ninnis, as well as to the assistant-commissioners and superintendents.

I need not dilate on the work performed by the central executive committee ; but this would have been, to a great extent, fruitless, outside London, had it not been for the zealous and untiring help given especially by the hon. secretaries of centres, and those who organised detached classes in places where there was no local committee. Yet, notwithstanding all their self-denying labour, the association could not have held together for twelve months without the great and continuous assistance that has been so generally given by the medical profession ; and, whilst acknowledging this, it should be added that the highest medical authorities in the country are included with their junior colleagues in this grateful appreciation.

It has thus been briefly shown how the St. John Ambulance Association came into existence, and the manner in which it has steadily developed.

During the first few years it had chiefly depended on individual initiative, more or less controlled by a central committee. It was undoubtedly owing to the freedom allowed to local committees in the United Kingdom, India and the Colonies that the association was such a hardy plant and grew so rapidly in popular

favour. Certain fundamental rules and regulations were absolutely necessary, but these were made as elastic as possible in order to meet the circumstances of such different phases of society as had adopted the work. No class was unrepresented, Royal princesses, ladies of all degrees, servants and workmen, soldiers, sailors, mechanics, policemen, railway guards and porters, miners, and in fact all sorts and conditions of men and women, thronged to the classes, passed the same examinations and worked for the same certificates and medallions. No labour was grudged by those who had undertaken the duty to bring all these diverse and scattered elements into one harmonious and cohesive society, and who travelled almost incessantly from centre to centre, in order to instruct and encourage new members. The institution had become a national one, and when Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in 1888, graciously granted a Chapter to the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, the St. John Ambulance Association had the honour to be incorporated with the Order as one of its principal departments, and it was made subject to its laws and regulations. Then commenced the second important period in the history of this great ambulance movement. The aims and objects of its founders have been steadily advanced, whilst a careful adherence to the original lines has been maintained. To emphasise this, it is sufficient to point to the extension of the work throughout India, the Colonies, and, in fact, almost without exception, throughout the whole of the British dominions beyond the seas. The growth and usefulness of the brigade are shown not only by the units that are being organised in all parts of the Empire, but by the fact that, during the recent South



African and Chinese Wars, over 2,000 members of the brigade went on active service as hospital orderlies attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps, of whom sixty-eight sacrificed their lives in the performance of this duty. An arrangement has now been made by which the nucleus of ten permanent stretcher-bearer companies has been formed at the headquarters of the various military districts, and a new department has been made at the Admiralty by the establishment of the auxiliary 'Royal Naval Sick-berth Reserve' for service at base hospitals and afloat in time of war, which will be largely recruited from members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Thus has been realised the one idea which during the thirty years' progress of the St. John Ambulance Association has never been forgotten—namely, an association which, formed for the relief of sufferers from accident in civil life during peace, should be able to produce a large body of trained ambulancers to supplement the Army Medical Corps in time of war.

CHAPTER XIII

The Marriage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh—Fêtes at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

I HAD spent Christmas Day 1873 and New Year's Day 1874 in England; but immediately after the latter day I started for St. Petersburg, and as a consequence of the difference between Old and New Style I arrived in time for those festivals in Russia, to the great disarrangement of my calendar. Some Russian friends had invited me to pay them a visit, but as the marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh with H.I.H. the Princess Marie of Russia was to take place in January, and the trip was likely to prove a very expensive one, I thought I might save my purse and see a great deal more than I otherwise should do if I could find a friendly editor to appoint me his special correspondent. The 'Standard' kindly put me in this favourable position. I may here remark that I had more than once acted as an 'occasional' correspondent for the same paper. But it is necessary to explain for the benefit of the English reader who expects to find everything recorded in his daily paper, that such publicity *was* not at all in accordance with Russian ideas, and the little group of correspondents amongst whom I found myself enrolled were frankly told that, as press representatives, they could not be allowed to enter the Winter Palace to see the marriage ceremony or the

fêtes connected with it, as such a privilege had never before been permitted or even suggested. However, my colleagues, amongst whom were Edmund Yates, our doyen ('New York Herald'), E. Dicey and Le Sage ('Daily Telegraph'), Senior ('Daily News'), Mr. (later Sir F.) Napier Broome ('Times'), Sydney P. Hall ('Graphic'), Proctor ('Illustrated London News'), Legge ('Morning Post') and I agreed that we must assert ourselves. This we did, but without much effect, until the Prince of Wales (now our King) arrived. With his usual gracious amiability His Royal Highness soon arranged matters in our favour. He told the Emperor, I believe, that it would be a great disappointment to the British public if the splendid ceremonies about to take place could not be fully described by those who had travelled so far to represent the leading English newspapers. To this personal appeal the Czar yielded; but His Majesty said, if this concession is made to Englishmen, the same privilege must be extended to one or two representatives of Russian papers. After this satisfactory arrangement had been made, a deputation on the part of the Russian Press came to thank us for having obtained a privilege and opened a door for them which probably would never be closed again.

It is not my intention to describe all that I witnessed during this memorable time. The arrivals of all the Royal and Imperial guests, with the constant movement of guards of honour and their bands, made the streets of St. Petersburg very gay and lively. All the intervals were filled up with balls, concerts, dinners, skating, entertainments, sledge parties, &c. So from January 9, until the wedding, there was an endless succession of festivities. On the 23rd the

marriage was celebrated at 1 P.M. in the Imperial Chapel of the Winter Palace according to the rites of the Greek Church, and an hour later the English service was performed under the same roof in the Alexander Hall, which had been arranged for the purpose. Dean Stanley, who, a day or two before, had kindly coached me up in the elaborate ritual of the Greek Church, had placed me with the Metropolitan Bishops of Greek clergy within the altar rails, so that I might explain, *sotto voce*, as well as I could in French and German (and some of these ecclesiastics did not understand either language), the English service as it proceeded. In consequence of this promotion, I had quite the best place in the chapel for seeing everything and everybody. What a gorgeous picture was presented!—the semicircle that was formed behind the bride and bridegroom, having the Emperor and Empress in the centre, with Royal and Imperial princes and princesses on each side, in costumes that no pen could properly describe, blazing with decorations and jewels, whilst behind and filling up the rest of the chapel were the corps diplomatique, ministers of State, the heads of the army and navy, chamberlains, aides-de-camp, pages, &c.—the whole magnificent scene was positively bewildering. I should mention that day was turned into night and halls and corridors were illuminated with thousands of wax candles, which greatly added to the brilliancy.

At 4.30 the banquet was given in the Nicholas Hall. Here again was another wonderful scene. The Emperor and Empress, with the bride and bridegroom and the principal guests, sat at one table, which was served by chamberlains, whilst from end to end of the beautiful white hall there were four long tables

at which 800 guests were seated amidst a lavish display of flowers and gold plate. In the gallery was the full band of the Italian opera, under Ardit, he and all the performers being dressed in scarlet and gold, the imperial uniform. Patti sang the cavatina from 'Ernani,' and Albani, Scalchi, Nicolini and Graziani gave the quartette from 'Rigoletto.' The toasts were saluted by fanfares of trumpets, and salvoes of artillery from the fortresses of Peter and Paul on the other side of the river: fifty-one guns for that of the Emperor and Empress of Russia; fifty-one for Queen Victoria, and thirty-one for the bride and bridegroom.

There was not much time for rest, as at 8.30 P.M. the ball commenced in the hall of St. George: there was no dancing, but the Emperor and those of highest rank moved slowly up and down the hall through an avenue of bowing courtiers to the strains of the polonaise from Glinka's 'Life for the Czar,' changing partners at each turn. The chief feature of the supper table was a colossal English wedding cake. Soon after ten o'clock, the bride having changed her toilette, left with the bridegroom for the Palace of Tsarskoe Selo, where they arrived before midnight. Only the Czar accompanied them to the railway station. The whole line, about fifteen miles, was illuminated with lamps and guarded by troops.

I will only now mention some of the fêtes which were held, and at which I had the honour to be present.

The night after the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales, their Royal Highnesses and nearly all the members of the Imperial Family were present at the opera, when 'La Traviata' was given, and the honours of the evening were shared by Patti and

Naudin. Then there was a ball given a few nights before the wedding by the American Ambassador, Mr. Jewell, and his daughters, who, I have pleasure in remembering always, made their English guests feel at home under the Stars and Stripes.

Three days after the wedding a review of the Guard was held on the Admiralty Place. Snow was falling, and the wind was very keen, but such a sight was worth some sacrifices. The inspection lasted half an hour, and the march past occupied an hour and a half. The absence of colour, as all were in greatcoats, was very striking.

On January 27 the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh returned to the Winter Palace: then followed the reception of numerous deputations, with gifts of all kinds.

On the 28th there was a gala performance at the Opera House. The word *gala* really implies what such a *fête* is at St. Petersburg or Moscow. Everyone present is a guest, on the invitation of the Emperor, and all the attendants wear the Imperial livery. Ladies occupied the front rows of the six tiers of boxes, whilst men made a background to them, and also entirely filled the parterre. I only noticed one black coat, and this was worn by an American. For more than half an hour *Arditi*, in a brilliant uniform, stood at attention with his *bâton*, then a murmur, followed by silence, announced the Imperial party, and as the bride and bridegroom came to the front of the box which filled the centre of the first and second tiers, the band played 'God save the Queen.' For nearly a minute the Emperor kept in the background, unwilling to take any part of the vociferous applause with which his daughter and son-in-law were

greeted: then at a signal from His Majesty everyone sat down, and the Balcony Scene from Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet' was given; followed by the ballet 'Le Papillon.' Between the acts refreshments were served by Imperial servants in every part of the house.

On the following night a ball was given at the Winter Palace. Generally at Court functions of this kind, of which I have any experience, dancing is a secondary consideration; but in Russia every girl and every subaltern can have as much dancing as they please, and on more than one occasion I saw the Emperor telling young people to dance. The lighting was entirely from wax candles placed along the cornices and in chandeliers, and also in ormolu frames carried spirally up the white marble pillars.

There were more than 2,000 persons present, but when soon after midnight supper was announced, there was a seat for everybody at the tables, which were arranged in a succession of halls; and one servant in state livery attended every four guests. In this manner a hot supper was comfortably served without the slightest confusion.

On the following Saturday a ball was given by the nobility in their fine building. The most sumptuous hospitality was shown, and the company was really the same as that which had met at the Winter Palace.

Three days later the British Ambassador, Lord Augustus Loftus, gave a ball, at which the Emperor and all his guests were again present. (The Empress, owing to the state of her health, had retired from all further festivities after the wedding.)

The Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaievitch also gave a ball, but I did not attend this, as I thought it better to secure a footing in Moscow before the fêtes were

opened there, so I left St. Petersburg that night and arrived in Moscow the following morning. The train was rather late owing to a fall of snow, and I was told that 5,000 soldiers were engaged in clearing it from the rails, for the Imperial train which was to follow a few hours later.

From what I had seen in the streets of the capital, I had come to the conclusion that the Russians, notwithstanding their religious veneration for the Czar and his family, were an undemonstrative people ; but I soon realised that I had not found the heart of Russia until I witnessed the reception of the Imperial Family at Moscow at midnight, February 5. Even at this hour, the brightly illuminated streets were densely packed with people standing in the snow, as the Emperor and the Prince of Wales drove to the Kremlin in a sledge, followed by the Princess of Wales and her sister the Cesarevna in a carriage and four, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh with four grey horses, the Duke of Connaught and the Czarevitch in a sledge. The Crown Prince and Princess Frederick were in a troika, the Crown Prince of Denmark with the Grand Duke Vladimir in a sledge, and a long string of sledges bearing grand dukes, ministers, aides-de-camp, &c. Bengal fire and electric light made the route as bright as in daylight, and the battlemented walls of the Kremlin were hung with coloured lamps.

The next day every person who had the *entrée* at Court seemed to be in the Bolshoi Dvorets (large palace) or in the Cathedral of the Assumption, whilst thousands of less privileged people thronged the large court and stood for hours regardless of snow and wind. The ceremony inside the cathedral was of a very imposing character.

Then followed the reception of deputations bearing beautiful gifts to the Duke and Duchess. At night there was a gala performance at the Grand Opera House, which was almost identical with that at St. Petersburg, which I have already mentioned. The next night there was a ball at the Assemblée de la Noblesse, a building of vast proportions and great historical interest. There were between three and four thousand persons present, and supper was served at 2 A.M. to the Imperial party in a circular room behind the dais and to the general company in adjacent halls. This was followed by a ball given by Prince Dolgorouky, the Governor-General of the province. The arrangements for supper were almost magical, for even the ballroom was, in a few minutes, transformed for supper, each table complete for six persons being carried in by the servants told off to take charge of it.

On the following day I was invited to travel in the Imperial train to the fortress monastery of Troitsa, famed for the relics it contains. At the station we were met by a large number of troikas and conveyed at a gallop to the monastery. Here the Emperor and the Duchess of Edinburgh were received by the abbot and the priests of the cathedral and the ten churches within the walls. After service had been performed, the relics of St. Servius, in a silver shrine, the object of their pilgrimage, were visited. Of course, everyone, from the Emperor downwards, was presented with bread and salt and other gifts: even I was included and received two sacred ikons. Only one hour was spent at the monastery, and we were then conveyed back to Moscow in the same manner as we had arrived.

The cooks had meanwhile prepared dinner for the Czar and his guests with their respective suites; this

was served in the railway station, and at a later hour, two imperial trains conveyed the whole party back to St. Petersburg (a distance of 400 miles).

The official fêtes in connection with the wedding were now over; but a day or two later the Emperor of Austria arrived, and a fresh series of entertainments in his honour commenced. But I must not omit to mention one charming fête given by the English residents to the Prince and Princess of Wales. In fact, out of a programme of two or three items which were suggested, Her Royal Highness selected a skating ball on the ice. This was most successfully carried out by the Neva Skating Club, on a part of the river hedged in with fir-trees fixed into the ice. In the centre was a small palace formed of blocks of ice, illuminated from inside by electricity. At one end was a supper-room for the Emperor; opposite to this was one for the Prince and Princess of Wales, whilst a third and larger building was allotted to the other guests. In these temporary structures a hot supper was served at midnight. It was a lovely night, and there was not a breath of wind. Everyone was on skates, including the Imperial and Royal guests, and the scene was one of the prettiest and most original that can be imagined.

But the fêtes above mentioned give only a faint idea of the lively and dissipated state of the Russian capital at this time. There were many large private balls and dinners, sledge parties to the islands, and afternoons spent in tobogganing on the ice hills, *al fresco* skating fêtes in the gardens, &c.

Of course, a bear hunt in one of the Imperial forests was organised for the Emperor of Austria. His Majesty shot one bear and a second fell to the rifle of the Prince of Wales. That night the nobility gave a

great ball in honour of the Emperor of Austria, and this was followed in the morning by a review of the Guard, numbering from thirty to forty thousand men. It was a splendid sight to see the Emperor's regiment of Cuirassiers on their powerful black horses charging past at full gallop, leaving a cloud of snow and ice behind them.

The next day a troika party was made to the islands, starting at 1 P.M. and returning to the city at 3 P.M., when dancing commenced, and was continued until nearly eight o'clock, only interrupted by a *déjeuner-dinatoire*. It was then time to go to the Opera House, it being Patti's benefit, when, amongst other gifts, the Diva received from her admirers a head circlet of single-stone brilliants. At the close of this memorable performance, I was one of a party of thirty who, after escorting Madame Patti to her hotel, with two carriage-loads of bouquets, were entertained by her at supper.

The day following the scene changed to Tsarkoe Selo, and there, in the middle of the day, a large party made an excursion in troikas, after which dancing was kept up until dinner-time. At nine o'clock a ball commenced, and was carried on well into the night, when our host, who had been determined that his guests should have no excuse for not accepting his hospitality, sent back to St. Petersburg by special train all those of us who had received invitations for the Leuchtenburg Palace, where the Grand Duchess Marie's brilliant ball brought the series of Imperial entertainments to a close.

On my return journey to England, I was present at the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Berlin, when a gala performance was given at the

Opera House ; at Brussels, where they were the guests of the King and Queen of the Belgians ; and, a day or two later, I witnessed their arrival in London.

Although not quite in chronological order, I may, perhaps, complete this episode in my life by stating that, when in the August of the following year the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went to reside at Eastwell Park, I had the honour to command the Ashford company of the East Kent Rifle Volunteers, who formed the guard of honour. This was my last appearance as an active Volunteer, and I then retired after fourteen years' service.

CHAPTER XIV

The Carlist War in 1874—The Mail Route between France and Spain—The Search for O'Donovan—The Doña Margarita—Elizondo—Pampeluna—Estella—A Soldier of Fortune—A Dungeon—O'Donovan's Statement—Estella to Durango—The Royal Headquarters—Don Carlos and his Ministers—A Retreat—O'Donovan set free.

EARLY in 1874 Spain offered me great attraction. A civil war, generally known as the second Carlist war, was then raging, and I was anxious to extend my knowledge of military hospital work, regular or irregular. This being a civil war, I had no right to expect any assistance from the British National Aid Society, but I thought I might be able to render some personal service on one side or the other—perhaps on both sides, and certainly it would afford very useful experience.

On the morning of April 30 I arrived at Bayonne, having travelled from Versailles in twenty-two hours. The Count de Ripalda and Count Sérurier, members of the Paris Committee for affording aid to the sick and wounded in the Spanish peninsula, M. Pereire and other friends, had furnished me with letters to several influential persons belonging to the two parties then at war. One gentleman who had encouraged me to undertake the expedition said, in parting, 'Si vous n'êtes pas fusillé, vous serez reçu comme une Providence; mais si vous l'êtes, au revoir à l'autre monde.' Perhaps he thought this a cheerful send-off!

I spent the day at Bayonne in visiting those to whom I had introductions; and I received particularly valuable information from M. Armand Destroyat, the hon. secretary, and M. Léon, the hon. treasurer of the Bayonne Red Cross Committee, who promised me all the assistance in their power. The same evening I went on to St. Jean de Luz, where, at the Hôtel de la Poste, which was a Carlist rendezvous, I met Major Byng-Hall (Queen's Messenger), who was returning from Madrid with despatches, and a French courrier d'ambassade, who was on his way to Madrid. Queen's messengers in those days had anything but a good time between Paris and Madrid, as I soon ascertained for myself. The only mail route open was from St. Jean de Luz to Santander by sea; and for this journey two Thames tug-boats had been purchased, and the discomfort for twelve hours on board such vessels on the Bay of Biscay can be imagined. There was no cabin for the passengers, and no food was provided.

It was quite immaterial to me whether I joined the Carlist or the Republican army, but, in choosing the latter, I was influenced by my desire to find Don Nicasio de Landa, the energetic and chivalrous champion of the Red Cross in Spain, whom I had met at one or two international conferences. On the following morning, therefore, I started for the headquarters of the Republican army. As will soon be shown, armies and sympathies became very much mixed. Having found Dr. Landa and made the acquaintance of several notable individuals who subsequently became very useful to me, and having done some practical work in carrying wounded men on the field and attending to them in hospital, I returned to

the Hôtel de la Poste at St. Jean de Luz, which for the time being I regarded as home.

As my wanderings in the north of Spain were full of picturesque incident, and any attempt at description would lead me far beyond the limits of this volume, I propose to omit the details of my first journeys, which included the days following the battle of Somorrostro and the relief of Bilbao, after it had been besieged for seven months, and to confine myself to two events—namely, my search for and release of O'Donovan ('Daily News') and the three days' battle of Estella, which was the principal battle of the campaign.

Mr. Graham, the British Consul at Bayonne, told me that a young Irishman, named O'Donovan, an English special correspondent, had been lying in a Carlist prison since November, if he had not already been shot. Lord Derby, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Layard, Ambassador at Madrid, and Mr. Graham had been in correspondence on the subject, but they could do nothing officially without recognising the Government of Don Carlos, and this they could not do. Cardinal Cullen and other influential persons had written to the Carlist headquarters in favour of O'Donovan, but with no satisfactory results. At the request of Mr. Graham I undertook to make a search for him, and he wrote to that effect to Sir Henry Layard.

I was assured that I was about to venture on a very hazardous expedition; but, having determined on visiting the Carlist camp and making myself acquainted with their hospital system, I thought I might very well combine the two objects, especially if I could obtain letters from the Doña Margarita, Duchess of Madrid, the wife of Don Carlos. I therefore went to Pau,

where she was then residing, and had a most gracious reception at the Villa du Midi. When I called, Her Royal Highness was assisting in the conversion of a house she had taken for hospital purposes, and here she hoped to be allowed to receive some of those who had been wounded in her husband's cause. I found her surrounded by bedding, clothes, and hospital comforts. Our conversation lasted for about an hour; the Duchess showed herself thoroughly informed on all that was passing in the northern provinces of Spain, and in everything relating to the hospitals she displayed an intelligent and practical knowledge that quite astonished me.

From the subject of hospitals and ambulance vehicles I turned the conversation to the case of O'Donovan. The Duchess at first seemed disposed to think that he had better be forgotten. She alluded to the charge made against him of having entered Spain with the intention of assassinating Don Carlos. I endeavoured to show the futility of such an accusation, and remarked that if such a charge could be made against O'Donovan, simply because he was found with certain poisons upon him, I was liable to be arrested for a similar offence, as it was often my duty, when engaged in hospital work, to carry poisons needed by doctors. At the close of the interview she directed her secretary to give me letters for the President of the Junta of Navarre and Admiral de Vinalet, who was then acting as Minister of Foreign Affairs in Don Carlos's Government. I returned that evening to St. Jean de Luz and made preparations for my next expedition.

Hitherto I had been travelling without a servant, but, finding myself quite unequal to the fatigue and discomfort I had to encounter, I engaged an active

young Frenchman, conversant with the Spanish and Basque languages. I believe Joseph had been engaged in smuggling arms, &c., over the frontier: he seemed to have a large acquaintance with the remote corners of the Pyrenees and also with the most desperate characters, and this knowledge made him invaluable to me.

We left St. Jean de Luz on Sunday morning (May 17) and in a light basket phaeton, drawn by a pair of fast horses, we reached Lanchereinia at noon. Fortunately there was a diligence just starting for Elizondo, and in this we continued the journey without any delay. Immediately after leaving the inn we came to the Bidassoa, the narrow historical stream which here separates France from Spain: on one side of the bridge was a French sentinel, and on the other a Carlist. A steep barrier of mountains faced us, and consequently the pace during three hours was very slow, as we followed the windings of the road. The beauty of the scenery, however, made amends for this. At the summit of the mountain there was a Carlist post, and at four o'clock we drove into Elizondo, just as a detachment was marching out. The men looked smart and workmanlike; all of them wore the badge of the Sacred Heart sewn in cloth or embroidered in gold and silver twist upon the left breast, and all wore the *boina* on the head. A sergeant politely asked me for papers and requested me to be at the guard-room at seven.

It being Sunday evening, everybody was out: and I conclude it was partly owing to the presence of some of the élite of the Carlist army—which was evident by the number of gold tassels attached to the *boinas*—that Parisian fashions were conspicuous in this simple and unsophisticated town. I had paid a visit on my

arrival to Señor Sanz y Lopez, President of the Junta, to whom I delivered my letter, and he courteously relieved me of the necessity of going to the guard-house and all other formalities. He informed me that O'Donovan's was a very serious case. In November the Junta had condemned him to the gaol at Estella, and the matter was now out of their hands. At the official seat of the Junta, I was ushered through a crowd of soldiers and clerks to the presence of Señor Martez, an officer of the Carlist army and member of the Junta, and he furnished me with a pass for headquarters.

Soon after six next morning, I was told that a diligence would leave at once for Pampeluna, but it was two hours later before we started at a galop in that lumbering vehicle, drawn by eight mules: during the next three hours we ascended the mountains by a winding road that presented many features of remarkable beauty and grandeur. There was one passenger, and he conducted me for an hour on foot by a short cut which enabled us to arrive at a posada some time before the coach. When we had attained the highest point in the road, which brought us very close to a large patch of snow, we halted at a Carlist post where papers had to be exhibited. The fresh relay of seven mules (one less for downhill) had just had their tails docked, and the bleeding stumps had been rubbed in wood ashes and then tightly bound with cord; this, however, did not prevent our leaving red traces along the whole length of the next stage. A Spanish Committee of the Dumb Friends League might have been useful here.

At the entrance of some of the villages were soldiers in the most free and easy costume, their rifles and

side-arms being planted against a wall on which the men were amusing themselves with Basque racquets. Shirt, trousers and sandals and a *boina* in most cases formed the uniform, even of those who were doing sentry-go.

We did not leave the Carlists until we reached Villava, a small village, almost within rifle range of the walls of Pampeluna—which, it must be noted, was held by Government troops—and twenty minutes later the diligence was pulled up in front of the Casa de Ciganda in the principal square of the city. No questions were asked nor were papers demanded; but as I speedily saw that I was regarded with curiosity, if not with suspicion, I thought it better to go boldly to the Café Suizo, as being the place 'where merchants most do congregate.' The proprietor and his patrons were very anxious to have the latest news from Bilbao, as postal and telegraphic communication had been cut off many weeks before, so all suspicion was dissipated by a friendly conversation.

The next morning, at six o'clock, I took my place on the outside of a small omnibus bound for Estella. Notwithstanding that this town has always been the stronghold of Carlism, and for some months had been its most active centre, daily communication between it and the Republican fortress of Pampeluna had been maintained with scarcely any interruption and private persons were able to travel backwards and forwards. But double taxes had to be paid on all carriages and on provisions taken out of or brought into either town. As, however, Pampeluna was confined to its walls, and Carlists occupied all the towns and villages on the road, the Republican Government had adopted a novel expedient. They could not claim *octroi* duty in the

first village on the road as was formerly the case, they therefore collected it at a little wooden shed just outside the city gates. The unfortunate taxpayer, having thus paid toll to the representative of the Madrid Government, was compelled to pay a second time, about an hour afterwards. Nevertheless the two Cæsars appeared to be acknowledged with perfect good will.

Conversation at first was limited, and little was heard but the jingling of the bells attached to the three mules harnessed abreast, and the violent appeals to their energies made in the choice language of the Spanish driver. But after we had gone about six miles, an old priest, who sat next to me on the box of the omnibus, developed into a regular fire-eater. As everybody outside and inside the vehicle was undoubtedly Carlist, I deemed it prudent to regard things from an exclusively Carlist point of view.

We walked up the mountain and then descended rapidly to Puenta la Reina. On leaving this place a quaint, high-backed old bridge which spans the river Arga was crossed. There was great excitement here, and working parties were busily engaged in extending the breast-works and trenches. The Republicans, who held a strong position a little higher up the river, had just made a sortie and attempted to cut the bridge, but they were speedily driven back. A little farther on, at the summit of a hill commanding a most beautiful view, we arrived at a very strong strategical point. Here a cordon of sentries occupied the edge of the range and batteries were being constructed in most advantageous positions. At a bend of the road below the principal works which faced the village occupied by the Republicans, a number of young Carlists released from labour came running towards us romping like so

many schoolboys. Beyond this, in another village, a group of officers were sitting in the street; several soldiers were playing at racquets, and in a house at which we stopped a band was rehearsing. Farther on we met a youthful aide-de-camp, son of a general, well mounted and followed by an orderly; and at intervals on the road were numerous muleteers, including a large proportion of women, conveying stores for the outposts, solid loaves of bread, ham, bacon and forage. Others escorted mules and carts drawn by oxen laden with new Remington rifles and boxes of ammunition.

At one o'clock we drove into Estella, a place of no strategical importance, but which is nevertheless noted in the history of Carlist wars. This town presents a wonderful conglomerate of houses pressed together in narrow streets, and closely surrounded by perpendicular rocks which prevent it from being seen from any side at a distance of more than two hundred yards. Looking at this place, it was possible to gain some idea of the Carlist method of fighting, and the difficulty that regular troops have to contend with in dislodging them from their rocky strongholds.

We halted at the Fonda de Diligencias. This hotel was of the usual Spanish pattern. The broad and ill-kept staircase, lighted by a skylight, occupied the centre of the house; at the foot of the stairs was a deep draw-well, and on each side of it were stables, opening upon the street in one direction and upon the river in the other. Proprietors, a large family, servants, officers and private soldiers, princes and peasants—everybody associated together on the first floor, on which also was the *sociedad*, or club, where cards, chess, draughts, and other games were played. A

party of ten persons were dining in the dirty *salle-à-manger*, and amongst these my attention was drawn to a young man in the uniform of the French cavalry. His card bore the name of M. Pierre de Montrose, surmounted by a coronet. He told me that he had deserted from his regiment in France, and that, in crossing the frontier, he had been fired at by the French douaniers, whose challenge he had refused to answer. His horse was killed and he was wounded in the wrist. I particularly mention this individual because he was a good specimen of those numerous adventurers who were to be found in Spain at that time. He was soon proved to be an impostor, but, as I shall presently show, he was capable of making himself useful to me.¹

On leaving the hotel I met a string of prisoners who were being marched down from the little citadel for labour. A happy inspiration led me to a close inspection of this gang, and I soon found that if there was an Irishman there I had singled out the right one. Knowing the danger of making myself too conspicuous, I contrived to march alongside this individual, and soon ascertained that it was O'Donovan, and that he had been a prisoner for more than six months. As I would not run the risk of being seen

¹ In the month of March 1875, my wife and I happened to be at Batna, in Algeria, on the way to the Sahara, when I was saluted by a Spahi. Under the uniform of the Algerian irregular cavalry I soon recognised Montrose. I had heard that, as his services had not been accepted by Don Carlos, he had returned to France. At Bayonne he was imprisoned, and a little later was sent off to Africa, where he was doing disciplinary duty as a private in a regiment of Spahis. Being an educated man, the general was employing him as a clerk, and at my request he was placed at our disposal, to the mutual advantage of both parties.

talking to him, I promised that I would before long make another opportunity to speak with him.

The afternoon was spent in visiting the monastery of Irache, a magnificent pile of buildings about two miles from the town. Here the flag of the Caridad was flying, and within its walls were 130 wounded men, and sixty suffering from fever and small-pox. The nursing was performed by *Sœurs de Charité* and fifteen frères, with a considerable number of lay assistants.

On returning to the town I called on the Fiscal Militaire in order that I might be informed as to the specific charges against O'Donovan. He and two or three superior officers described these as very serious, but they only repeated the accusation I had heard before. Whatever the prisoner's indiscretion might have been, I felt from the first that he was entirely guiltless of any serious intention against the life of Don Carlos.

Between seven and eight o'clock I dined at the hotel, in the public room, adjoining the kitchen, and resembling it in its smoky walls and ceiling and filthy floor. There were about fourteen at table. Montrosey—for I can only use the name by which he was known to me—pretended to a great interest in O'Donovan, and, as everybody seemed to believe the story of this adventurous soldier of fortune, I determined to make use of him. Presuming on the advantage of his uniform, and guided by a man we met in the street, we ascended by a steep road and a flight of steps to the citadel. The guard looked rather surprised, but the gold braid of my companion (for the young ladies at the inn had changed the tunic into one fit for an aide-de-camp of their King) overcame all objections.

The gaoler and his wife and family were at supper, but, by another happy coincidence, my man Joseph found in them friends of long standing. I ascertained afterwards that this gaoler had been a notorious smuggler on the French frontier, and, having murdered a man, he had been obliged to leave his native country, and was then elevated to his present position. Truly, I began to hope, a man could not always be judged by his company.

Montrosey was equal to the occasion, and put his position *auprès de Sa Majesté le Roi* considerably *en évidence*, and told the gaoler it was part of his duty to inspect the prisons, and his orders were immediately attended to. Lighted by one candle we followed our guide through the dark and narrow passages of the citadel. Heavy bolts and bars were drawn back, and we were conducted into two chambers opening one into the other, on the floor of which forty prisoners were lying on dirty straw mattresses. There was only one small window or opening—for there was no glass in it—barred with iron.

It was a painful sight to see these wretched prisoners start up and sit on their mattresses. Several, no doubt, thought that their last moment had arrived, and the poor fellows rubbed their eyes and stared about until O'Donovan was called into the corridor. This tranquillised the rest, for they concluded that his fate was settled, and they were reprieved, at any rate for a time. I gained all the information I required from O'Donovan, Montrosey acting as counsel for the prosecution and subjecting him to a close cross-examination. I tore some sheets out of my pocket-book and gave them with a pencil to O'Donovan, in order that he might write out his case for me. I also promised



not to leave Spain without doing my best for him. We then saw him back to his pallet, which he shared with a Carlist prisoner, a barrister, who had been incarcerated for reasons of which both he and his gaoler were ignorant.

I retired to bed congratulating myself that Joseph's exertions had secured me the best room in the house and white sheets. As to the other appointments of my chamber, I was not inclined to be hypocritical.

I could not at first understand why I received so much exceptional attention, until I was told that an English 'milord' had presented four steel Armstrong guns to Don Carlos. These had arrived at Estella, and it was believed that I was the milord with whose luggage they had arrived.

The next morning early I set to work to find horses. For this I had an order to requisition at a moderate tariff, but not a horse could be found. I went to the Alcalde, whom I found, after passing through a draper's shop and up three flights of stairs. This old gentleman wore a wig of shaggy black hair that I am inclined to think was made of goat's skin. Although evidently in a very confused state of mind—and well he might be—he sent out in all directions for horses, but without success. Montrosey, aided by his uniform and unlimited assurance, secured a horse, and on this he immediately left for Durango, the then headquarters of Don Carlos. At noon I also had a horse, but circumstances had changed by this time, and I wanted three.

Meanwhile I had sent to the prison and obtained from O'Donovan the memoranda for which I had asked him. After referring to the charges brought against him, and to the improbability that he, having

been educated at a Jesuit seminary, and then at the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, should have harboured any intentions prejudicial to Don Carlos or the Carlist cause, the pencil notes before me ran as follows:—

' In the "Freeman's Journal" of Dublin, on September 3, 1873, appeared a letter from Mr. Glassee, of the London committee, with the address "62 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.," enclosing another from Major Leader, stating that he had received the permission of General Lizarraga to form a foreign corps, in which he had the rank of commandant, and that all volunteers who sympathised with the cause which the King represents should be welcome if they wished to bear arms. Upon this I wrote to Mr. Glassee, stating that I wished to enter the corps as a volunteer. He replied on September 8 that I should go to St. Jean de Luz, passing by the "Moss" line of steamers from Liverpool to Bordeaux. At St. Jean de Luz I was to present myself to Captain M—, the accredited agent of the London committee, and he would direct me to the quarters of the corps at Lesaca. On arriving at St. Jean de Luz I met there Captain M— and also Mr. Leader, who was on his way to England, to make the necessary arrangements for the formation of the corps. Mr. Leader gave me a note, or official document, for the Alcalde of Lesaca, requiring that I should be quartered in the town until further arrangements could be made. On presenting the paper to the Alcalde, I was lodged at the house of the curé, and received rations as a soldier. During the two or three days that I was at Lesaca, I met the Director of Military Hospitals, who told me that Leader's paper was not a sufficient credential, and

that I should go to the Junta to get a passport. Besides that, as some time might elapse before the formation of the projected battalion, being a student of medicine, he would give me work at the hospital of Lesaca.

Then I went to Elizondo, and showed the document I had received from Leader. But there the Junta said that they had heard nothing as yet of the corps, and could not give me permission to remain until they had received formal notification of the matter. I then returned to St. Jean de Luz, where I stopped at the house of Captain M—, writing also to Mr. Leader to know what further steps I ought to take. To my disappointment, he replied that Marshal Elio had refused his assent to the formation of any foreign corps, and hence there was an end of the matter.

I then thought of joining the ambulances, or getting the employment promised by the Director of Hospitals: and with this object requested permission of the Junta to go to Lesaca to take up the place offered me. This request was forwarded by an artillery officer of my acquaintance, Captain Belez, who was at the Hôtel de France, St. Jean de Luz, and who was kind enough to interest himself for me. The Junta answered ordering me to come to Elizondo, and I proceeded to Lesaca for the purpose of seeing the Director; but he had left, and I was arrested almost immediately, though I had not the most remote idea of the cause of it for three days after, when, to my horror and surprise, I was told that I was suspected of having come to poison the Carlists.

Being escorted to Elizondo, an officer there asked me some questions as to the matter; but the fact that

I could only express myself very imperfectly no doubt gave rise to the idea that I had contradicted myself, as indeed might well have been the case, knowing so little of the language, and being considerably alarmed by the yells of the rabble in the streets, who howled "Kill the assassin!"—"To the river with him!" &c.

'From Elizondo I was sent to Estella, where I have remained since the month of November of last year. Of that time I spent six weeks in the hospital, suffering from an acute attack in the stomach, to which I am subject from time to time, and for which I use the medicines which have given rise to my imprisonment.'

To this statement was attached the medical prescription which O'Donovan was in the habit of using, and in which opium and morphia were important ingredients.

I have used his own words, and I purposely avoid expressing any opinions of my own on his case. He had been in prison for six months without trial, and he was threatened with death. My object was to obtain his release, and I used the means I considered best for this purpose.

I went to see the Fiscal Militaire, and he admitted he could not understand why O'Donovan had been imprisoned: the responsibility for this, he said, rested with the Junta of Navarre. I explained that I had already referred to this body at Elizondo, and had been directed by the president to call upon him. Our conversation terminated by the Fiscal telling me that, if I would be responsible for the safe custody of the prisoner, he would give an order for him to be handed over to me, and I might take him to Durango, where the question could be settled by the highest authorities. Armed with the Fiscal's order, I went to the prison

and carried off O'Donovan, to his great astonishment. He accompanied me to the inn, and, whilst he was having a wash, I decided what to do with him. The poor man had not had a change of clothes nor a bath since November, and a brush and a glass he had not seen for five months. His actual condition can be imagined. Under the circumstances I thought it better to take him to the monastery at Irache and ask hospitality of the Director, Señor Guillen.

Then another difficulty presented itself. I had not sufficiently calculated on the expense of this journey, and now I had another traveller on my hands. It was impossible for me to remain until I could obtain a remittance from Bayonne, especially as O'Donovan was regarded with undisguised suspicion, and it was quite possible I should lose him. So again I turned to Irache. The worthy director immediately accepted my suggestions in the kindest manner, and he readily consented to lend me money. I left O'Donovan in his charge and returned to Estella.

The next morning I was up early, and O'Donovan arrived soon after six. My cavalry, as Joseph was pleased to call it, also came up, and this consisted of two horses and a large mule with two guides. But not a saddle nor a bridle could be procured. O'Donovan and I mounted the horses, each with a rug and a halter, Joseph being perched on the mule, with the baggage of the party arranged, in Spanish fashion, in improvised saddle-bags made of a coarse hempen mat, so ingeniously roped as to bear as little as possible on the back of the animal to which they were attached. With the guides trudging behind us, we went off at a brisk pace, and continued up and down amongst the mountains for four hours, when we arrived at a *venta*

(the lowest form of wayside inn). I had frequent occasion to remark on the splendid defensive positions selected by the Carlists, which they were then busily engaged in strengthening.

On leaving the sunlight for the interior of the inn, it was almost impossible to distinguish anything; the building did not possess a window, but narrow slits in the walls allowed streaks of misty light to enter each apartment, and to struggle with the smoke that filled the whole house, and which in the course of years had given a black coating to walls and ceilings. In the kitchen, around a large wood fire placed in the centre, were many utensils of various sizes and shapes with which the people of the house, and the carters, muleteers, and other visitors who had halted at the door, were cooking, each according to his own fancy; there being no chimney, as much of the smoke as could not find a resting place within found outlet through a hole in the roof. Being a privileged visitor (for it was known throughout the countryside that I carried a letter from their beloved Queen), a coarse towel was laid for me in an adjoining room. Our repast consisted of eggs poached in oil and garlic, cream cheese, white bread, and the strong red wine of the country.

After resting for an hour we again started; but, instead of continuing on the road, we followed our guides over the mountain. No animals but Spanish mules and horses could traverse these paths. Alternately riding and walking we reached the summit, above which, at the time, a large eagle was soaring. Then opened upon our view one of the loveliest scenes I have ever looked upon. Within a circle of rocky mountains, many of them capped with snow, reposed a valley, adorned with the most luxuriant vegetation,

dotted with villages, every house in which was distinctly visible through the clear atmosphere. The steep path, sometimes not a yard in breadth, led us down the side of the mountain towards the fertile tract of country. I did not attempt to walk, preferring to trust to my sure-footed horse, but I could not avoid imagining the possibility and consequences of a false step. We reached the main road close to a Carlist manufactory of shells and munitions of war, directed, I believe, by a Frenchman.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Alsasua, a small village which revived recollections of the West of Ireland, except that the houses were more solidly built. These are placed at all sorts of angles, and the traveller must select his own line amidst streams of water, manure heaps, gutters, balks of timber, and various kinds of live stock. We found lodgings in a *posada* (an inn which ranks somewhere between a *fonda* and a *venta*, and our horses were as usual stabled at the foot of the staircase. The *Alcalde* courteously offered to lodge me, but I thought I had better keep with my prisoner.

Here I met Montrosey, who had been stopped by the want of a horse.

Our apartment at the inn had not attained to the luxury of glass windows; but small apertures, with wooden shutters, allowed a current of uninterrupted ventilation. Unfortunately, the fresh air did not drive away the army of insects which attacked us from all sides. At six o'clock next morning we were mounted and on the road towards Durango.

On leaving Estella, I had only stipulated with my guides for half the journey, but I was able to make a fresh bargain, and they consented to get me as far as

possible this day, and to complete the journey on the morrow. The wiry little horses, and a fine dog that never left them, seemed none the worse for the previous day's journey. Once we lost our bearings and were compelled to dismount and lead the horses down an almost perpendicular slope. At the bottom we struck the road again, and reached Cegama about ten o'clock.

As we found that a considerable saving might be effected by using a railway tunnel, we adopted this course. This short cut had certain inconveniences, against one of which, that of brigands, on the recommendation of some telegraph employés, I provided by keeping a hand on my revolver. With a soldier as guide and a boy carrying a lantern, we got through this long tunnel in about three-quarters of an hour. Alternately riding and walking we descended into a beautiful valley, and, passing through Onate, reached Mondragon at 6 P.M., after a steady journey of twelve hours, only interrupted by breakfast.

I was much struck by the grand style of many of the houses in Mondragon, not the least magnificent of these being the hotel at which we halted. The exterior was very fine, with massive stone carvings, and the three rooms allotted to me had handsome ceilings, panelled in dark wood with massive polished beams. This had evidently been some nobleman's residence.

I had felt obliged to make a forced march, partly due to my desire to remove O'Donovan as quickly as possible out of Spain. But the pace could not be sustained, so it was lucky that we had only a short distance before us when we started on the following morning.

One thing had particularly struck me, and this was the excellent manner in which, notwithstanding the war, all the fields were cultivated and general work was being carried on. It is true the women bore the chief part of the work. The men did a period of fighting and then retired. It went forth to the whole of Europe that the Carlists had retreated; whereas they had simply worried their enemy as much as possible in one position and had then retired. The battalions were for a time disbanded; the men went to their homes and pursued peaceful avocations: a few weeks afterwards they appeared in another direction, perhaps sixty or seventy miles distant. The order had been given and the regiments were again on active service.

About eleven o'clock in the morning we arrived at Durango.

We pulled up at the principal hotel, and, through a large stable filled with troop-horses and pack-mules, I mounted to the first floor, thence passing through a number of officers, clad in a variety of uniforms, to the second, where rooms were allotted to me. But so little security did I feel in the tenancy of my room—so sure, indeed, was I that, unless I held it *vi et armis*, I should find it occupied by other persons—that Joseph and I strongly barricaded the two doors, leaving only the window unprotected. This window opened upon a balcony overhanging the river Durango, which at this point is stimulated into activity by two mill-streams which here converge upon it. From a sanitary point of view this was a fortunate circumstance, as the sewage of every house in the town fell into the river (I hope it does not still do so), and just above the hotel there was a slaughter-house, the open drain of which I never passed without seeing a number of rats

regaling themselves on the horrible refuse. The dirt in my room was appalling, and there was a general emptying of this out of the window. Joseph, faithful to his special duty, promised me at least a clean sheet, and with this I had to be content.

At the door of the hotel I met M. de Malaret, whom I had before seen at Bayonne and St. Jean de Luz, and he and four of his countrymen invited me to join them at déjeuner. M. Maggiolo ('Union,' Paris), M. de Vernoux, who was waiting to join a battalion as a volunteer, and M. Cassaire ('Osservatore Romano'), were also of the party.

In the afternoon I went to the palace, as the quiet-looking house occupied by Don Carlos was called, and here for the first time I was presented to 'the King.' Marshal Elio, to whom I handed a letter of introduction, received me in the kindest and most courteous manner, and he expressed his regret that, as he was just starting for France, he could not be personally useful to me. He introduced me to the Count del Pinar, the Minister of the Interior, who at once offered his services.

Being too tired for any more exertion, I amused myself by watching all that was passing, and this was interesting enough to satisfy anyone. Don Carlos went out for a ride; he was mounted on a superb white Andalusian, and was followed by two aides-de-camp and an escort of the Royal Guard; he was in undress dark blue uniform, with the order of the Golden Fleece at his neck, and a bright red *boina* on his head.

At eight o'clock I dined with the same party as were at déjeuner with the addition of Count Pinatelli, Captain in the Royal Guard and A.D.C. to Don Carlos.

The next day was full of bustle and excitement ; after a sojourn of several weeks at Durango, headquarters were to move, and the Royal Guards were saddling. At nine o'clock the King attended Mass in the old church of San Pedro de Tavira, and an hour later he left for Aspeitia, attended by the Duke della Rocca, his military secretary, two A.D.C.'s and his private physician and an escort. I thought it politic to ask no questions, but Joseph and I found out a good deal. It was said that fighting was going on at Villa Real, and this departure was the beginning of a retreat.

I managed to get hold of Admiral de Vinalet (Minister of Foreign Affairs) and had a long conversation with him on O'Donovan's case. At first the Admiral would not believe the astounding fact that I had with me in the town the 'dangerous conspirator' who had been imprisoned for six months for seeking an opportunity to assassinate the King. Gradually the truth dawned on him, and he then offered strong objections to allowing O'Donovan to return to France. I told his Excellency that, had I not thought I should be breaking faith with the Fiscal Militaire at Estella, and wanting in courtesy to himself, I might have crossed the frontier with the prisoner, and he would have known nothing about it. The matter ended in the Admiral dictating a pass for me, which he sealed with the official stamp.

I then spent one or two hours in visiting the hospitals, which I found in a terribly insanitary state ; the wounded and small-pox cases being huddled up together, whilst in the dark passages I had to pick my way among corpses, and sometimes to stoop down to

the floor to make sure whether some of the patients were alive or dead. There was a complete absence of hospital comforts, and 80,000 reals (800*l.*) were owing to the local apothecary and others. With the help of the Mother Superior of a convent I made out a list of things most urgently needed, and promised I would give it to the Doña Margarita on my return to France.

The stampede was complete; all the horses and mules were requisitioned, as well as every carriage that could run on wheels. It was almost ludicrous to watch the efforts which all persons attached to Don Carlos were making to leave the town. The hotel was emptied, and the proprietors were sorely troubled by the thought of what would happen when the army of the Government of Spain arrived.

I had not intended to move until the following day. Whether the Republicans entered the town or not was of little consequence to me, provided no attempt should be made by the Carlists to defend it; but when I saw all the means of transport leaving for the north, it occurred to me that if I did not make a move I should be obliged to remain there for an indefinite period, unless I chose to walk, and to this O'Donovan's strength was not equal.

Late in the afternoon, Joseph succeeded in securing an old calèche and a pair of horses, and the manner in which the proprietor had hitherto protected this valuable equipage from requisition deserves to be described. The carriage stood on three wheels, all of which were more or less shaky, whilst the fourth had been *lost*. He had also inserted nails in the shoes of his horses in such a way that they only required a slight blow to prove that the animals were too lame to work. However we managed to set the old vehicle on four

serviceable wheels, and the horses were soon in a condition to undertake a long journey.

The Governor was besieged by persons asking for passes, and he gave me one for the carriage and party. Then I found on my return to the stables that the Fiscal had ordered the horses to be unharnessed ; and, in answer to my expostulations, he placed a sentry at the door with orders not to allow carriage or horses to leave. I returned to the Governor, who courteously sent an orderly officer with me to inform the Fiscal that he would, on his own personal responsibility, allow me to take the carriage, horses, and coachman. The Fiscal, after a warm argument, insisted on my going with him to the Governor, who quietly extinguished his subordinate. The guard was removed from the stable, and we left the town without further loss of time or temper.

There is no doubt that the permission I had received to take off a carriage and horses at such a time was due to a misconception on the part of the courteous Governor which I should have been less than human had I tried to correct. The General understood I had lately seen his 'Queen' at Pau ; he also knew that she had given me letters, and that I was to pay her another visit on my return to France. He therefore concluded that I was on a special mission from the Doña Margarita, and devotion to her aided me on this, as on many other occasions, when I could talk to Carlists about her.

It was striking 7 P.M. as we left Durango. I gave a seat to M. de Vernoix ; for, not knowing where to find the battalion to which he had been appointed, he thought it better to follow the headquarters staff. About ten o'clock we stopped at Eybar for dinner, and

we were extremely lucky in our selection of a halting-place. In this town there is a very important manufactory of arms, and, judging from its buildings, it had evidently been very prosperous. We were soon provided with an excellent meal of fish, ortolans, &c.

Just before midnight we made a fresh start, although strongly advised not to do so, or, if we did, to keep our revolvers in readiness. I may remark that, notwithstanding the sinister reputation of some localities through which I travelled, and the reports of crimes which had recently been committed, I did not once encounter any disagreeable incidents on the road. On the contrary, I always experienced civility, hospitality and good-will.

A little before four o'clock in the morning we drove into a town. Not a sound could be heard; there was not a street-lamp, nor even a glimmer of light from a single window. Our coachman banged away lustily at two or three doors, with those solid sledgehammer-looking contrivances which in Spain act as door-knockers. At last the noise brought an old lady from her bed; she told us we were at Ascoitia, and that the 'King' was in the town. A little farther on, at the door of a feudal mansion, the external walls of which were hung with old tapestry, two sentries were posted, and a guard of soldiers were sleeping in the open hall. Whilst we were talking, an officer who had been contemplating us from a balcony sent a soldier to tell us it was impossible for us to remain where we were, as we were disturbing the slumbers of His Majesty. He directed us to the principal hotel, where, after some difficulty, we were admitted, and beds were made up for us in a large hall on the first floor.

I was now determined to ask no more questions, so

the next morning, leaving M. de Vernoux at Ascoitia, we drove on for another hour and arrived at Aspeitia. The coachman assured me that his horses were none the worse for the night's journey, and no doubt he was encouraged to advance rather than return by the fear of meeting the Fiscal when he had not my protection. So I gave him a fresh engagement, and we continued the journey at noon in heavy rain. We passed one very interesting place—namely, the large deserted monastery and the Santa Casa where Ignatius de Loyola was born.

Between four and five we reached Tolosa, where we engaged another carriage and horses to take us to Andoain, and here we remained for the night in much discomfort. The Republican troops were in the immediate neighbourhood, but Carlists swarmed around the village, and a cordon was drawn in front of it.

I was now so near my goal that I made up my mind nothing should delay me; so, as soon as it was light, not being able to hire horses, we engaged two men to act as guides and porters, and, without waiting for breakfast, started to cross the mountains. Up watercourses and down steep slopes, slippery with the morning dew, through bracken and ferns, and under oak trees and chestnuts, we pursued our way until nine o'clock, when we arrived at a house frequented by muleteers. Every now and then we were challenged by a Carlist sentry. We left the Republican positions at Hernani a little to our left, but we could see the troops at work, and beyond we had a good view of St. Sebastian and the sea. After six hours' fast walking we met a man who promised to overtake us at a certain point with two mules. This he did; the mules were laden with charcoal, but when this was discharged and

the backs of the mules rearranged, O'Donovan and I mounted. Alternately riding and walking we kept moving, passed through Oyarzun, and then, allowing Irun a wide berth, the Republicans being in force there, we steered through the valley at the back of San Marcial, and descended the mountain by a steep path to Enderlaza. We had intended crossing into France by the bridge at Behobie, but a Carlist guard would not permit us to do this. We therefore passed over in a boat and walked into Behobie. Here I hired a carriage and drove to St. Jean de Luz. Having dined at the *Hôtel de France*, I left O'Donovan there with sufficient money to enable him to return to his friends, and between nine and ten I went on by rail to Bayonne.

The object of my journey was thus fully accomplished, and I had the satisfaction of bringing O'Donovan out of a Spanish dungeon, when all other attempts to do so had failed, and indeed all hope of his life had been given up.

I have sufficiently described the details of this journey to prove that it was a very arduous one. For many reasons I had forced the pace, not the least important being the absolute necessity to put O'Donovan outside of Spain. I also felt that over-exertion and want of rest would in a few hours render him and myself quite unfit for travelling. This impression had incited me to the last day's journey of seventeen hours. During the whole ensuing night I was very ill, but the knowledge that I had completed my task and could now rest was the best restorative.¹

¹ Some months afterwards a nobleman called at the Foreign Office in reference to O'Donovan's release. He said, 'Under the circumstances, the least you can do is to reimburse Mr. Furley the expense he has incurred.' The answer was, the expression of a regret that there was no



fund out of which such expenses could be paid. Still later, I received a letter from Sir Henry Layard, which I highly value, and which I hope I may be pardoned for publishing. In this the distinguished ambassador wrote: 'I well remember the generous and courageous manner in which you ventured amongst the Carlists during the Civil War in Spain, to discover the fate of Mr. O'Donovan and to obtain his release if still alive. I could not at the time afford you any assistance, and your task was successfully accomplished entirely through your own tact and exertion. I am very glad to be able to acknowledge this, and it would give me much pleasure if this testimony to the essential service which you rendered to a British subject under very difficult and even dangerous circumstances could be of any use to you.'

CHAPTER XV

Another Visit to the Doña Margarita—French and Spanish Frontier Episodes—Bilbao—International Complications—M. Dupressoir's Gambling Establishment—The Three Days' Battle of Estella.

HAVING been quite set up again by two days' rest, I felt I could no longer delay my promised visit to the Doña Margarita. I went to Pau and had a most interesting interview, during which I fully reported the state of the hospitals I had seen and their requirements; and the Duchess informed me as to the hospitals in Catalonia where her sister-in-law, the Doña Blanca, was in much need of assistance. I returned that night to Bayonne, and the next day made my report to Mr. Graham (British Consul) on the release of O'Donovan.

I must not attempt to describe the curious life I led for the next two or three weeks, but I will pick out two or three droll experiences which will show that war has its comic incidents, in spite of the overwhelming tragedy of it all. For instance, I crossed the river one morning to ask the Republican guard to allow me to pass through to the Carlists. This permission having been granted, Carlist messengers were sent down the French bank and across the Bidassoa to warn the scouts of my approach and direct them not to fire upon me. These preliminaries having been settled, Mr. Jeffryes (a young surgeon who had

volunteered his professional services) and I drove over the wooden bridge and through the gate held by the Republicans. This post of Liberals always struck me as one of the funniest things I have ever seen. Closely invested by Carlists, the guard could never pass out by their own gate on the Spanish side. On the bridge they were safe, because the French would not allow the neutrality of this structure to be compromised. The only way, therefore, in which the guard could be changed was for the relief to cross the river from Irún without arms, then walk over the bridge from Behobia and take up the weapons which the party to be relieved had left for them.

In my daily wanderings, both on the French and Spanish frontier, mixing as I did with ardent politicians of all shades, it was not difficult to gather that an important crisis was anticipated. Jeffries and I found occupation in the various small improvised hospitals, and also in removing patients to larger establishments, but we also found time to study geography and thus be ready for a rapid advance or a *masterly* retreat, whichever might be demanded by circumstances.

We assisted also in a matter which at one time threatened an international dispute. This took me again by sea to Bilbao. On one occasion whilst travelling in a very pacific-looking omnibus in which were some women and their families, we suddenly came under a sharp fire of small arms. The passengers made a rush for the river, and a boat was pushed off with some of them, whilst one distracted mother left me standing on the bank with her baby in my arms. This was decidedly serious, so I gave chase in another boat, and fortunately was able to give up the child to its rightful owner. Bilbao was supposed to be

enjoying a period of peace, but there was always the chance of a fight on the outskirts of the city, especially in the direction of Hernani.

Marshal Concha (Commander-in-Chief of the Government troops) had given orders that the Carlist wounded at Santurce might be removed; but the vessel chartered for this purpose, the 'Negrito,' was suspected of having been engaged in carrying arms for the Carlists. This led to an interchange of telegrams between Paris, Bayonne, and Bilbao.

Questions of excise were also involved, as it appeared the 'Negrito' had articles of merchandise on board, and on that account the vessel must go to Santander to be unloaded. All sorts of fines and penalties were declared to be due, and certain sums had to be paid down *pendente lite*. In the office of the French Consulate at Bilbao, where I met M. Le Ray, the Captain, it was seriously proposed that the 'Negrito' should start that night, and that I should be taken as lieutenant, in case of any difficulty with regard to the vessel not having been licensed to carry passengers.

Then a Spanish gunboat was placed alongside the unfortunate vessel, so, making a virtue of necessity, we decided to take our ship to Santander. Here we were prevented from landing by the Health and Customs officers. However, in the dark we rowed ashore, without anybody being injured by our independent proceeding. The Captain dined with me at the Hôtel des Américains, which was kept by two Frenchmen. Here I met another O'Donovan ('Freeman's Journal'), brother of my late prisoner, and Mr. Houghton ('Standard'), whom I had known ten years before in Bordeaux.

More difficulties arose; the 'Negrito' was not allowed to discharge even a small cargo of linen collars. Thinking that matters could be arranged more expeditiously on French soil, I started at five o'clock next morning by sea for St. Jean de Luz.

After much fuss and circumlocution, diplomacy shut her eyes before charity, and the 'Negrito' was allowed to sail. On arriving there was great excitement; the wounded were lowered into large boats and brought up the Bidassoa as far as Hendaye, when they were again moved into flat-bottomed boats and transported to Carlist hospitals in the neighbourhood. The kindness of the peasantry in helping to carry the stretchers and also in bringing soup, meat, bread, and wine for them, was unstinted and generous.

I must not omit to mention another source of interest of quite a different character. The German gambling-tables having been outlawed, M. Dupressoir had cast a benevolent eye on Spain, and Fuenterabia seemed formed by nature for the purpose to which he destined it. Backed by some well-known bankers, he purchased, it was said, a concession from the Spanish Government to open an establishment there. He bought a château on the margin of the Bidassoa, just outside the walls of Fuenterabia, and here his architects, decorators, and furnishers had transformed his new acquisition into a miniature combination of Baden-Baden, Homburg, and Monte Carlo. The whole neighbourhood seemed to do little else than follow M. Dupressoir and his satellites, watch his coming and his going, admire his well-appointed omnibus and fine piebald team, his boats with smartly uniformed crews, his big mastiff and, in a word, everything connected with this bold speculator. Many

parents would have been glad if the Carlists had swooped down and carried away the bank; but it was said, and it appeared credible, that both belligerents had been paid in order to secure protection for the bank. However, this bold undertaking had a short life and not, I think, a very merry one.

Dining at the house of a mutual friend at St. Jean de Luz, I met Captain Ronald Campbell, afterwards Baron Craignish ('Graphic'), and Captain the Hon. Greville Nugent, who, a few months later, was killed when riding in a steeplechase at Sandown. They invited me to accompany them to the headquarters of Marshal Concha, as they, in common with most people, believed that a decisive blow was to be struck by the Republican army, and that Estella, the stronghold of Carlism, would be the prize. I told them that, much as I should enjoy their company, having seen Estella and its defences, I had great confidence in the little Carlist army, and I preferred to see the battle from the mountain rather than from the plain. I also felt that an opportunity would soon occur when a stranger and a neutral might be of great service to the victims of the inevitable fight. If the Republicans should be victorious it would be an advantage to the hospital of the Caridad at Irache to have attached to it somebody who had already established relations with the principal members of the Spanish Red Cross Society. If, on the contrary, as I firmly believed, the Carlists should gain the battle, I should be in a position to serve the wounded whom Marshal Concha might leave on the field. I was laughed at for my faith in the impregnability of Estella in face of such an army as was now preparing to attack it.

I am now about to describe my experience of the

three days' battle I witnessed. I passed through Lesaca and Mugiare to Pampeluna. There was evidence of greater activity, and it was difficult to obtain horses, as these were being daily requisitioned. Pampeluna was in its usual state of ignorance as to what was passing outside, and the proprietor of the Swiss café was delighted to receive the latest Paris newspapers which I was able to give him.

The next morning (June 23) I heard that the diligence to Estella had been taken off the road, owing to the Carlists having levied toll in the shape of a horse on each recent journey it had made. M. de Meurville (French Consular Agent) called and recommended me to a French stable-keeper, and with him I arranged for a small carriage to take me to Puente la Reyna the next morning. A journey beyond this would entail ruinous expense, owing to the heavy tax imposed. But even then there were obstacles to my departure. The stable-keeper called and told me that he could not let me have a horse, as the day before, out of six of his horses, five had been taken; and he could not even let me have a mule for my luggage.

It was a feast day in this beleaguered city, so I just went to Mass at the cathedral and then to the Plaza de Toros, where bull calves with padded horns were turned into the ring and baited by about fifty youths, who, with laths of wood instead of swords, caricatured the leading matadors of the day. Now and then an adventurous youth received a severe tossing.

Notwithstanding that Pampeluna, a fortress of the first class, was supposed to be shut off from the outer world, General Echague had arrived here nine days before with his division and three batteries of artillery, and left again two days afterwards; General Martinez

Campos also paid the city a visit whilst his division was at Las Campanas. Neither of these generals met with any interruption. Truly war as understood in Spain is differentiate from anything under the same name in any other country.

On the following morning (Thursday, June 25) Joseph and I left for Estella at seven o'clock; as far as Puente la Reyna there was no incident to note. After passing Sirauqui, we remarked that the peasants were looking anxiously towards the mountains, and they said they had seen Republicans coming down towards the valley with artillery. Shortly afterwards we saw Carlists crowding into the trenches which had been dug on almost all the heights to the right of the road. Orderlies, too, were riding as hard as their horses could carry them. A little further on we found that the road before us was cut, and we were thus obliged to make a considerable détour. There were troops in all the villages and our coachman pushed his three mules on at a cruel pace, as if he expected a shell to burst every minute. Early in the afternoon we entered Estella and received a warm welcome from the people at the hotel, some of whom were the same I had met six weeks before. Thence Joseph and I walked to Irache.

We had not proceeded very far before we heard the sound of cannon in the distance, and we were told that an attack was to be made on Estella. I hurried along, and on arriving at the monastery saw M. Barenna, the director, and his deputy Señor Guillen, and I offered my services to them. It was evident that a battle was imminent.

Estella had given much trouble to the Government and to the Republican generals, and rumour had

anticipated the fate which was likely to befall the town and its inhabitants if it were captured.

Other generals, including Espartero in 1835, had failed to take this town. It was, perhaps, owing to this that Concha had staked his reputation on its capture, and there was no doubt that, if he succeeded, the town would be converted into a heap of ruins. It was then chiefly for the sake of its loyal population, devoted to the cause of Don Carlos, that the defence of Estella was undertaken, for the town itself was of no strategical value. Marshal Concha had announced his intention to carry on the war in a pitiless manner without quarter, and to burn and destroy every place that offered resistance. The inhabitants, therefore, knew they were fighting for home and life, and it is impossible to exaggerate the enthusiasm that was felt.

But to return to Irache. Three hundred additional beds were being prepared, and there was great activity visible in every part of the monastery. There being nothing for me to do just then, I determined to go out and watch the course of the battle, which was commencing.

Accompanied by Joseph and an orderly, I passed through the large garden and out into the fields on the slopes of Monte Jurra. Before us were the three principal roads leading into Estella, the two nearest through narrow gorges in the hills, from the summit of which Concha's artillery was keeping up a regular, but not very rapid, fire on Villatuerta and other points in front of the rocky heights that bar the entrance to the town. At this time the third road, by which we had arrived from Pampeluna, was unoccupied, but the enemy was rapidly deploying in that direction. We crept forward, over barren fields of rough uncultivated dips

of gravel, dotted with tufts of heather, every now and then lying down to avoid observation and to watch the progress of the fight.

Suddenly a shell burst close to us, and this called our attention to the position of a small Carlist battery on the left, of which the enemy had just found the range. A little farther on we came to a posada on the Lerin road; behind this was the 7th regiment of Navarre; the officers were in the house and the men were amusing themselves in a variety of ways, and in watching the shells which were now falling pretty frequently around us. A jolly priest, the chaplain of the regiment, came out and invited me to take some refreshment. At first I was anxious to avoid such an inviting target as the inn, which was already the object of much attention on the part of the Republican gunners, but the priest and his companions were so polite that I was induced to spend half an hour with them in the enjoyment of wine and water and cigarettes. A few hundred yards farther on was the 2nd Battalion of Navarre concealed behind a spur of the mountain. Here, conspicuous by his portly figure and dark blue tunic, was M. de Vernoux, whom I had left at Ascoitia. Attracted by the flag of the Caridad, I moved on to a small village perched on a conical hill, and here I found an ambulance section from Irache.

Villatuerta was still the principal object of attack, whilst the Republican troops were gradually deploying in a south-westerly direction with the evident intention of blocking Estella on that side.

Night was coming on, and we were a long way from the town, and it was impossible to obtain a horse or a mule. In order not to run the risk of being made prisoner, I had accepted the invitation of Señor Guillen

to sleep at the monastery, where I hoped the flag of the Caridad would be treated as neutral ; however, on arriving at Estella, I was too weary to trudge any farther, so I decided to remain there, come what might.

Friday, June 26, I was awakened at 2.30 A.M. by bugles sounding in the streets. It was no use trying to sleep ; the whole town was in movement, and the troops had left for their respective posts.

As it was doubtful whether Estella would not be in the hands of the enemy before night, I went to Irache, Joseph carrying my portmanteau. On the way we met M. Barena with an ambulance section, the medical and surgical hampers and stretchers being borne on mules. At the monastery I was welcomed by Señor Guillen, who gave up his own bed to me, and here I slept for an hour. The constant rattle of musketry, which had been kept up in an intermittent way since three in the morning, and the warm sunlight which poured through the two little windows into the whitewashed chamber would not let me remain idle any longer. I had made a long journey to see a battle amongst the mountains, and if possible to have some little part in it as a neutral. It was, therefore, impossible for me to remain inactive whilst shots were being exchanged a few hundred yards off.

The Republican artillery had descended the mountain, and one battery came into action at 7.30 A.M., and at this hour, accompanied by Joseph, I went out. Just outside the wall of the monastery garden there was a group of convalescents and several peasants watching with anxious eyes every movement of the enemy ; but there was not the slightest expression of a fear that the Carlists would lose the day.

Having approached the scene of action as near as was prudent, I perched myself amongst the branches of a small chestnut tree ; Joseph seated himself at the foot, and with a cord I lowered or drew up my field-glasses, thus enabling him to compare his observations with my own, an occupation in which I found him a most intelligent and vivacious companion. For some hours a great struggle was carried on at Villatuerta and the neighbouring village of Arandigoyen ; and in front of the latter several hand-to-hand encounters took place, as the enemy, who had approached by a lane hidden by cornfields, repeatedly stormed the earthworks behind which the Carlists were entrenched. The most serious tragedy of the morning was the burning of Villatuerta ; and the indignation of the peasantry rose to the highest pitch when it was known that two women had been burnt to death in one of the houses.

Between eleven and twelve I returned to the monastery for breakfast, and immediately afterwards started in search of Señor Barenna and his field-hospital. Joseph and I walked into Estella, and thence up the Durango road as far as Bearin, a small cluster of houses upon a rock, only accessible by a narrow and stony path. Here Señor Barenna and his staff were holding themselves in readiness for work ; but what I had seen during the morning enabled me to judge better than they could how the battle was going. It was evident that Marshal Concha intended to form a semicircle in front of the heights which screened Estella from the Larraga road to that of Durango, and then to make a frontal attack and capture the town.

Until the right wing of the Republican army had reached the Durango road, Bearin would be useless as

an ambulance station ; I therefore persuaded Barenná and the surgeons to move to a better position. Two lofty ridges of rock, with a narrow valley between them, separated us from the place where the wounded were most likely to be found, and the geography of which I had carefully noted. An excellent mount with a good military saddle was found for me, and we set off, six in number, with three or four guides. We crossed the mountain by almost inaccessible paths. Passing through two or three battalions of Alavese troops, we reached the heights overhanging the plain, and halted at a spot where a military ambulance column was stationed. Two or three doctors, surrounded by a curious group, were attending to a wounded man lying under a hedge ; horrible-looking messes were being concocted over a large fire ; mules were loose in all directions, eating whatever they could find, and occasionally doing their best to relieve themselves of their packs by rolling on them. Scrambling up a steep bank, we reached a small plateau on which there was barely room for a dozen persons to stand, and from this point we had a magnificent view of the whole battlefield, which was now assuming greater proportions, as the Republicans were rapidly completing their semicircle.

The Carlists occupied the whole of the heights in front of Estella, and the outworks of this colossal and natural fortress consisted of eight or nine villages placed just at the foot of the slopes : in front, forming a vast horseshoe, which covered eight or nine miles, was Concha's army of 45,000 men with eighty guns. Each village, commencing with Villatuerta, had been in turn attacked, and at this hour of the day the fight was especially furious at the hamlet below our little

redoubt. The Carlists treated the whole affair more like boys in a mimic battle with snowballs, and frequently they yelled out their jokes at the 'Negroes.'

It was very interesting to watch the manner in which the Republican army, after extending from left to right, for many hours gradually drew in towards the Carlist positions: it seemed impossible, even with the advantage of ground, that the latter (about 16,000 all counted), thinly scattered as they were, and almost entirely without artillery and cavalry, could hold their own against the army of Spain. The artillery fire steadily increased, until we felt that the village below us, which closed the entrance to the steep and narrow lane leading to our rocky platform, must be captured. It was now between 5 and 6 P.M., and hitherto the Carlists had hardly replied by a shot, as their three or four small guns were perfectly useless. Now, however, the enemy were getting unpleasantly close to our trenches, and the order was given to commence firing. Fortunately but few shells burst on the rocky parapet behind which the Carlists were entrenched, but almost all of them passed over our heads, and fell into the valley between us and Estella. Our losses in killed and wounded were not very numerous, and the latter, after first aid had been given, were immediately carried off on stretchers to Irache. Suddenly the battle was brought to a close for that day: a storm broke, accompanied by torrents of rain, that made it impossible to distinguish between the thunder of the guns and that of the heavens, and even prevented the combatants from seeing each other.

With a guide I rode down to Estella and thence on to Irache, where I arrived about eight o'clock, almost in a drowned state.

Saturday, June 27, I was up about seven, but as there was little going on, and apparently no great change in the disposition of the troops, I sat for some time writing at my window, whilst Joseph was posted in the branches of our look-out tree in order to give me notice of any advance on the part of the Republicans. Later, when the guns began to roar, we walked into Estella. It was extraordinary what a change had come over the town within a few hours; everybody who could leave the place had done so, and the women and children, with all the portable property it was possible to remove, had gone away to the mountains to await the result of the battle. Everyone felt that this third day must be decisive; and although the Carlist soldiers seemed to look upon victory as certain, nothing was left in Estella which could be of any value to the enemy.

The fonda this morning was even duller and dirtier than usual. A priest and one or two of my acquaintances were there, and it was still possible to find something to eat. Although I kept a room in the house, my bed had been taken to the hospital, and even the curtains had been carried off, with other superfluous furniture, to some hiding-place in the hills.

On leaving the town I ascended the mountain by a narrow gorge, by which, in case the Carlists sustained a defeat, I intended to retreat on Irache. Another object I had in view was to call at a small chapel which I had suggested should be utilised for hospital purposes, and over this the flag of the Caridad was now flying. In this sombre little retreat, first dressings and minor operations were being rapidly performed, and thence the wounded were forwarded to the rear on stretchers. Promising to keep up communication

with the doctor here, I continued the ascent of the mountain.

There was a little desultory firing on the east of Estella and a small body of Carlists made a demonstration in the direction of Lacar, where, entrenched behind earthworks, they remained during the whole day. But it was evident that the cannonade was only intended to occupy them on this side. The real attack was about to be made on the extreme left of the Carlist position, and if this had succeeded a simultaneous advance would doubtless have been made by the whole of the Republican army.

During the night the important village of Abarzusa had been set on fire by the enemy. On the plain behind the greater part of Concha's army held the same position it had occupied on the previous day. Early in the morning the guns, which were placed behind a small stream which here crosses the plain, opened fire on our position at Pena Muro, but of this very little notice was taken.

But the importance of this battle cannot be made intelligible without a slight description of the ground. Regarded as a military spectacle, the battle of Abarzusa-Estella was without exception the grandest and most picturesque battle I had ever witnessed. To give a faint idea of the locality, I must compare it with a vast theatre in which the Carlists held the whole of the gallery, having in the centre Pena Muro, which was the key to the position. The village of Abarzusa was immediately below in the pit. Marshal Concha's columns poured in through files on the right-hand side and then deployed upon the stage, and advanced over the stalls and pit. The back of the stage and the side boxes were represented by lofty mountains, the features

of which were clearly defined against a cloudless sky. From my place with the Carlists in the gallery I could see every change and incident of the fight as distinctly marked as on a raised map, and even without the aid of glasses I could distinguish not only regiments but even individual marksmen and gallopers. The two extreme points were Abarzusa and Villatuerta, and the fighting was carried on over a semicircle of about nine miles in front of and close under the mountains, which rise on all sides abruptly from the plain.

The attack on the right—that is, on the Villatuerta side—was merely a repetition of what had occurred on the preceding day, in which the villages of Villatuerta, Arandigoyen, Lacar, Murillo and Garocin were the chief sufferers. The Carlist riflemen were scarcely disturbed in their trenches, but the buildings, especially the church tower of Murillo, behind which were a large body of Navarrese and Arragonese sharpshooters, were evidently marked out for destruction. There were a few casualties on our side, and early in the day Captain Locatelli, of the Pontifical Zouaves, fell dead with a shot through the chest.

It was about noon that a really serious attack on the heights of Pena Muro commenced, and a very hot artillery fire was directed on the slopes crowned by the Hermitage, but without dislodging the Carlists, who swarmed in the trenches in front of the village, whilst the supports remained behind the buildings. Under cover of this cannonade, to which the Carlists only replied by a few shots from four small guns on their extreme left—which were no better than pop-guns, so far were they outranged by the eighty pieces of artillery which had been brought against them—the

enemy advanced through the well-cultivated fields, and hundreds could be seen wading through the standing corn or taking aim under cover of the vines. But it was from behind the smoking ruins of Abarzusa and the villages of Aricola and Zabal, which formed the left of the principal attack, that the most searching fire was maintained.

At this time the redoubt on the summit of San Millan presented a thoroughly characteristic scene. Here, taking in the whole battle at a glance, were a group of Carlists waiting for orders, and a number of peasants who were acting as spectators of the fray. The elder men encouraged the younger, and spoke of former experiences when they themselves carried muskets in the same sacred cause—‘Dios, Patria, Rey.’ There was a sporting priest with a double-barrelled gun and a pointer, though I expect it was immaterial whether bipeds or quadrupeds came to his bag, probably ‘Negroes’ for choice. There were also several women, who had come up with provision-mules laden with bread, skins of wine, bottles of water, &c. Most of these women were looking down upon the battalions in which their husbands, sons, fathers, brothers and sweethearts were fighting, but not one of them would have withdrawn from the battle those in whom their love was centred. I met one woman, holding to her breast a baby of fifteen days. Only a few weeks before her husband had been killed in action, and she said that if the child, which she loved best of all things on earth, were old enough to carry a rifle, she would willingly give him too. Many of those around me could see their own houses burning—for seven villages were now more or less in flames; but even this scarcely

seemed to excite a pang. Such faith in a cause, and such confidence in a victorious result it would probably be impossible to find equalled elsewhere.

We had an anxious moment when it was discovered that a force of Republicans had succeeded in getting unperceived upon the slopes of the mountains which flanked the left of our position. For half an hour, it seemed probable that the position of Pena Muro would be turned, and Estella would then have been at the mercy of the enemy. Yet, there was no confusion nor anything like a panic. Every man and woman was on the watch, and the advancing tirailleurs were speedily brought to bay and forced back upon their supports. No similar movement was again attempted.

From San Millan I moved across the vineyards, broken up by stone walls, banks and rugged rocks to the twin peak called Lucar, and just below this I joined the staff of General Dorregaray, the Carlist Commander-in-Chief, amongst whom I had several friends. General Mendiri, to whom was due the chief credit of this defence, and a few other superior officers, were with the chief on the edge of the plateau, whilst the staff were a little in rear, partly under cover of a rock. Even at this height projectiles were screaming through the air, and I could but think what an unpleasantly conspicuous target we made, with Dorregaray's white charger as a centre. A young lieutenant fell dead with a ball through his forehead and several other men were wounded. A Remington bullet flattened itself on a stone on which I was supporting my elbow, whilst watching through glasses a charge of Republican cavalry, at the same time another bullet made a groove across the sole of Joseph's boot as he was sitting on the grass at my side. Humbler animals did not escape,

and a poor dog came limping towards us for sympathy. Being too inquisitive as to the meaning of so much firing, he had exposed himself, and a shell-splinter mutilated one of his paws. Aides-de-camp were carrying orders on horseback or on foot, for some of the paths were quite inaccessible for horses. The coolness and intrepidity of these officers, several of whom were only boys, were quite remarkable.

Curiosity kept me at the front, though I confess that prudence more than once suggested that I had no business to be where I was. Several times the attacking force almost reached our parapet, and had they succeeded in establishing themselves there Estella must have been lost, as their artillery would have raked the valley behind us, whilst their riflemen would have held in check the handful of Carlists on San Millan, but successive charges with the bayonet drove them back again down the slopes towards Abarzusa. The 2nd battalion of Navarre especially distinguished themselves. Five times they charged down the hill, hurling the enemy before them, and strewing the cornfields and vineyards with dead bodies. On the first of these occasions the position was almost lost when Lt.-Colonel Fronda, who was in command of the regiment, foresaw the danger and rushed down the steep incline with his men, who desired nothing better than to cross bayonets with the enemy. Once their impetuosity led them too far, and some squadrons of cavalry swept across the field and nearly succeeded in capturing them all; but a battalion of Alava was sent to their assistance, and the cavalry were compelled to retire after a most gallant effort. This formed one of the most exciting incidents of the day. The 1st regiment of Navarre was also conspicuous by its splendid

courage. But where such heroic valour was displayed it is almost invidious to particularise, especially as it was so difficult to distinguish the difference between the Carlist regiments, except in the case of those of Navarre, in which a distinctive uniform was worn.

But whilst praising the gallantry of the army with which I found myself, I must also render justice to their adversaries. It was not surprising that some of the younger troops more than once recoiled in the ascent of that awful steep, when they saw their foes furiously descending upon them with gleaming bayonets through the vineyards which were already thickly strewn with the bleeding bodies of men who formed part of the élite of the army of Spain.

Some of the battalions of Navarre and Alava were in reserve on the side of the mountain near where General Dorregaray was standing. In this direction it was evident the enemy were gaining ground, and orders were given to two regiments to take them in flank. The bugles sounded, immediately the officers were in their saddles, the horses cantered down the steep slope as only Spanish horses can do on such ground, and the men, who, like dogs panting and straining at the leash, had been anxiously awaiting the opportunity to be let loose, started off down the side of the mountains, bounding and leaping like goats. On they rushed, right into the enemy's ranks. Using the bayonet right and left, they continued their onward course until they were interrupted by some squadrons of cavalry, which threatened to annihilate them. Nevertheless, they succeeded in bringing back thirty prisoners.

For several hours longer the battle continued to rage, at one time victory inclining to the Republicans,

at another time to the Carlists, but the bayonet charges of the latter, and a position that was worth some thousands of men, were irresistible, and before darkness closed in upon the scene, Marshal Concha and his army had been beaten back. Again a violent storm came on, and rain fell in torrents. The battle, which had lasted for three days, was virtually at an end, and the firing gradually ceased, although it was continued from time to time in a desultory way.

Weary, after this most exciting day, quite wet through, and feeling very hungry, I was glad to find a guide who steered Joseph and myself by a short cut to Estella, where we arrived about nine o'clock.

The streets of the town were full of people, and from all directions wounded men were being borne on stretchers to the military hospital, and to the monastery at Irache, or to their own homes, for at Estella every household had a relative in the Carlist ranks. An hour later Joseph and I walked back to Irache, and there assisted to put about fifty wounded men in the beds which had been prepared for them. For some hours later the poor maimed wretches I had seen continued to trouble my thoughts, as from my bed I could hear their moans in the corridors of the vast monastery.

Sunday, June 28, 1874, will ever be remembered in the annals of the town of Estella. The Carlists felt that the victory just gained would restore to them the prestige they had undoubtedly lost at Bilbao, more especially as they had never underrated the military capacity of Marshal Concha or doubted his threat that he would concentrate all his energies and the power that the Government could give him to the extinction of Carlism. They had not been dismayed when they heard he was approaching with 45,000 men and eighty

guns, but they knew they must strain every effort if they would preserve Estella.

There was a little firing during the night and I could see the flashes from my window. Few people, even the best informed, thought that the Republicans would accept the preceding day's battle as a complete defeat. The real results of the battle were unknown, and when it was rumoured in the early morning that the enemy had evacuated all their positions, and that Marshal Concha was killed, scarcely any credence was given to the report. However, the truth was soon evident; the formidable army which for three days had held the north-east side of Estella, had entirely vanished, and from my window I could see the camp fires of the retreating army on the mountains above the Larraga and Lerin roads. The Carlists were harassing the retreat in every direction and a constant rattle of small arms was kept up during the morning.

News soon came that the Republicans had abandoned almost all the dead and a large number of their wounded; and a messenger arrived from General Dorregaray, requesting Señor Barenna to forward medical aid to Abarzusa. In company with the senior surgeon, I immediately rode to the spot, leaving Señor Barenna to follow with the ambulance column at a slower pace. On approaching Pena Muro, there were many traces of the projectiles which, aimed at our trenches, had passed over and burst in the valley behind. But as soon as the plateau was reached, we came upon sadder tokens of the fight. There were dark patches of blood on the dusty road, and corpses were lying in all directions, some across the path, others in the fields on both sides. Many of these were partially clothed, others were quite naked. Thousands

of cartridge cases indicated the points which had been selected by the skirmishers as they advanced up the hill; dead ammunition mules, some of which had already been flayed, chakos, boinas, scraps of cloth, blood-stained bandages; these and many other things, impossible to specify more fully, were the sights which that morning converted the beauty of a paradise into something too foul for description.

What was left of the village of Abarzusa presented a still more awful spectacle: the poor wretches who had been left during the retreat, without a single doctor, and many of whom were suffering excruciating agony, were huddled up in all sorts of corners, and crowds of men, women and children who had watched the battle from the surrounding mountains were now assembling from their various places of refuge. A battalion of Carlists occupied the village, and although the formality was observed of keeping sentries at the doors of all the houses in which there were any prisoners, they did little to restrain the general curiosity. In too many cases the unfortunate sufferers were abused and reviled. The sight of still burning houses seemed to close every channel of sympathy, and some men seriously proposed to burn down a house in which were thirty-five wounded Republicans.

On the balcony of a small house, close to the road, a young girl was displaying the blood-stained sheet on which Marshal Concha had died the night before, two hours after a ball had pierced his chest.

There was plenty of work to be done, and I was glad when Joseph arrived with the ambulance column, as he was the only one I could trust with the wounded prisoners. I had already gone through every house

that contained wounded and noted down all the cases. I looked right and left for assistance, without finding any. The number of dead was increasing every minute, and the wounded were groaning and crying for water. Many of them had not tasted food for two days. So confident had the Republican generals been of victory that the commissariat department had done nothing, expecting to find all they wanted in Estella. The medical service also had retreated with the rest of the army, but fortunately they had left surgical and medical hampers behind them, and of these I took possession for the use of their own wounded.

I cannot describe even a small part of the misery I witnessed on this memorable day; it is quite sufficient briefly to indicate some of the horrors. No writer, even if he had the power, would, I think, be sufficiently bold to paint in words the horrible scenes which were crowded into the wretched village of Abarzusa, unless perhaps he were a Zola.

In one house, on the ground floor of which, as is usual in Spain, was the stable, three corpses were lying in a manger, whilst in a room above were more than thirty men, some of whom were rapidly sinking. Indeed, whilst I was there two or three did die. Fifty or sixty of the wounded were lying on the pavement of the church, others were in the spacious gallery. Five or six were within the altar rails, grouped around the raw carcase of an ox, which I should have converted into soup had a cooking pot been procurable.

Within the sacristy twelve dead bodies were lying. Three corpses with arms stretched out and hands clenched, had been thrown out on the little triangular patch of grass in front of the church porch.

But the day was wearing on, and men's lives were at stake. The ambulance party from Irache were now busily occupied with the wounded: the villagers were employed with their own personal concerns, and they had little time or sympathy for suffering Republicans. After a thorough search through a number of houses, in which not a single watertight utensil could be found, Joseph and I at last discovered an earthenware pitcher, which I secured by offering to pay in gold, and we set off with our trophy to try to find pure water. Not an atom of food was procurable; all we could do was to moisten the lips of the wounded and thus give some little comfort.

We had made several journeys backwards and forwards between the village and a stream of water, and we had also been able to apply bandages in cases where they were absolutely needed. We had thus exhausted our present means of usefulness: not an ounce of food had arrived, and this was now the most crying necessity. I therefore determined to act on my own responsibility; so, taking some pack-mules and drivers, Joseph and I returned to Estella and purchased bread and wine enough for two hundred men, and during the evening some little refreshment was given to every Republican soldier who was capable of taking it.

Estella was in a great state of excitement that night. A band was playing in front of General Dorregaray's house, and people were dancing and singing, and the discharge of squibs and rockets was so frequent as almost to induce one to suppose that the enemy had returned to the attack. The troops, too, in the playful and reckless manner which distinguishes Spanish soldiers, not content with real fighting,



had a sham fight on their own account, and as a number of them were storming a rocky height, the bullets flew about in such a dangerous way—some even passing through the Plaza in front of the hotel—that a prudent officer ordered the 'cease fire' to be sounded.

Later I walked on to Irache with the Count de Maximy, who wished to see a wounded servant. I found two or three other patients who had been specially recommended to my care, and also M. de Vernoux, who was suffering from rheumatism, with his legs twice their natural size. An Italian priest was engaged in performing the burial service at graves just outside the monastery wall.

My work was not yet over, and I assisted to carry to their beds about thirty Republicans who had been brought in on bullock carts. Whatever they may be in health, belligerents when prostrated by wounds are always friendly towards each other, no matter what their party may be.

This eventful day was brought to a close by Señor Barenna and Señor Guillen coming to my room, and at midnight we supped together.

CHAPTER XVI

Rejoicings at Estella—Fate of a Deserter—Sentence on Prisoners—Arrival of the 'King' and 'Queen'—Review of the Carlist army by Don Carlos and the Doña Margarita.

*M*unday, June 29.—This morning I went into Estella. The breakfast at the fonda was as usual more or less of a scramble, but decidedly amusing. The ladies again enlivened us with their presence, and I was well off, as they took me under their special protection. I was put at the head of the table between a *buena niña*—certainly the prettiest girl I had seen in Spain—on one side, and the doctor's wife on the other. These ladies had witnessed the whole of the battle from the summit of a mountain to which they had retreated. The Marquis de Castrillo, whose great bravery I had remarked on the previous Saturday, Prince de Pinatelli, who had done trooper's work rather than ornamental duty in the bodyguard of Don Carlos, two doctors, and a few other people composed the party.

The following day had a bad beginning. As I was dressing at Irache three battalions with bands and a troop of cavalry came down the mountain, halted in front of my window, and a poor prisoner was there shot and buried. I believe the charge against him was desertion from the Carlists, and he was found in the ranks of the Republicans.

What a change had taken place since the previous day when it was known that Marshal Concha had been

killed and his army was in full retreat! For three days the crowd of pedestrians, baggage-mules, and ox carts on the different roads leading into the town was continuous. The wonder is that so much could have been removed and brought back again in so short a time. But food and furniture were not the most precious objects thus transported. Often peeping out of the panniers, or from the matting sacks hanging across a mule, might be seen a blooming family of young children, looking none the worse for a change of air. Buxom matrons and pretty girls jumped down from the backs of mules into the arms of men whose generally unkempt appearance and powder-stained hands indicated the work in which they had been engaged. Aged men and women, on piles of bedding, were carried in bullock wagons. All looked happy except a few in whose homes the last few days had made gaps that could never again be filled.

Estella was overflowing with life, and every house was crowded from cellar to roof. The streets resounded with bugle calls and the movement of troops.

On the Monday night 192 prisoners were condemned by a council of war to be shot as assassins and incendiaries. The whole population clamoured for their execution, and there is no doubt that, if they had not been well guarded, the peasants would have taken the law into their own hands. Scarcely anyone could be found who did not approve the sentence, but I am glad to say that my French friends were amongst the exceptions, and they declared that if such a butchery were perpetrated nothing would induce them to remain in the Carlist army. The humane disposition of Don Carlos was so well known that it was desired that the execution should be carried out before he had time to

intervene. Fortunately a commutation of the sentence was received at the last moment, whilst the prisoners were being confessed by the priests, and instead of 192 men being recklessly shot down in cold blood, the number was reduced to thirteen, against whom, it was said, there were specific charges which could be supported by evidence. It was reported that Don Carlos sent a messenger to stay the execution of these men, but he arrived too late.

Great preparations had been made at Estella to receive Don Carlos. General Dorregaray and his staff went out to meet him at Abarzusa, where the details of the battle were explained to him. Don Carlos slept at Moez and there awaited the Doña Margarita. The royal entry was not, however, made until the following day. The next night they arrived; they had driven to Lorca and there mounted two pure white Andalusian chargers; thence they entered the town by the Pampluna road. The scene presented was most picturesque and original as the procession wound its way through the narrow streets between the irregular and overhanging houses, every window in which formed a frame for eager faces. From the balconies hung a profusion of drapery, mostly of a very homely description, but the general effect was good. There were a few hangings of crimson silk and old tapestry. Most of the houses had poles attached with lanterns at the top, and the irregularity of these lights had a weird effect. Don Carlos wore a general's uniform, with the Golden Fleece at his neck, and both he and the Doña Margarita had the red boina of Navarre on their heads.

At the Plaza they dismounted, and the procession, which then moved towards the church, was most novel and characteristic, preceded as it was by the four giants

who belong as much to the history of Estella as Gog and Magog do to the City of London. These four eccentric figures, standing from fifteen to twenty feet in height, were formed on light frames, and they were made up in the same style as the comical figures to which Christmas pantomimes have accustomed us. They were preceded by a man in a broad-brimmed white hat with veil, who was ensconced in what was intended to represent the body of a donkey, and another man, who wore a large head, somewhat similar to but more hideous than those of the giants. These two esquires cleared the course with bladders attached to cords and sticks. Basque music, a drum and a clarionet, accompanied this strange party. Dancing up the street in a sedate sort of way, they headed the procession and posted themselves near the west portal of the church. Then came a military band playing the 'Royal March,' the town marshal, two lines of torch-bearers, between which walked the alcalde and the town council, priests in their robes, and the two white chargers I have mentioned. Next marched the commander of the Queen's Estellan bodyguard, which consisted of eight young ladies. She, as well as those under her command, and who walked behind the Doña Margarita, wore tightly-fitting black dresses with buff leather sword-belts, and they had drawn swords in their hands. On their heads they wore white boinas; and each had a marguerite as a decoration on the left breast. Under a white silk canopy, borne on silver poles by four men in purple velvet mantles, came the 'King' and 'Queen,' the ends and tassels of the canopy being held by officers of the army. On each side were torch-bearers, and behind followed General Dorregaray, General Mendiri, the Duke della Rocca, the Count de Silva, the Mar-

quis de Castrillo, Count del Pinar, and several other officers.

It would be impossible to convey in words an accurate idea of the quaint picture which was presented as this procession approached the church, and a flood of light poured forth from the interior through the dark porch. The whole square was filled with a moving mass of heads and waving hands and handkerchiefs. Vociferous shouts were raised, bands were playing, the Basque clarionet was squeaking, rockets were exploded high in the air, a salute was fired by the artillery, and bells were swinging in every tower and turret. In the midst of all this noise and confusion the four giants were gravely valsing round and round in a circle cleared by their attendant knights. The rigid immobility of their faces was irresistibly comic, and contrasted strangely with the animated crowd below and around them; but the ludicrous element seemed scarcely in harmony with the solemn demeanour of the priests and the self-importance of the municipal authorities. After five minutes spent in prayer Don Carlos and the Doña Margarita, attended by the same order of procession, crossed the square between lines of soldiers and entered the house prepared for them. As they did so, many persons knelt to kiss their hands. A few minutes later they appeared in the balcony and again a mighty roar of voices arose. Both seemed affected by the warmth of their reception, especially the Duchess, who was visiting Estella for the first time, and had not before experienced the warmth of Navarrese loyalty.

Witnessing this scene, who could deny that the Duke and Duchess of Madrid were *de facto* King and Queen of Navarre?

On the following morning a Mass was performed for those who were killed on the 25th, 26th, and 27th. The church was hung with black, and Don Carlos and the Doña Margarita, in deep mourning, occupied places under a crimson canopy.

Later the Duchess, attended by the Countess Flores, drove to the military hospital; General Dorregaray, who had just received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Ferdinand in honour of his victory, was also in the same carriage, which was escorted by a troop of the King's Guard. At the hospital the Duchess invited me to go round the wards with her, and she had a kind word for all the 236 patients who were there. Then she went on to Irache, where she was received by Madame Calderon and the nurses. She remained here until 8 p.m., going from bed to bed. There were those who would have prevented her from seeing the wounded prisoners, of whom there were 203, but she insisted on doing so, and was gracious to all. During this visit Don Carlos arrived, and he was equally amiable. Five hours were thus spent by the Duchess in inspecting 740 victims of the recent battle, and only once was her progress interrupted, when light refreshments were served, and a party of young girls placed behind a curtain sang some complimentary verses. Before leaving the monastery, the Doña Margarita presented me to Don Carlos.

The next day Dr. Landa arrived and I met him at Irache, whence he was allowed to remove in carts 197 of the Republican wounded. The Duchess would have preferred to keep them until they were better able to travel; and she told Dr. Landa that on his return he might say that all the wounded men of the army to which

he belonged would be as well treated as if they were Carlists.

On the evening of the same day a review was held of the troops which had taken part in the recent battle. Colonel Auriol, A.D.C. of General Dorregaray, having kindly lent me a very fine charger, I was able to join the Staff and assist in this interesting event. Between 5 and 6 P.M., the Royal pair left their house in the Plaza: Don Carlos was mounted on an iron-grey charger, and the Duchess, who was an accomplished horsewoman, rode a jet-black Andalusian. They were followed by the Countess Flores, who, like the Duchess, wore a plain black habit and a scarlet boina placed jauntily on the side of the head; Generals Dorregaray, Argonz, Laramendi, and Iturmendi, the Duke della Rocca, Brigadier Alvarez, Count de Silva, Colonel Auriol, and a number of other officers. Through a multitude of cheering people and clouds of dust we rode to Irache and on to the lower slopes of Monte Jurra.

Here twenty-seven battalions of infantry were drawn up, with six batteries of mountain artillery on the left, and a small body of cavalry in rear. General Mendiri, the newly-created Count of Abarzusa, here received his 'King' and 'Queen,' and the brigadiers and colonels commanding regiments galloped off to take up their respective posts.

No better spot could have been selected for this review, although, being on the slope of a mountain, where the ground was furrowed with small water-courses half-concealed by thick tufts of heather, it was not well adapted, according to English notions, for a march past. But this was no show parade of brilliant uniforms laced with gold and silver, with shining

helmets and waving plumes ; 18,000 men, quite recently engaged in a sanguinary and fratricidal war, were here drawn up after the most important battle of the campaign, to be reviewed by those whom they regarded as their rightful King and Queen, whatever the rest of Europe might say to the contrary. With the exception of some of the Navarrese regiments, which were clothed in coarse grey cotton tunics and trousers, the latter with a scarlet stripe, few of the regiments could pretend to any uniform, and consequently, perhaps, they might have excited some derision in Hyde Park or Longchamps, in the Prater or Berlin. But no one who had seen them on the preceding Saturday, tenaciously defending their entrenchments and making charge after charge with the bayonet upon the brave and well-trained troops who more than doubled them in numbers, could feel anything but admiration for their superb physique and their courage and gallantry.

Here at the foot of Monte Jurra, which not long before had been the scene of another great fight, the view embraced not only Estella and its surrounding rocky peaks, but also the two extreme points of the recent battlefield—Villatuerta, where it commenced on the 25th, and Pena Muro, where it finished on the 27th. In the foreground below us was the magnificent monastery of Irache backed by fruitful gardens, standing on a terrace above the valley watered by the little river Arga. Over its highest tower floated the flag of the Caridad, the only object which on that day seemed to recall the harvest which death was reaping in the interneccine struggle which was then devastating the northern provinces of beautiful Spain.

As the Duke and Duchess rode down the lines followed by the Staff, each regiment in succession

presented arms, and the bands played the 'Royal March.' Each battalion when it had been inspected gave a ringing cheer of 'Viva el Rey! Viva la Reina de España!' Occasionally Don Carlos stopped to speak to officers whose regiments had specially distinguished themselves.

But not the least interesting and picturesque feature of the review was the crowd of people who had gathered from Estella and all the country-side. Many had come, too, from the villages round Pampeluna, and even from Elizondo and places sixty or seventy miles distant, simply to see their beloved 'sovereigns.' There were no brilliant equipages or Amazons with attendant cavaliers, all known to the world of fashion; but there were thousands of peasants—elderly men and women who had been actors in a former Carlist war; men astride of mules, with their wives and daughters seated behind them on the crupper, parish priests, labourers who had left the fields and came cantering up, two at a time, on the same horse or mule, and hundreds of pretty girls and young children. There were few young men in the crowd; these were all in the ranks. There were no soldiers or police to keep the ground, and as their King and Queen rode from line to line, and cantered round the flanks of the battalions, this loyal multitude moved too; and they never lost an opportunity to get as close to them as possible; whilst cheer after cheer rent the air, and were echoed back by the rocks of Monte Jurra. As a tribute of gallantry to the Doña Margarita, every man in her own Navarrese regiment wore in his boina a bunch of marguerites.

It was nearly eight o'clock before the inspection was concluded. Don Carlos and his wife, followed by the Staff, then placed themselves in a convenient spot and



the whole army marched past. The modest force of artillery came first, then the infantry in fours; and, as soon as they had passed the saluting point, they wheeled and took the direction of their respective quarters, which in most cases meant the mountain side, under the open canopy of heaven. As they moved down the hill they could be heard singing hymns to the Virgin.

In the midst of a crowd we then rode back to Estella, through streets illuminated in the same primitive fashion which had prevailed every night that week.

We were a large party, chiefly officers, at dinner that night at the inn.

The next morning, at seven o'clock, I left for Pampluna, where I arrived at one, and on the following day, with six relays of mules, I reached St. Jean de Luz in twelve hours.



CHAPTER XVII

Marriage—Algeria—Tunis—Great inundation in the Valley of the Garonne—The Mansion House Relief Fund—Mission to Montenegro.

I CANNOT omit to mention one event, especially as it was the most important of my life. In November 1874 I was married. I may now add that in every work I have since undertaken my wife has fully borne her share, and if I have been in any degree successful, I owe it in a very large degree to the sympathetic encouragement and practical help she has never failed to give me.

Early in the new year (1875) we spent a few weeks amongst friends in Paris and Versailles. During this time we attended a ball at the Élysée given by the President and Madame de MacMahon, at which the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain and other notable personages were present. Then, *via* Marseilles, we crossed the Mediterranean to Oran and thence travelled by rail to Algiers, where we remained for some weeks. Count d'Haussonville, President of the Society for assisting Colonists from Alsace-Lorraine, came to Algiers. A public banquet was given to him, and I, being a member of the Paris Committee of the same Society, was also invited as a guest.

On leaving Algiers we coasted to Bougie and Philippeville; thence travelled by rail to the picturesque

city of Constantine and on by road to Biskra—for there was no railway to the desert in those days. General Chanzy, the Governor-General of Algeria, having given me a circular letter for all commanding officers, we enjoyed many advantages and visited some of the Sheiks in the Sahara, by whom we were most charmingly entertained.

It had been my intention to cross the frontier into Tunis; but even with the escort offered, it was said to be too risky for a lady, so we returned to Philippeville, and thence went by sea to Tunis, and spent a few days there, before returning to Europe *via* Cagliari and Naples.

On June 23 and 24, 1875, an inundation of almost unparalleled magnitude occurred in the valley of the Garonne. On the opposite bank of the river to the city of Toulouse is the Faubourg of St. Cyprien, built in a semicircle formed by a bend of the river. In one night the Garonne changed its course, and swept in a straight line over this quarter of the city, at the same time destroying towns and villages over a vast area, and devastating thousands of acres of fruitful land.

The City of London, always generously anxious to assist in the relief of those who may be suffering from any great national disaster, at once made an appeal to the British public, and a sum of 25,000*l.* was speedily collected for the victims of this great calamity.

At a meeting held at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor (Alderman Stone), on the proposition of Lord Vernon, I was asked to go to Toulouse and report on the losses which had been sustained. This office I accepted on the understanding that I should have as an associate Captain R. H. F. Rennick, B.S.C., and I may at once state that I could

not have had a better colleague. We worked throughout most harmoniously; he had the advantage of speaking French like a native (in fact, he is half a Frenchman), and, besides, he is an excellent financier which was also a very important qualification.

We left England without delay, and on arriving at Toulouse reported ourselves to M. de Sandrans, préfet of the Department of the Garonne, the Archbishop, and all the civil and military authorities. The same evening M. de Sandrans afforded us an excellent opportunity for commencing our investigations by inviting us to dine at the préfecture, where we met M. Caillaux (the Minister of Public Works), the Archbishop of Toulouse, General de Salignac-Fénelon (commanding the 17th Army Corps), the Viscount Toussaint (Mayor of Toulouse), and the Inspector-General of Bridges and Mines, chief engineers of the department, and other useful and influential persons.

On the following day we commenced our inspection of Toulouse and all the towns and villages in the inundated district. Altogether we travelled over 500 miles of country. In making notes we had to take into consideration that other philanthropic agencies, on a large scale, were also engaged in the work of relief, and we also had to guard against the activity of political emissaries, who were only too anxious to assist electors whose votes would soon be needed at the polls.

We ascertained that the four departments to which we recommended that British aid should be apportioned had suffered losses to the amount of nearly 4,000,000*l.*, and we recommended the proportions in which the British fund should be distributed.

Such destruction as we witnessed I should have thought incredible had I not seen it. Substantial

houses, churches, schools, factories, and bridges had been cleared away, the river having risen forty feet in one night; fertile fields had been denuded of rich soil, whilst in its place gravel and stone had been deposited in thick layers; articles of furniture and dress were to be seen suspended in the upper branches of trees; in some places the whirlpools formed by opposing streams were sufficiently powerful to excavate caverns large enough to engulf a moderate-sized house. The loss of life also had been very great.

Having inspected every part of the inundated area, and obtained information from every person capable of giving it, we returned to London and attended a meeting of the committee at the Mansion House, where, after making our report, we were requested to return to Toulouse and to undertake the distribution of the fund, either in money or material, in conjunction with those who were acting on behalf of the French and other funds.

We advised that, as far as possible, our fund should be spent in England, and more than 10,000*l.* was devoted to the purchase of iron bedsteads, blankets, shirts, flannel and woollen stuffs for women and children, and these were forwarded to Bordeaux without delay; whilst in France large orders were given for artisans' tools and farming implements suitable for that country.

On my return to France my wife accompanied me, and this was a great advantage, as amongst the families we were called on to relieve a woman's advice was often more valuable than a man's. We were most kindly received in Paris by the President and Madame de MacMahon, and it was of the greatest use to us that during the whole time we were occupied in this

business we were in direct correspondence with these distinguished personages. Madame de MacMahon was a perfect correspondent, and her practical and sympathetic letters were most valuable. The Marshal gave me a set of French ordnance maps, which were of great use to me, and which I value as his gift.

The heat at Toulouse was intense, and, as is customary there in the summer, most of the leading people had migrated to the country, and many of the shops even were closed. The Préfet and Madame de Sandrans placed the large and airy préfecture at our disposal, and we received from everyone the greatest kindness and hospitality.

The recuperative forces of the French peasantry are illimitable, as, indeed, had been proved after the war, and although we found much that was sad, the troubles were met with a cheerful courage that could but evoke admiration.

Rennick followed us about a week later, and on the way he stopped at Bordeaux in order to make arrangements for the reception and forwarding of the goods from London, which were landed there.

Each of the departments had to be treated separately and according to its special requirements.

In this work we were occupied for nearly two months; it was most interesting, and we became quite identified with the population.

In returning through Paris in October we were again kindly received by Marshal MacMahon and the Duchess at the Élysée.

In 1876, in consequence of the reports which reached this country relative to the terrible sufferings endured by the victims in the unhappy contest then

raging between the Turks and Servians, a meeting of members of the Order of St. John was convened by Sir Edmund Lechmere at his house in Mayfair when those present, including myself, formed themselves into a provisional committee. Subsequently, a few hundred pounds having been subscribed, and several surgeons having offered their services at the seat of war, 'the Eastern War, Sick, and Wounded Relief Fund' was established. Public interest, however, became so much excited in this matter, that it was considered advisable to enlarge the basis of operations, and, with this view, a meeting was held at Willis's Rooms on August 15, at which the Earl of Harrowby presided. Lord Wantage on this occasion made an important statement on behalf of the National Aid Society, and as a result the two committees were merged in one, composed in the proportion of two-thirds from the older Society, and one-third from that which had just been provisionally created. As a first contribution the Trustees of the National Aid Society gave a sum of 20,000*l.* It was also arranged that Lord Wantage as Commissioner and Sir William MacCormac as Chief Surgeon should proceed to the seat of war.

This war, as will be remembered, subsequently took much greater proportions, and developed into the Russo-Turkish war, and the National Aid Society sent out Colonel J. S. Young, Sir V. Kennett-Barrington, and Mr. A. K. Loyd as its representatives.

In August 1877 I was asked by Lord Wantage to go to Montenegro as Special Commissioner of the Society to report on the state of the sick and wounded soldiers of that State, and, if necessary, to make arrangements for their relief. I left England the same night after

interviews with Lord Granville, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lord Rothschild, to both of whom I was much indebted for the removal of many difficulties which otherwise would have greatly impeded my progress. I passed through Paris on the 16th, Turin on the 17th, and arrived at Venice on the evening of the same day. All I wanted here was a bath and a meal, and a gondola put me down at an inn such as I had never seen before except on the opera stage, when the hero happens to fall amongst brigands. I had not more than an hour and a half to spare, and this, under the circumstances, was quite sufficient. And here it was evident that the care of the Foreign Office was extended to me, as I received a visit from an officer of police and one or two subalterns who had come to look after me, and they expressed a hope that I had been treated with every consideration. This attention, at any rate, excited my suspicions as to the respectability of the establishment to which my gondolier had taken me. The following morning I arrived at Trieste and had just sufficient time for breakfast, whilst the kind and courteous attention of Mr. Brock, the British Vice-Consul, and Messrs. Molpурго and Parenti, the representatives of Messrs. Rothschild, were making arrangements for my immediate departure for Cattaro by a steamer of the Austrian-Lloyd Company. Although it was excessively hot, I thoroughly enjoyed the brief visits I was able to pay, during the four days' voyage down the Adriatic, to Pola, Zara, Sebenico, Spalatro, and Ragusa. It was getting dark when we steamed into the Bocche de Cattaro, and the captain, pointing up to what appeared to be a gap in the sky, told me that was my way into Montenegro. Mr. Jasic, the agent of the Austrian-Lloyd Company, at once came to my

help, and within half an hour he had engaged a dragoon, who, I was told, had been an officer in the Turkish army, a man to carry my limited baggage, and two horses, and at three o'clock in the morning we commenced the ascent of the mountains by the Scala. In those days there was not a single carriage road in Montenegro, with the exception of one about three miles in length outside Cettinje. It was quite dark, and for some time I rode quite unconscious of the yawning precipice below me; when this fact was brought home to me, I thought I should feel safer on foot, and so alighted from my steed. However, I soon found out my mistake and remounted, leaving the clever beast to go as he pleased. The route lay along a narrow gallery running in seventy-seven zigzags on the very face of the mountain, and in many places too narrow to allow horses to pass each other without careful manœuvring. At a height of 2,000 feet a stone could almost be dropped on the starting point close to the quay of Cattaro (since that time I hear that a carriage-road has been made).

About seven in the morning we reached a small oasis in the midst of the barren grey rocks. This was Niegush, a cluster of poor cottages surrounded by small patches of potatoes, Indian corn, barley, &c. This place was the cradle of the reigning family. Over the most important of the houses a Red Cross flag was flying, so I sent to request that I might be allowed to enter. This hospital then contained twenty-five wounded men in charge of a Russian doctor and three Sisters. I found there was nothing needed except tobacco, which I promised to send them. I was very glad when the Sisters put before me coffee and a tin of Peek and Frean's biscuits. Three or four hours later I came to Cettinje. The capital of Montenegro stands

in the midst of a small plain, encircled by limestone crags, and it consists of a single street very much resembling an Irish village. I did not see a single shop or anything for sale but fruit. The hotel, built by Russians, chiefly for their own people, was appallingly primitive, and I may mention that when I told the dragoman to have my room cleared, the process was commenced by an unkempt but picturesque damsels emptying the contents of her pail down the staircase.

Fortunately for me there was a small Russian Red Cross party at Cettinje, under the leadership of M. Wassiltchikoff, the delegate of the Central Red Cross Committee of St. Petersburg; M. de Speyer, secretary of the Russian Consul-General, and other gentlemen. They took possession of me, and were most hospitable. With M. Wassiltchikoff I visited all the wounded, who were in buildings or under canvas, and very well cared for.

I also had an interview with the Archimandrite, who was the President of the local Red Cross Society, a body which had no existence, except in imagination, and I was also very much assisted in my inspection by M. Duby, a Swiss gentleman and private secretary of the Prince.

A great want at Cettinje at that time was water; not a drop could be procured in the place except of a thick and nauseous quality.

I have often since been amused when reading in the papers of the fêtes, receptions, and banquets held in this capital; but from my knowledge of the place I have always felt somewhat sceptical as to their style and grandeur. The *palace* is called the 'Bigliardo,' and we have in England many farmhouses with which it could not compete in size or comfort.

The manner in which it acquired its name deserves to be recorded. Someone had given a billiard-table to the Prince, and in order to get it into the country it had to be taken to pieces, and these were carried up the Scala into this mountainous stronghold and put together in the house which has ever since been called the 'Bigliardo.'

I met the Princess and her little children—one of whom is now Queen of Italy. Russia has done much for this little State, which really exists as a thorn in the side of Turkey. The expense of the army was mainly defrayed by Russia, the post and telegraph system and the schools were supported in the same manner, the Prince himself was subsidised, and his family were educated at the Russian Court.

The Prince being at that time engaged in the siege of Niksics, I thought it my duty to endeavour to find him, so with fresh horses I started for the camp. A perianik of the Prince's bodyguard was ordered to escort me. The first halt was at Rieka, a village in a fertile valley, with abundance of water. Here in a small shooting-box of the Prince I arrived at 11 P.M., and remained until four in the morning, whilst rats devoured the food which had been sent with me. During the next eight hours we toiled up and down the bare rocky sides of the mountain, meeting a few women, but not a single man, and unable to find a drop of water. I may here remark that (I am writing of thirty years ago) the men seemed to think of nothing but fighting, whilst all other work was performed by the women, who also formed the only commissariat department of the army.

There were, as I have said, no roads, and the reason given me for this was that, if roads were made, it would only assist the Turks to invade them.

About noon we stopped at a cottage, but as the shelter which this afforded was shared by cattle, and in other respects was not of an agreeable character, it was suggested that I should rest in a church in the neighbourhood. In this modest sanctuary, which consisted of bare loopholed walls, there were about eighty Liège rifles and several cases of ammunition, one of which served me as a pillow. It did not require much imagination to infer that the churches in Montenegro were built for the double purpose of church and fort, though not perhaps in the sense which the Salvation Army would prefer.

After a halt of three hours I continued the journey, and towards evening had the pleasure to look down from the grey rocks upon the fertile plain in which stands the town of Spuz. In descending the rough path I met a Russian doctor and about thirty wounded men, whom he was taking to Cettinje. The horses were picking up such trifles of scanty herbage as they could find between the rocks, while the men were lying about on the ground. The doctor told me he meant to reach Rieka at night, remain there until five in the morning, and then proceed to Cettinje. He was quite ignorant of the road, and I assured him he would require at least two days. It is sad to contemplate what an amount of agony must be caused to wounded men by such a journey; and had these men belonged to any other European State, I should have said they could not survive it.

About 10 p.m. I reached Danilograd, a single street of small hovels. During twenty-seven hours I had been unable to procure any nutriment but two or three pints of milk. Here I was met by the secretary of the President of the Senate, who gave me all the hospitality

of which he was capable. But I could not face the meal which had been provided, and which was put on a table before I had finished using it as a washstand. Fish in Montenegro is not appreciated unless it is 'high,' and my portion was very high; then followed some scraggy bones of stewed mutton. But I shall always owe my host a debt of gratitude, as he sent me two bottles of Vienna beer.

Most of the population were sleeping in the rough and very dirty street, or in the fields between the houses; and, rolled up in their grey blankets, it was very difficult to distinguish them from the rocks; indeed, I rode into some of them.

A short ride early in the morning brought me to Orialouka, a house belonging to the Prince, which was then occupied by Bozo Petrovitch, one of his relatives, President of the Senate, and commander of the Army of the South (I believe he is now Prime Minister). This gentleman was educated in France, and is a man of remarkable intelligence and energy. During the short time I spent with him he enlightened me as to the object of the struggle then being fought out—that is, from a Montenegrin point of view—and my small caravan then continued its march through a narrow and very pretty valley, watered by good springs. We soon came upon traces of Suleiman Pasha's recent march from Niksics to Podgoritza. Every house was in ruins, and here and there were the unburied bodies of men and horses.

On leaving the valley the way was very similar to that followed on the preceding day. Nothing but bare rocks, with small pockets of earth which had been washed down from the mountains, and which formed miniature fields of vegetation. The heat was intense.

At length, after much laborious climbing, we came in sight of the plains of Niksic, with the little fortress standing on a rock at its furthest extremity. On entering the plain I noticed a large number of horsemen bearing down upon me, headed by a picturesque figure on a milk-white steed. My escort explained that this was the Prince of Montenegro. I had long given up any idea of studying appearance, but I confess I had some compunction about meeting 'le Roi des Montagnes' under such circumstances. I was riding in my shirt-sleeves, having left my coat and waistcoat with the luggage-bearers, and they were far behind; so when His Highness was within a hundred yards of me, I slid off my horse and stood at attention, whilst he gave me a welcome. I was very much relieved when he cantered off in the same circus-like fashion as he had come, his horse changing step at each pace, and the staff following helter-skelter over the plains.

Mr. Stillman ('Times') received me most kindly, and introduced me to seven or eight foreign officers who were attached to headquarters. A little later, when my clothes had arrived, and I was able to make myself fairly presentable, the Prince gave me an audience in his tent. He expressed his acknowledgment to the British National Aid Society, and added that he hoped the English were not only actuated by feelings of charity towards the Montenegrins, but also felt a real sympathy with their cause.

At the Prince's table, to which I had the honour to be invited, and which was spread in a small enclosure formed of branches of trees, were Colonel Boyolyoubof and Captain Gesler, of the Russian army; Lieutenant-Colonel Thoemmel, the Austrian diplomatic agent, and his secretary; Mr. Stillman; M. d'Ionine, the Russian

Consul-General; Duke Pasqua Vivaldi, an Italian volunteer; and Dr. Feuvrier, of the French army, then acting as medical attendant to the Prince. There was not much ceremony attempted; and one or two guests, for whom there were no stools, sat on empty wine cases. Later I had another conversation with the Prince over a camp fire, when he entered fully into the difficulties of hospital administration in his country. The soldiers strongly object to fall into the hands of a surgeon, as they have the Mahomedan dread of going minus a limb into the presence of the Deity. When wounded they prefer to be dragged off to a hiding place in the mountains to be nursed by some old woman skilled in the medical art. His Highness told me that a few days before he had met one of his men with a fractured thigh being removed in this manner, and they had actually managed to put him on a horse. It was a curious scene at night when the Prince and his guests sat before the entrance of his tent, whilst a square was formed of his subjects, who sat on their heels, and a singer chaunted innumerable improvised verses in honour of His Highness and his ancestors.

The Russian field-ambulance in the camp was very complete, and the wounded were drafted from there to Joupa, about three hours to the rear. But I need not give all the details which served for my report to the Committee of the National Aid Society.

There not being a house in the neighbourhood, everybody slept under canvas or in shelters made of branches of trees. A Turkish *tente-d'abri* without a bed was found for me, and into this, when ready, I had to crawl on hands and knees. The night was intensely cold, a great contrast to the heat of the day, when the thermometer was at 107°; and when I turned out in

the morning the grass which on the previous day had been dried up by the sun, was like a wet sponge, so heavy had been the dew.

I spent the whole of the next day in acquiring all the information I needed, and at night left the camp. After riding for about an hour I saw a cloud of horsemen sweeping over the plain at full gallop. One of these detached himself from the group; it was the Prince, who graciously apologised for having left me without a word, but there had been a Turkish movement behind Niksics which required his presence. Having confided me to the care of my escort, he wished me *bon voyage* and continued his way to camp. I noticed that the reported fact of the Prince having shaken hands with me, which I gathered from the pantomime performed in every village, had a great effect, and gained for me a considerable amount of respect.

This short experience of camp life in Montenegro was most interesting, and I have never seen anything more picturesque than the Prince and his staff. I felt quite proud, too, of the stalwart members of His Highness's bodyguard who were told off to accompany me—magnificent specimens of manhood in the most theatrical uniforms, with a perfect armoury of weapons carried in the belt.

I very much demurred to allowing women to carry my baggage, which certainly was not very heavy. This was roped on to them with only the thinnest of linen garments between their backs and the ropes. However, they marched steadily on, and when resting did not loosen the ropes, but lay back on their packs. When I objected, I was told that, if I did not have females, I should be unable to obtain men or mules.

At one place when I insisted on having a fresh relay of women, my porters wept and made such a strong appeal that I was obliged to let them go on.

At that time the only coinage current in Montenegro was the old Austrian zwanziger, which would not pass anywhere else. These ugly and heavy coins were quite a burthen, and Messrs. Molpurgo & Co. had supplied me with a small sackful. I really felt it to be quite a relief when I could scatter these without great extravagance and thus lessen weight. How the horses managed to live I could not understand, as they had little besides the scanty dry grass they picked up between the rocks. Now and then I could give them a little dry bread. In rough and dangerous places they were like cats, and I simply tied up my bridle and left my steed to get me through in his own way.

On leaving the plain and losing sight of the camp fires, we again began to climb the mountains and moved onwards until 11 P.M., when we reached a small hut. Around this were lying several men, women, and children, horses and cows, and as there was no hope of shelter, we settled ourselves as best we could on the rocks, and remained there until the cold drove me away at three in the morning. I was determined, if possible, to arrive at Cattaro in time for the steamer, so we kept steadily on during the next eight hours, and at 11 A.M. descended on the little plain of Grahovo. Here, in a house better than any I had seen since leaving Cettinje, we remained until 4 P.M. Soon afterwards we crossed the frontier of Dalmatia and followed the military road, which had then lately been constructed by the Austrian Government. Upon this gallery, which wends along the rocks and precipitous side of the pass, we met long strings of women

and horses bearing provisions—chiefly coarse bread and sides of bacon—to the Montenegrin camp. Still, there was no water to be had: from the time we left Grahovo until we reached a fountain close to Risano we were unable to obtain a drop that was drinkable. At the latter place we arrived at nine at night, after a forced march of twenty-seven hours, with the short rest at Grahovo. The weather was rough and stormy, and there was some difficulty in obtaining a large boat with six rowers. In this we started at midnight, the waves often washing over us, and I was put on board the steamer at Cattaro at four in the morning.

Once or twice during the journey I had feared that my Turkish dragoman would go on strike and leave me in the lurch. I admit I was very hard on him, but he was game to the last. I had just turned into my berth when I heard a rap at the porthole, and he gave me a handkerchief of fresh figs, which he knew I should appreciate, as a proof, I suppose, that he forgave me for the life I had led him.

On the way up the Adriatic I wrote my report for the London committee, which described in detail the kind of assistance which my short experience amongst the Black Mountains led me to suggest. As regards transport of sick and wounded, and the establishment of hospitals, the Russian Red Cross Society was quite in possession of the field. I remained two days at Trieste, where I was able to purchase and despatch many hospital comforts which I had noted as necessary, and I then returned to England.

I continued to be engaged for some time in forwarding to Montenegro such articles as seemed most needed, and for which the National Aid Society were willing to pay.

I have assisted in experiments with hospital and ambulance material in all parts of Europe; but one of the most original of these was at Aldershot in July 1884. My old friend, Baron Mundy, on behalf of the Vienna Life-Saving Society, of which he was the founder, was very anxious that during the Health Exhibition at South Kensington I should obtain an opportunity for him to exhibit at Aldershot an electric-light wagon, intended to assist in searching for wounded during the night after a battle. The necessary machinery, constructed by Sautter-Lemonnier and Co., of Paris, was brought over, and the Lieutenant-General commanding the Aldershot Division, with the sanction of H.R.H. Field Marshal the Commander-in-Chief, gave his authority for the experiment, and ordered, through the officer commanding the Depot Army Hospital Corps at Aldershot, a thorough trial of the apparatus with respect to its fitness for the purposes of military surgery. Major H. R. O. Crosse, R.A.M.C., was detailed to direct the arrangements and to report upon the demonstration. Among those visitors who were entertained at mess, and who afterwards turned out to see the trial, were Sir Joseph Fayrer, Sir Wm. MacKinnon, Sir Hugh Low, Sir Thomas Crawford (then Director-General A.M.D.), Dr. Farquharson, M.P., M. Elissen (French Red Cross Society), and Major-General de Lantz (Russian Military Attaché). I have not the report at hand; but it was generally considered that the experiments were successful. From a pictorial point of view it quite satisfied those present who were the least interested in it scientifically.

Quite recently, and thirty years after this first experiment, I was present at a similar trial at Milbank

barracks, the only difference being that the machinery now used in generating electricity is of a much more portable character.

Reference has been made elsewhere to the fact that during a long period I was engaged as an amateur ambulance carriage builder, or, rather, designer. One of the first of these carriages was built on the suggestion of Lieut.-Col. Joynson for the Northern Hospital, Liverpool. I have recently been informed that before the invalid transport system for that city was developed and taken over by the municipal authorities, this one carriage had been employed in removing 10,000 patients. Carriages of somewhat similar pattern were built for the Metropolitan Asylums Board and for many of the principal towns, colliery companies, and firms in England. But in 1885 the Princess of Wales's Branch of the National Aid Society consulted me as to an ambulance carriage which was required to be sent to Egypt at the shortest possible notice. We had nothing suitable ready; and as I could only be allowed ten days, I had a carriage that had been built for another purpose taken to pieces and reconstructed with double roof, canvas sides in place of wooden panels, and other arrangements suitable for a hot climate. Within the period allowed I had the honour to submit this vehicle to their Royal Highnesses the then Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and Prince George at Marlborough House, where a demonstration of the manner of loading it with patients on stretchers was given by some of the members of the St. John Ambulance Association.

It was satisfactory to learn a short time ago that this carriage was still doing good service in Cairo.

In 1885 the Queen of Sweden and Norway, who

had long taken an active interest in hospital and ambulance work, was nominated, with Her Majesty's sanction, a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem ; and a month later I had the honour to be deputed to present the Insignia of the Order, on behalf of the Chapter, to Her Majesty at the Palace of Rosendal, near Stockholm. Afterwards I was invited to join the King and Queen and Royal Family at luncheon.

In 1888 Her Majesty, who was then passing through London on her way to Bournemouth, having expressed a desire to see ambulance drill performed by members of the St. John Ambulance Association, I put myself in communication with the members of the Bournemouth Centre, who at once undertook the necessary arrangements, and the demonstration in First Aid and Stretcher Drill was admirably carried out by them.

A month later I had the honour of a command from Her Majesty to assist at the romantic marriage of Prince Bernadotte and Miss Ebba Henrietta Munck at Bournemouth, a most interesting occasion.

Many times since I sat down to the task now before me I have fully realised the depth and sincerity of the patient man's ejaculation, 'Oh, that mine adversary had written a book.' An autobiography is especially open to the danger indicated, as it is impossible to make any progress without frequently invoking the first person singular in the most objectionable manner. But I now come to an event in my life which cannot be omitted. This was a personal compliment most amiably forced on my acceptance, although I more than once tried to escape it. At last when arrangements, carried on without my knowledge, had been completed, it would have been ungracious had I refused



that which was prompted by such genuine kindness, and which I can now regard as one of the greatest compliments I ever received.

On July 7, 1891, a dinner was given to me by more than 130 friends, including several ladies, at the White-hall Rooms, Lord Wantage presiding, when a handsome album containing an address and the portraits and autographs of all the guests, was presented to me.

As the gathering was a most representative one, and I am anxious that it should be remembered by those who come after me and will possess this album, copies of the address and list of names will be found in Appendix III. p. 422.

A pendant in gold and enamel (designed by my friend Sydney P. Hall) was also presented to my wife as a souvenir of the occasion.

I must gratefully acknowledge that the successful carrying out of the whole scheme from first to last was in a very large measure due to another old friend, Colonel J. S. Young, who acted as hon. secretary and superintended every detail.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Red Cross—The Boer War—‘Princess Christian’ Hospital Train—‘Princess of Wales’ Hospital Ship—Mission to South Africa—Appointment as Chief Commissioner of the Central British Red Cross Committee—The American Hospital Ship ‘Maine’—Hospitals due to private liberality—The ‘Princess Christian’ Train first to enter Ladysmith after the Siege—The Good Hope Society—Construction of No. 4 Hospital Train—Bloemfontein—Pretoria—Johannesburg.

In an earlier chapter, devoted to the history of the St. John Ambulance Association, I referred to the circumstances under which, in 1873, I resigned my position as a member of the Central Committee of the British National Aid Society. Although I had felt myself constrained to take this step, and to assist in the formation of another society which should more fully realise the object of my aspirations in respect to the organisation of work for the relief of suffering in time of peace, and which should also be fitted to accomplish the same purpose for our navy and army in time of war, I never ceased to maintain friendly relations with those from whom I differed in opinion. This was proved, as I am happy to have an opportunity to repeat, when in two subsequent wars, at the wish of the President, my former chief and good friend Lord Wantage, I served as commissioner for the British Red Cross Society.

Several meetings had been held with a view to placing the organisation of Red Cross work in this

country on such a basis as would enable it in the first place to be of more practical benefit to our own navy and army in case of war; but it was not until after the sixth International Conference of Red Cross Societies, which was held at Vienna in 1897, that any great progress was made. When my colleague on that occasion, Major Macpherson, R.A.M.C., who was the official delegate of the British Government, had made his report, representatives of the National Aid Society, the St. John Ambulance Association, and the Army Nursing Reserve were invited, by request of the Secretary of State for War, to take part in an informal conference with the object of considering the advantages that would accrue in time of war by bringing the volunteer aid societies into touch with the Army Medical Service in time of peace. This meeting was held on July 8, 1898, and the Central British Red Cross Committee was then formed as follows:—

H.R.H. the Princess Christian	Army Nursing Reserve.
Miss Wedgwood	
Lord Wantage	National Aid Society.
Lord Rothschild	
Sir William MacCormac	St. John Ambulance Association. ¹
Viscount Knutsford	
Sir John Furley	

On January 19, 1899, the Secretary of State for War (the Marquess of Lansdowne) notified his official recognition of the proposed committee, and approved of the appointment to it of the Deputy Director-

¹ In 1904 the following additions were made to this Committee:—Lord Blythswood and Lieutenant-Colonel G. T. Beatson, M.D., as representatives of St. Andrew's Ambulance Association, and Deputy Inspector-General Preston, M.D., R.N., as nominee of the Admiralty.

General Army Medical Service, as the official representative of the War Office. Subsequently the Assistant Adjutant-General of Mobilisation Services and the Assistant Director of the Army Medical Service were also added to the committee as official members. Lord Wantage was nominated as chairman, Sir John Furley as hon. treasurer, and Major Macpherson, with the sanction of the Secretary of State for War, as hon. secretary.

The committee having been thus definitely constituted and officially recognised, the organisation was made publicly known by a communication to the press on April 27, 1899. On August 10 of the same year H.R.H. the Princess of Wales (now H.M. Queen Alexandra) graciously consented to be president of the committee.

It is not my intention, nor is it necessary, to set out the rules and regulations of this new body. These were prepared, and submitted for the approval of Lord Lansdowne prior to publication; but it was not until hostilities in South Africa became imminent that they were definitely accepted and printed for general information.

I do not think that anyone will grudge me the feeling of satisfaction I enjoyed when this stage in our progress had been attained. In season, and perhaps out of season, for thirty years I had kept one object in view—namely, a Red Cross representative body with just so much of the official element as might enable it to be of the greatest service should our own navy and army be engaged in war. Beyond this I have no desire to take any credit to myself, as others would doubtless have arrived at the same conclusion had circumstances aided them as they have assisted me.

Personally, at this juncture I should have despaired had it not been for my friend Major (now Lieut.-Col.) Macpherson, who, since the conference at Vienna in 1897, to which I have already referred, continued to bring to the subject his great ability, as well as his official and professional training and knowledge, until he was sent on service to China, and subsequently to Japan, where he is now studying the medical arrangements at the seat of war. I may add that it affords me great satisfaction to remember that in one of the last conversations I had with Lord Wantage, he said that the British Red Cross Society had at last gained its proper position in having obtained the recognition and support of the War Office.

My readers will allow me to remind them that Red Cross societies were not anticipated by the Convention of Geneva, which was designed only for the protection of the sick and wounded in war, and those having charge of them in belligerent armies, and this neutrality was extended to the inhabitants engaged in such work at the seat of war. It was the Franco-German war which opened the flood-gates of international philanthropy on a scale and in a manner which will never again be permitted to neutrals. It has been proved from time immemorial that there has never been a great war in which the official means of relief for the sick and wounded have been found adequate. For this reason each of the Great Powers has now a Central Red Cross committee in touch with its War Department, supported by a network of district and local committees so organised in time of peace that it can without confusion take its place as a supplement to the military medical services at the same time as the military forces of the nation are mobilised.

This, in some degree, was what the Central British Red Cross Committee aimed at in 1898, and I have no hesitation in asserting that the endeavours of this committee greatly facilitated the measures officially taken for the benefit of the sick and wounded in South Africa. This statement in no way reflects on the Army Medical Service, but it is the result of long personal experience, quite independent of the historical proofs to which I have alluded.

To be completely satisfactory, the mobilisation of all voluntary efforts in aid of the sick and wounded on sea and land in a great war should be simultaneous with the mobilisation of fleets and armies, and it is a cruel fallacy to suggest that the Admiralty and War Office ever can be equal to all the emergencies of a great campaign unless they have the voluntary support of the nation, especially in everything that relates to the organised relief of the victims of war.

We know from experience that our medical departments, with the best intentions possible, cannot be maintained at such a level in time of peace as will enable them to cope with all the requirements they may have to meet in case of a great war, which we are always too apt to regard as a remote contingency. The up-keep in peace of such an establishment would probably at once meet with opposition from the Treasury and the taxpayer. Why increase the incidence of taxation on those who can ill afford the extra burden, when so many are able and willing to make voluntary contributions? It has been shown that the public will always rush in, eager to assist in the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, and sometimes in a manner which creates confusion. The patriotism which such offers indicate is a valuable national asset which should be

encouraged, and the best possible use should be made of it. Is it not better, therefore, that the necessary supplement should be so carefully organised in peace time as to avoid that overlapping and waste which we have more than once had to deplore owing to want of foresight and preparation, and which, it may be added, has proved very prejudicial to our civil hospitals?

The war in South Africa, which terminated in 1902, is so recent, and so many books and reports have been published about it, that it is quite unnecessary to do more than briefly sketch the humble part in it which quite unexpectedly devolved upon me. I had for some months attended all the meetings of the above-mentioned Central British Red Cross Committee, when it was resolved that a hospital train should be made in England and sent out to South Africa, and the responsibility of producing such a train was entrusted to me. This certainly seemed 'a big order,' but I did not shrink from it, as I had for many years studied the question of such means of transport in various countries, and had seen hospital trains of more or less completeness employed, especially those which in 1870-71 carried invalids from outside Paris to Berlin and other parts of Germany.

The train which I was now commissioned to design was due to the initiative of H.R.H. Princess Christian. The borough of Windsor contributed towards it 6,100*l.*, to which the Princess added 650*l.*, the balance of a fund which had been invested in Her Royal Highness's name at the conclusion of the Soudan campaign in 1885. Several other donations were also made towards it, and the Central Committee provided the remainder. Although I was responsible for the general design and

internal arrangements, it must not be supposed that I considered myself competent to manufacture a train. Fortunately I had behind me Mr. W. J. Fieldhouse, of Birmingham, and it was owing to his practical assistance and untiring energy that the work was well and rapidly completed. I was also very much indebted to the staff of the Birmingham Railway Carriage and Wagon Company, all of whom, down to the humblest mechanic, threw themselves into the work, in recognition of the purpose for which it was intended. As a consequence, it was completed in ten weeks, or two weeks within the period allowed by the contract I had signed.

The train consisted of seven bogie carriages, each about thirty-six feet in length and eight feet in width, the passage through the centre being continuous; four of these carriages were constructed to carry seventy-two invalids and sixteen orderlies, whilst the others were arranged for two medical officers, two Sisters, and other members of the staff, a dining-room, dispensary, linen closet, kitchen, pantry, store-room, &c. On December 16, 1899, Princess Christian, accompanied by a small private party, travelled to Birmingham and spent an hour and a half in a minute inspection of the train and specimens of its equipment, which included gifts from Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Princess herself, and all the ladies of the Royal Family. Immediately afterwards the train was taken to pieces, packed, and shipped for South Africa.

About the same time also I had the honour to be commanded by the Princess of Wales (now Her Majesty Queen Alexandra) to attend at Marlborough House to act on a small committee formed to carry out the desire of Her Royal Highness, with regard to

the fitting-out of a hospital ship. My part in this undertaking was comparatively insignificant, but the greater part of the labour devolved on Major Macpherson. The Princess of Wales devoted 9,000*l.*, part of the balance of a sum collected in her name during the Egyptian campaign, towards this object, and the central committee paid the remainder. A steamship was obtained from Messrs. Armstrong and Co., and rapidly refitted and equipped. It was brought from the Tyne to the Thames to be completed. Stores were then put on board, and on November 24 she was ready to sail.

Two days previously to her departure the Prince and Princess of Wales went down to the docks and inspected every part of the ship, which, under her new name, 'Princess of Wales,' then started on her voyage to the Cape under medical charge of Major (now Lieut.-Col.) Hickman Morgan, late R.A.M.C.

Another ship, 'the Maine,' was adapted to the purposes of a hospital ship at the expense of a committee of American ladies, under the presidency of Lady Randolph Churchill, with Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Blow as hon. secretary and hon. treasurer respectively. This ship was under the medical charge of Colonel Hensman, R.A.M.C., until she left South Africa for China, whence she conveyed twenty officers and one hundred and eight men to England, picking up at Malta two officers and thirty-eight men who were also invalided. On the termination of her engagement by the American ladies' committee, the 'Maine' was presented by the Atlantic Transport Company as a free gift to the British Government, the donors also adding all the hospital fittings which were on board when the ship was handed over to the Admiralty.

I need not recount here all the efforts which were made by private individuals; detailed reports as to the work done have been published. There were the Portland, the Langman, the Van Aken, the 'Princess Christian' (provided by Mr. Alfred Moseley), the Irish, the Welsh, the Edinburgh and East of Scotland, the Imperial Yeomanry, the Scottish National—all Red Cross hospitals due to voluntary effort. These establishments formed a magnificent contribution to the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers, and having been brought into more or less contact with all of them, I am in a position to bear testimony to the excellent results which they obtained.

But I must come back to more personal matters. When the 'Princess Christian' train was approaching completion, I was asked if I would go to South Africa to see it put together and placed on the rails, and I willingly accepted this honourable mission, and the more readily when I found that my wife, who was keenly interested in its success, at once expressed her readiness to accompany me.

We left England early in January 1900 on board the 'Carisbrooke Castle.' At Madeira, where we spent a few hours, we were told that it was no use going any farther as the war would be finished before we arrived at Cape Town. However, we soon heard a different story. As the ship with the train on board was behind us, we settled down at the Mount Nelson Hotel and awaited events. Within two or three days a cable message reached me from Lord Wantage on behalf of the Central Red Cross Committee, informing me that Colonel Young, who was then acting as Chief Commissioner of the Red Cross, was obliged to return to England, and asking if I would take up the position

thus vacated. This was the very last thing I had expected to occur—indeed, I had thought I should be home again within four months. At first I was inclined absolutely to decline the honour, and was preparing a cable message to that effect; but I confess I was in a great measure influenced in my final decision by the difficulty I experienced in forming a reply which seemed sufficiently courteous and appreciative. Besides, I was anxious not to increase the evident dilemma of the London committee by raising further obstacles. The answer, therefore, was in the affirmative, although I fully realised the great difficulty I should have in following a man of such great experience and business capacity as my friend Young. My troubles, too, were increased by the fact that he was then in Natal, and the Hon. George Peel, who was acting as his deputy, was at the Modder River camp. But the difficulties would have been even greater had I not had the assistance of Mr. G. Bonham-Carter, who was acting as the sub-commissioner at Cape Town.

My instructions when leaving England were that the 'Princess Christian' train was to be put on the rails at Cape Town; but as soon as I landed I was told that it was to go to Natal. I saw Field-Marshal Earl Roberts on the subject, and he informed me that, as he had promised it to General Sir Redvers Buller, that arrangement had better be carried out. The discussion was continued after the vessel, with the train on board, had arrived in the docks, and part of it had been put upon the quay. However, it was finally settled on the day after Lord Roberts had gone north, by a telegram from the chief of the staff, Lord Kitchener, directing that it should be sent on by sea to Durban. I must at

once admit that subsequent events proved that the decision was a fortunate one.

Our work—for I must include the services of my wife, who, during the whole time I was in South Africa, really acted as my deputy at Cape Town, and was recognised as such—was of the most varied character; but from the first it was made easy and pleasant by all those with whom we were associated, both civil and military. Looking back at the undertakings in which I have been engaged, I have never experienced more kind and helpful consideration than that which was so freely accorded by British and colonial friends and military authorities, kindness which never failed to stimulate our efforts to the utmost.

It was a great advantage to all concerned that a Red Cross Committee had already been formed in the Cape Peninsula; this had been actively employed since the beginning of the war under the direction of the Hon. Sir John Buchanan, president, Mrs. Hanbury Williams, chairman, Mr. John Fairbairn, hon. secretary, and Mr. J. Savage, hon. treasurer. I should also mention that we were hospitably received by the Governor, Lord Milner, and I was also indebted for much assistance to Colonel Hanbury Williams, military secretary, and the Staff at Government House, as well as to General Sir F. Forestier-Walker, Surgeon-General Sir Wm. Wilson, P.M.O. Field Force, Captain Sir Edward Chichester, and, in fact, to all naval and military authorities with whom I came in contact, nor must I forget the Postmaster-General, Sir Somerset French, who accorded us many postal and telegraphic privileges.

One of the first steps I took in order to bring the Cape Red Cross work in closer touch with the Central British

Red Cross Committee (and this partly with a view to future organisation) was to form a Central Good Hope Committee on similar lines; and Viscount Milner, High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief, kindly consented to be the first president. After this we worked together entirely as if the British and colonial committees were one and the same body. There was great advantage in this, as, although the pecuniary means of the London committee were larger, the Cape committee were able to afford the most valuable assistance, not only in regard to material which could be obtained in South Africa, but also in local experience.

Very spacious offices had been allotted for Red Cross purposes on the ground floor of Parliament House, and these were in every way admirably adapted for the work. The storerooms were in the basement of the same building, but these proved too small for the increasing business. Parliament, too, was about to meet; so the Dean and Chapter having offered me a site within two hundred yards of Parliament House, I had an iron building sixty by thirty feet constructed, and here at a later period our depot was established. Although the surroundings were less palatial, there was the advantage that the *personnel* and the stores were all under one roof, excepting such cases as were kept at and issued from the docks by our excellent agent there.

Before Colonel Young left for England I had the advantage to meet him at Cape Town, and to obtain from him much useful information. I then went by sea to Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban, in order to make myself acquainted with those who were assisting us, especially Dr. Chepmell, who was our sub-commissioner for Natal. I was also kindly received

at Pietermaritzburg by Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson, at Government House, and I also had an interview with Surgeon-General (now Sir Thomas) Gallwey, the P.M.O. for Natal. Altogether this journey was a very useful one.

On the first day of March, accompanied this time by my wife, I again went by sea to Durban for the purpose of looking after the 'Princess Christian' train, upon which a staff of railway men were at work. Sir David Hunter, to whom I was then, as on many subsequent occasions, indebted for most valuable help, promised that the train should be the first to go into Ladysmith, and that we should have the honour of inaugurating the trestle-bridge which was being constructed over the Tugela, in place of the stone and iron structure blown up by the Boers. Everyone worked with a will, and the train was completed on March 17. As, however, there was a doubt whether any engine of sufficient power could be found to draw the seven carriages over the severe gradients, it was deemed advisable to have a trial trip. For this purpose Sir David Hunter invited a party, including the Bishop of Pretoria and Mrs. Bousfield, the Mayor of Durban, Sir Frederick Treves, Miss McCaull, and about thirty or forty other guests, including Colonel Forester (Royal Horse Guards), the P.M.O. of the train and his assistant, Mr. Lowe, F.R.C.S., the two Sisters Creighton and Jones, and a dozen men of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, who formed the staff of the train. We went as far as Pinetown, and, after a short stoppage on that high ground, returned to Durban, refreshments being served on the way. This little journey satisfactorily proved that the train in its entirety would be able to travel anywhere.

The next day was Sunday, but we spent the whole morning in completing the stores and arranging the train for its future work, and at eight o'clock that evening I left for Ladysmith with the staff of the train. During the night we took up General Clery and his aide-de-camp and Sir William Stokes, M.D.

On arriving next morning at the Tugela we were told that there were still a few bolts to be driven into the temporary bridge, and it would then be completed. Within half an hour we passed over the river, and soon afterwards arrived at Ladysmith. I think this affords a good proof of the accuracy of Sir David Hunter's arrangements.

The story of Ladysmith is an oft-told tale, so I need not give my own impressions of the state of the town and country round as I saw them. It was not a place I should have cared to linger in, as even then the atmosphere was pestilential. Fortunately, the train was sufficient for our needs. On the following morning we received ten officers who were brought to the station in dhoolies by Indian bearers. Then we moved on to the camp at Intombi, where we were met by Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, whose services there had been so great. Having taken up fifty-four invalid soldiers, we at once started back to Durban, where, at the docks, we arrived on the following morning, and all our patients were at once put on board the hospital ship 'German,' which was lying alongside. One of the invalids was accompanied by his father, General Sir Reginald Hart, and we left them at the hospital at Mooi River. Our first journey with the train was a very gratifying one, as we had in charge the worst cases which could be selected at Ladysmith and

Intombi, and it was not thought possible they could all survive the journey of nineteen hours.

I should like to write a great deal more about this train and the work it accomplished, but space will not allow me to do so. I will therefore state in a few words that during the eighteen months in which the Red Cross Committee were responsible for it, it made 108 journeys. In the first six months these were entirely in Natal, but they gradually extended until they touched Johannesburg and Pretoria. From this point journeys were also made to Komati Poort, and once to Cape Town and back. During this period 321 officers, 19 nursing Sisters, and 7,208 non-commissioned officers and men were carried as patients (three of the soldiers and three members of the staff of the train died), and the total distance travelled was 42,115 miles. This, I think, may be called a good record, and fully justified the building of the train. At the end of the year 1901 it was given over as it stood to the War Office. We had suffered one very great loss in the death of our P.M.O., Colonel Forester, who had thoroughly identified himself with this special field of labour. He will long be affectionately remembered by those who had the privilege to work with and under him. Mr. Lowe and Sisters Creighton and Jones remained with the train during the whole time covered by the 108 journeys referred to above, and to this fact and their assiduous and devoted attention and skill a great measure of the success is due.

After a few busy days in Durban, where I always found the same willing help as elsewhere, my wife and I returned to Cape Town.

I could write several chapters on the subject of our life and occupation in the Cape peninsula, and of the

numerous journeys we made in the course of our work ; whilst at all times our friends not only gave us their assistance, but also added to the interest and pleasure by continuous kindness and hospitality. The novelty of the life, the purity of the atmosphere, the beauty of the scenery, and the ready helpfulness which never failed us, made work easy and served to lighten the occupation in which we were engaged, and in a great measure to lessen the sadness of much in which we had our share.

Once a week, on the arrival of the English mail, a lively scene could be witnessed in the Great Hall of Parliament House, when 144 sets of all the principal London daily and weekly newspapers and illustrated papers and magazines were placed on the floor by Kaffir boys ; and a party of about fifteen ladies were kept busy for two hours in sorting and tying up this mass of literature and placing the parcels in canvas bags, to be forwarded throughout South Africa to all the hospitals which contained invalid sailors and soldiers. Watching the process, and seeing the conscientious way in which this was done, a casual spectator would have thought that these ladies formed part of the staff of the General Post Office.

Amongst the members of the working committee who were to be seen on these occasions or busily engaged in the depot were the Duchess of Teck, the Countess of Airlie, Lady Edward Cecil, Lady Charles Bentinck, Lady Romilly, Lady Idina Brassey, Hon. Mrs. Wedgwood, Lady Solomon, Mrs. Maasdorp, Mrs. Bairnsfather, Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. Ball, Miss Macnaughtan, Miss Wilman, the Misses Vanderbyl, and others.

One of the most popular branches of work in which the ladies were engaged was the manufacture and

distribution of kit bags. It was arranged to place on each hospital train before it left Capetown for the front a number of hospital kits, to be distributed to the sick and wounded men as soon as they were brought on board. The kits were contained in neat linen pockets, stamped in red letters 'The gift of the Good Hope and British Red Cross Societies.' The contents of each bag were as follows:—

1 suit pyjamas	1 towel
1 flannel shirt	1 sponge
1 pair socks	1 sponge bag
1 pair slippers	1 cake of soap
1 handkerchief	1 hair-brush
1 tooth-brush	

The wounded men were often carried on to these trains almost direct from the battlefield, and were much in need of clothing and means of personal ablution. The comfort of these kit-bags was consequently inexpressible, and the men welcomed their 'lucky bags,' as they called them, with the greatest delight, a pleasure which they frequently shared with their officers.

It was soon determined to supply kit-bags for the full complement of passengers by each hospital train, and as the success of the new plan became evident, the idea was developed until the supply of kit-bags became one of the features of the work of the two societies.

Some severe and far too general remarks were made, and, as I think, most unjustly, about the ladies who found their way to South Africa at this time. There were perhaps a few—a very few—who had better have remained at home; but in a fairly large experience of war, I have never known one war of which the same remark might not have been made. The manner in

which the majority helped month after month in work that was often very fatiguing and seldom attractive made me proud to think I belonged to an empire that could produce such women.

Sometimes their energy was quite amusing. I remember one day meeting three ladies, two of whom were titled and well known in London society; they were leaving the depot with a small truck marked with a red cross and filled with parcels which had to be distributed. I stopped them, and said I really could not allow them to go down the street with their load, as we had Kaffir boys for such work. They laughingly told me that unless I allowed them to work in their own manner they would strike and do nothing more. Of course I had to give in.

In April I made a journey to Bloemfontein by railway. These expeditions were very interesting, as one was always on the look out, right and left, for troops and long wagon trains on the way up to the front, as well as for more lively incidents. An important station at this time was Norval's Pont; the bridge having been blown up, the train crossed the Orange River on pontoons, and it was lucky we were able to do so, as two or three hours later a flood came down and this military bridge was swept away.

At Bloemfontein I met Lord and Lady Roberts again. I was very fortunate in finding a bedroom, and I should not have done so but for the kindness of Surgeon-General Wilson, P.M.O. Field Force, who was just about to leave, but before he started he put me in occupation of the room he was vacating in the Masonic Hotel.

One great object of interest to me here was the Langman Hospital, the whole expense of which was

borne by the gentleman whose name it bore, and of which his son, Mr. Archie Langman, was secretary and treasurer. The hospital occupied the enclosure of the Sports club; most of the patients were under canvas on the cricket ground, but a large assembly room with broad stoep and balconies formed a very useful addition. Amongst the staff I met were Sir A. Conan Doyle and the late Mr. O'Callaghan.

Bloemfontein at this time offered an unceasing source of interest; the presence of the headquarters staff kept aides-de-camp and orderlies continually on the move, and the Market Square was always crowded with Cape wagons, each drawn by eight yoke of oxen or by mules, and with native men and women selling such fruit and vegetables as were still to be found in the land. Then one morning it was reported that a fight was going on at the waterworks, and this led to much movement amongst the troops. I was glad to find myself among friends, and especially grateful to Colonel Ryerson, commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross branch, whom I subsequently asked to act as my deputy at headquarters. He had a very good depot and a useful set of men working under him. Here I give an instance showing that luxuries were running short: I had asked him to dine with me one evening, and we were sitting down when the question arose as to wine, and a waiter told me I had consumed the last pint of claret on the previous night. So my guest said he thought he could do better than that, and we adjourned to another inn, where he became my host. Mr. Burdett-Coutts was here, and I also met again Bennet Burleigh (*'Daily Telegraph'*) and Melton Prior (*'Illustrated London News'*), Colonel Gubbins, Colonel Stevenson, Colonel Hunter-Weston, and other friends. The hospitals at this time

claimed the whole of my attention, but I need not refer now to this subject beyond stating that there was absolutely nothing we could purchase for them in the town, and, the trains being engaged in bringing up military stores, the hospitals were condemned to run short of many necessaries and comforts. Ryerson's depot then proved of untold value. Under the circumstances I thought it advisable to hurry back to Cape Town, to assist in removing the difficulties in forwarding stores which were so much needed.

Early in April it was found that an additional hospital train was required, and Surgeon-General Wilson asked if I could supply the want. I at once put myself in communication with Mr. Price, who, notwithstanding the press of his engagements, always seemed to make time to help where Red Cross work was concerned, and the Cape railway authorities, but was informed that they had not a single carriage which could be spared. I was advised to commandeer some carriages, but although I hesitated to take such high-handed proceedings, I finally acted on the advice, and with the aid of a friend secured in the Orange River State a very fine kitchen and dining-saloon. This was the nucleus of the train, and, on the strength of such a commencement, Dr. Stewart was appointed as medical officer of No. 4 hospital train, then on the stocks. He and I left by the s.s. 'Norman' for East London, in order to have the train completed at the important railway works in that town. The pleasure and usefulness of this journey were much increased by the presence of General Sir F. Forestier-Walker on board, and at Port Elizabeth, where we spent a day, he asked me to accompany him and his aide-de-camp, Captain Evelyn Wood, on an inspection of hospitals. Two or three

days later we met again at East London, whither the General had proceeded by rail. Dr. Stewart and I were also lucky in meeting Mr. Lance at East London, as he was an active member of the local Red Cross committee. With regard to the train, I need only add that by commandeering rolling stock, of which the second important item was a post-office saloon, we succeeded in making up a train of seven carriages, which, when completed, made up 114 beds, including a separate compartment for six officers. The principal credit for superintending and hurrying on this work was due to Dr. Stewart, and he found willing and intelligent assistance in the East London railway officials and mechanics. On April 23 the train started for Bloemfontein in charge of Dr. Stewart, with two nursing Sisters and twelve orderlies.

I spent three days here, and the hospitable ladies of the town insisted on entertaining me at a picnic tea on the banks of the little river Buffalo, to which, accompanied by some of the principal people of the town, we were conveyed on a steam launch. General Forestier-Walker, with some of the officers stationed in the town, happened to be passing in boats, and I was deputed to ask them to join the party. The General remarked that he thought I had not been long in getting into East London society.

I cannot resist mentioning one amusing incident connected with No. 4 train. One day I received a large packet containing the correspondence which had passed in reference to the transformation of the seven carriages. It was very evident that my frequent mention of the 'kitchen wagon' and the staff for the train had caused no little confusion in somebody's brain, for at the end was this query: 'Does Sir John

Furley intend this train for Lord Kitchener and Staff?' I replied that it was intended as a hospital train and was then travelling between two stations, which I named, with more than a hundred patients. This concluded the matter.

From East London I had a most interesting journey back by rail with the General and Captain Evelyn Wood, in which we passed over several of the recent battlefields. I left them at Deelfontein, where I spent twenty-four hours as the guest of the staff of the Yeomanry hospital. I had breakfast, on arriving in the dark, in the mess tent, luncheon with Lady Fripp, tea with Lady Chesham, and dinner at the mess, at which we all met, including ladies. A wooden hut just erected was completed for me, and here I slept, leaving on the following morning by a train which picked me up and landed me in Cape Town on the following day. If I were to begin to write about this wonderful Yeomanry hospital I should not know where to stop, so I will refer my readers to the elaborate report which was, I believe, edited by the Countess Howe, who had so much to do with the organisation. But I cannot leave this subject without expressing my personal indebtedness to two members of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Committee, who gave me great help at Cape Town. I refer to Mrs. E. Baird and Mr. J. G. Hamilton, whose co-operation on several occasions was of great use to me.

The severe cold I felt on the high ground at Deelfontein sent me back to the Mount Nelson Hotel very much crippled with rheumatism and sciatica, and, I believe, my doctors were at one time inclined to send me to England. However, care and good nursing set me up again after an imprisonment of two or three

weeks. It was fortunate I was able to hand over my work to my wife, who spent all her time at the depot, and reported to me twice daily. She was assisted by several good friends, and especially by Mrs. Wedgwood and Miss Macnaughtan, who were unremitting in their attention to the reception, repacking, and forwarding of stores, &c.

I should explain that we were then very short-handed, as Dr. Chepmell, sub-commissioner in Natal, was so seriously ill that he had to be sent home, and Bonham-Carter took his place. Our active travelling agent, Abbott, was down with enteric fever at Bloemfontein, and it was also about this period that Colonel Forester's death occurred in Table Bay, just as he was being invalided home. Under these circumstances, and being anxious to see the 'Princess Christian' train as early as possible at Pretoria, I made another voyage to Durban. I went over to Pietermaritzburg to see Surgeon-General Gallwey. As there was no chance then of getting to Pretoria, I arranged to put the train into dock for a few days to be thoroughly overhauled and painted, and, after settling some other matters, returned to Cape Town on board the 'Yorkshire.' This time I had the advantage of travelling with Sir Albert Hime, the Premier of Natal.

I have not yet mentioned the Boer sick and wounded prisoners, but they were not forgotten, and the efforts made on their behalf quite equalled those for our own men. In one of my first visits to the Wynberg hospitals I met General Pretorius, who had had his leg amputated by Mr. Makins. When he was well enough to travel Lord Roberts permitted him to return home. He did not express much gratitude, and remarked that Lord Roberts thought he would be of no use with the

Boer army, but, he added, 'I shall get about in a Cape cart.' We also saw General Kronje and his wife, who were prisoners on board the 'Doris' at Simonstown, which had been placed at their disposal by Admiral Harris. The number of prisoners (4,000 had been sent down after Paardeberg) became rather embarrassing; but I had only to deal with the invalids, and these heavily taxed our resources. A certain number were under canvas at Green Point, and a building called the Palace Barracks, at Simonstown, was given over for the reception of others. This place, notwithstanding its name, was at first most unpromising; however, after it had been thoroughly cleansed, painted, and whitewashed, it became habitable. I cabled to the London committee for a special grant for this Boer hospital, which was immediately granted. The doctors and nurses had a hard time here, but they bore it very cheerfully. It was here Miss Kingsley died after a very short illness, and her body, according to her own wish, was taken out on a gunboat and buried at sea. She had endeared herself to all of us by her patient and self-sacrificing devotion, but undoubtedly her death was attributable to the neglect of a nurse's first duty—proper care of herself.

Another undertaking in which I took a great interest was a ward which I had been asked to have built. By arrangement with the R.E. staff this was erected at Green Point at a cost of 346*l.*, and this expense, as well as that of the most complete equipment sent out from England, was defrayed by actors and actresses of London. A few months later I handed over this building and its contents to the Somerset Hospital, only one condition being attached—namely, that the inscription

on it should always be maintained: 'This Ward is the Gift of British Actors and Actresses.'

Having failed to reach Pretoria through Natal, I was determined to try again from the opposite side, especially as it was desirable we should keep up with headquarters, and there was a great deal for our commissioners and travelling agents to do there. General Forestier-Walker gave me a pass as far as Norval's Pont, and I went up to Bloemfontein with Colonel Baird, who was carrying despatches for Lord Roberts. On the way I received a telegram from Cape Town telling me to stop at Deelfontein, where quarters had been prepared for me. Knowing that a train which had preceded ours, and in which Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, the American Consul, Mr. Sharp (who had a shot through his foot), and others had been captured by the Boers and the train burnt, I looked upon this message as an expression of paternal consideration for my safety, so I replied, 'Going on; address Station-master, Bloemfontein.' Early one morning I arrived at Bloemfontein, and after spending the day among the hospitals I dined with General Sir George and Lady Pretymann, afterwards smoked a cigar in President Steyn's library, and at 11 P.M. continued the journey. This would have been a most uncomfortable experience, but the staff of the Welsh Hospital was moving from Springfontein to Pretoria, and Professor Hughes, the chief surgeon, Dr. Laming Evans, and other friends insisted I should travel with them. The journey was slow, but intensely interesting. As our two carriages, marked with large red crosses, were placed in the middle of a train of trucks carrying arms and munitions, and a considerable number of soldiers

who rode on the tarpaulins drawn over the stores, we decided to remove the Red Cross badges, so that if we were attacked we should, at any rate, not expose ourselves to the charge of playing the game unfairly. Every bridge and culvert had been destroyed, and these were in course of repair, and every station had been converted into a little fort. At Kroonstad we were hospitably received by Surgeon-General Cayley and his staff, who kindly invited us to mess with them that evening. On the following morning, after many delays, we were allowed to go forward, this time escorted by an armoured train, which made it still more necessary we should not display the Red Cross. In the middle of the following day we arrived at Pretoria, Professor Hughes and I travelling the last part of the journey in a guard's van attached to another train, so that we might be able to help the rest of our friends by preparing for their arrival.

During the few days I spent at Pretoria I was fortunate in meeting just those whom I had desired to find together, namely—Sir William Wilson, P.M.O. Field Force, Sir William Gallwey, the P.M.O. Natal, Colonel Gubbins, and others, and it was arranged that the 'Princess Christian' train should be brought into the Transvaal. I also saw a good deal of the Irish Hospital, which was splendidly housed in the new Palace of Justice under the direction of Sir William Thomson and Dr. George Stoker.

I also went out with Mr. J. G. Hamilton to see the branch of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital which was then being established on Mr. Beckett's property in one of the best houses in the neighbourhood. Near this, on the plain, the Welsh Hospital staff were

engaged in pitching their new camp, and officers and men were all busy at work in their shirt sleeves.

But I must not attempt to describe all the good work I saw done, and being done, in Pretoria. Having paid my respects to Lord and Lady Roberts, I went on to Johannesburg, where I found plenty of occupation. One of the greatest troubles was caused by the difficulty of getting our trucks through. Mr. Lance was still at East London, but I was lucky in inducing him to return to Johannesburg to act as one of our most useful agents. At Heath's Hotel, notwithstanding great shortness of provisions, I was made very comfortable, and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Goldmann kindly showed me hospitality.

From Johannesburg I travelled down to Durban, part of the journey being with Colonel Gallwey and Major Baptie; thence by sea to Cape Town.

At this time it was thought that the war was almost at an end. At any rate, I came to the conclusion that our staff might then be diminished, especially as the Good Hope Red Cross Committee were quite willing to undertake to manage the whole of the work if the Central Council in London would provide the funds. This arrangement having been satisfactorily made, we prepared for our departure.

A few days before we left I was invited to be the guest at a farewell dinner given at the club. Sir John Buchanan presided, and he, Mr. J. Fairbairn, and Mr. Savage and the Rev. A. P. Bender represented the Good Hope Red Cross branch. The Archbishop of Cape Town was also present. Government House was represented by Colonel Hanbury Williams, the Cape Government by Sir Henry Juta, the city by the Mayor, the Legislative Chamber by the senior member for

Cape Town, the Cape forces by General Brabant, Canada by Colonel Biggar. I also received a most gratifying letter from the Good Hope Society. Nor was my wife forgotten amidst all these friendly manifestations. At a Drawing Room meeting at Government House she was quite unexpectedly presented with a gift which was entirely South African, being formed of long white ostrich feathers, with an inscription engraved on a shield of gold from the Transvaal. The kindness, sympathy, and indulgent consideration we received from everyone with whom our work brought us into contact will never be forgotten. Everything had been made easy for us, and far as we are now from the Cape peninsula, measured in miles, our hearts have bridged the distance and made it feel very near to us. A crowd of friends came on board the 'Briton' to see us, and the saloon was left a perfect flower show by those who had made floral gifts to my wife.

We had a very pleasant journey home, and at the Captain's table the party of seven was a most friendly one, including Mrs. Wedgwood, Mrs. Anderson, to both of whom I had been indebted for much useful assistance; Lord Gerard and Sir James Clark, who had recently been acting as administrative officer in charge of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland Hospital.

In the second chapter mention was made of the First International Conference of Red Cross Societies which I attended in 1868 at Berlin.

In 1873 I acted as one of the hon. secretaries at a similar conference at Vienna, held in connection with the International Exhibition of that year. On this occasion I had the honour to be one of the twenty-four guests at a dinner given by the Archduke Wilhelm,

Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, in the beautiful palace on the Ring, built and presented by His Imperial Highness to the Order as a residence for himself and all future Grand Masters.

This Order has ready, and can place under the Red Cross in case of war, forty-three ambulance columns, each consisting of three carriages for wounded, one store wagon, and one cooking wagon, all completely fitted out for a campaign; whilst the Order of Malta can despatch six complete railway hospital trains, each composed of sixteen carriages. These are ready to be despatched over any line in Austria-Hungary whenever such form of assistance may be needed. In war-time it also maintains a reserve of six similar trains.

In 1884 I attended the Third International Conference at Geneva, a city the situation of which so well lends itself to the charming hospitality of its chief citizens, amongst whom may be named M. Moynier, M. Ador, and Colonel Favre.

In 1885 I had the honour to be a member of the international jury appointed to award the prizes given by the Empress Augusta for the best portable barrack-hospital. The jury met at Antwerp during the Exhibition held there.

In 1887 I was one of the hon. secretaries of the Fourth International Conference of Red Cross Societies held at Carlsruhe. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden took the greatest interest in our work, and were present at all the meetings, besides entertaining us daily at the palace. At one sitting the Empress Augusta was also present, and I had the honour to be presented to Her Majesty. The Emperor of Brazil also attended one or two sittings. My official colleague on this occasion was Sir Thomas Longmore; he had been the

British delegate at every Red Cross conference since he assisted at the drawing up of the Convention of Geneva, but this was to be the last time at which we were to be together at such meetings. His great professional experience, and his gentle, courteous, and unassuming manner endeared him to all his colleagues. He passed away in 1895, and a friendship of thirty years, during which period I regarded him as a master to whom I could always refer on questions concerning Red Cross and ambulance matters, was then closed.

Again—1889—I was appointed to act on another international jury to award a second series of prizes given by the Empress Augusta for the best equipment of a portable barrack-hospital. This jury met at Berlin, where one evening we were entertained at a banquet by the Empress's chief chamberlain, acting in the name of Her Majesty.

In 1892 I was Vice-President of the Fifth International Red Cross Conference held at Rome. This was made the more interesting from the fact that our place of meeting was the hall of the Horatii and Curiatii at the Capitol, and we were magnificently entertained at dinner by the King and Queen of Italy at the Quirinal. The Italian Red Cross Society gave us a charming day at Tivoli, which concluded with a dinner at the Villa d'Este. The city of Rome also gave an illuminated fête in the Forum; and there was a gala at the Opera House, where I had the honour to be received by the King and Queen in the Royal box.

Amongst private entertainments at this time to which I was invited was a beautiful ball given by the Countess della Somaglia, wife of the courteous President of the Italian Red Cross Society, at which the King and Queen were present. The Count died in

1896, a great loss to a very wide circle of friends in all lands.

Two years later (1894) I was asked to go to Rome to act on another international jury to award prizes for ambulance transport material given by the King and Queen of Italy. When this business was over and I was on the way back through Milan, I received a Royal command to dine with their Majesties at Monza, and I shall never forget the charmingly informal hospitality I enjoyed on this occasion. It was a party of about twenty persons, including the Syndic of Rome and the Duchess of Sermoneta. One incident amused me very much. The King said to one of his guests, 'They tell me that Mr. Furley is not in the medical profession, and yet I hear him called sometimes Doctor and sometimes Professor, and to-night he was announced as Professor Dr. Furley. I have seen him more than once on Red Cross missions, and he was here at the International Medical Congress.¹ In what capacity does he act?' The reply was, 'He no doubt comes as a philanthropist.' When His Majesty was bidding adieu to the guests, he graciously told me he

¹ I was not surprised that there should be some confusion on this subject in His Majesty's mind, as my proper description has been a puzzle to my friends in more than one country. For instance, when being conducted through the wards of one of the principal hospitals in Vienna with some of the leading surgeons of Europe, including Sir William MacCormac, Professor von Esmarch, Baron von Langenbeck, Professor Billroth, and others, I was invited to select my own case for operation. As may be imagined, I declined the honour. On another occasion, in Paris, just after the siege, Lord Dunraven was thrown out of a carriage against a lamp-post and his shoulder was injured. I was hurriedly sent for, under the belief that I was a skilful surgeon. Military titles have also been freely bestowed on me, as high as the rank of 'His Excellency the General,' and more than once I have been promoted to the peerage of England.

hoped to see me again before long, and, grasping my shoulder, he added, 'Mais toujours en philanthrope.'

In 1897 I was a vice-president of the Sixth International Red Cross Conference, held at Vienna. My colleague, Major Macpherson, was the official delegate of the War Office, to which he afterwards made the admirable and useful report to which I have already referred. Here, again, the members of the conference were shown the utmost courtesy and hospitality, and in the absence of the Emperor were received by one of the Archdukes at the Palace. The Minister of War gave a great dinner on the Kahlenberg, to which all the guests and a fine military band were taken by the funicular railway. Herr Lueger, the anti-Semitic Mayor of Vienna, held a great reception, followed by a supper in the magnificent Town Hall. My wife was with me at this conference and had an honoured place in all the festivities, whilst the Vienna ladies vied with each other in filling up all her spare moments and showing her the sights of their beautiful city.

These conferences are held every five years, and in 1902, members met at St. Petersburg. I had attended all the preceding meetings on a personal invitation, but on this occasion I went as delegate of the British Red Cross Council, and Major Macpherson, the official delegate of the War Office, was again my colleague. For the third time I was appointed a vice-president, a position which certainly gave me many advantages that I did not fail to appreciate. From the time of arrival at the frontier until the return, our Russian hosts never ceased to overwhelm us with courteous attention and unlimited hospitality. To the members of each nationality a gentleman from the Foreign Office was attached who could speak their language,

and Macpherson and I were very fortunate in having a cicerone who had been a consul in America. From morning until night, and sometimes we nearly made the round of the clock, he was always at our disposal with carriages and horses, and we had indeed a most festive time.

Besides the entertainments given by the Russian Central Red Cross Committee, we were taken in the Imperial train to Gatchina, where we were received by the Dowager Empress, the President of the Society, and, after a *déjeuner-dinatoire*, were taken in carriages to see the neighbourhood. Another day we were conducted in the same Imperial manner to Tsarskoe Selo, and all the members were presented to the Emperor and Empress, who said a few gracious words to each. After a sumptuous banquet we returned to the capital. One night at an Imperial villa on the islands, the Palais Yeluguine, we were feted in the most original manner. A most excellent orchestra occupied one room, in another was a band with instruments I have never heard outside Russia, whilst in a third hall was a gipsy troupe in the most picturesque costumes who sang and danced. After supper, we drove back to the city. It was then after midnight, but it was quite daylight, and the winding roads round and through the islands and over the bridges were covered with a fashionable crowd of people in carriages.

The Mayor of St. Petersburg also held a very large reception in the vast Town Hall, and when, about midnight, I thought it was all over, parties were made up and we were all expected to sit down to supper.

Anyone reading the above list of international conferences of the Red Cross would not, I imagine, give the members credit for much serious work. But such

gatherings, independently of the debates and conclusions formed, which I have not thought it necessary to touch upon, have the great advantage of bringing together those who, whilst working for the same object, would otherwise perhaps never meet; and looking at them from another point of view, I can from personal experience testify to the benefit which has often resulted during war, where men who have only seen each other at these meetings have been able to communicate fully as to the sick and wounded, and mutually to act for their benefit in a manner not attainable by any official diplomacy.

A great welcome had been prepared for the members of the conference at Moscow, but I was prevented from availing myself of this invitation. The German Emperor had expressed a wish that the Order of St. John in England should be represented at the re-consecration of the newly restored church in the Castle of Marienburg, which belongs to the Teutonic Knights. By command of His Majesty King Edward, a deputation of four Knights of Justice—namely, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Sir Herbert Jekyll, Colonel Bowdler, and myself—were sent on this honourable and interesting mission. It was fortunate for me that this fitted in so well with my journey to Russia, as it only took me a few miles out of my course in returning from St. Petersburg. From the time of our arrival until our departure we were the guests of the Emperor, and were lodged at the principal hotel in the quaint little town, which evidently owes its existence to the fine castle, the walls of which enclose many acres. The whole has been carefully restored, and its mediæval character thoroughly maintained. Carriages were sent for us in the morning, and we drove to the castle, where we found a large

assemblage of Knights, members of the highest nobility of Germany, in the full uniform of the Teutonic Order. The garrison was formed of men in chain armour with low-crowned iron helmets. These were officers and men of the army thus habited for the occasion. We were summoned to the presence of the Emperor, who was alone in a large hall, and after a few gracious words and the Marquis of Breadalbane had handed His Majesty an autograph letter from King Edward, we returned to the hall, where the Knights were being marshalled. Thence, to the sound of long trumpets blown from the gallery of the highest tower, the procession wended its way over drawbridges and under massive archways to the church. I must admit that the greatest honour was paid to the King of England's deputation, both by the position we occupied in the procession close to the Emperor and the Grand Master Prince Albrecht of Prussia, and afterwards in the chapel, where we were placed on the left of the altar facing the Empress and her ladies. The whole scene took one back to mediæval times. Even our English uniforms were kept in harmony by the black silk mantles we wore, with the large eight-pointed white cross on the left shoulder. The service was impressive and the music very grand.

Afterwards the Emperor and Empress entertained the whole assembly at a grand banquet given in a long vaulted hall, in which we were placed very near their Majesties. The British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, was, I think, the only guest outside the Orders. The Emperor made one or two of his characteristic speeches, and one especially caused some excitement in Europe.

As I said at the time, I felt I was taking part as an

actor in one of Wagner's operas. I have never seen anything better staged, and I heard afterwards that in this the Emperor was assisted by the director of the Wiesbaden Opera House.

Later the Imperial party left for Berlin, and we of the English deputation, having some hours to spare, went by rail to Dantzig and drove about that curious old town. At night we took the train for Berlin, where we spent a few hours, and thence travelled *via* Ostend to London.

If any indulgent readers have had the patience to follow my story as far as these concluding paragraphs, I shall be quite satisfied if they have been able to appreciate in a sympathetic spirit the object which for nearly forty years has been the dominant note of my life, and, still farther, if I have succeeded in imparting to them some knowledge of the Red Cross movement and its aims which they did not before possess. In this country the work of which the Red Cross is the symbol has never occupied public attention until we have been actually in the presence of war, a time when it is too late to derive all the benefit and advantage which systematic organisation and preparation in peace alone can accomplish.

It must be admitted that, during a great portion of the period covered by this book, the National Red Cross Societies were permitted—as was perhaps almost inevitable under the circumstances—to act in a somewhat free and irregular manner; but this has only served to strengthen those who have seriously studied the matter in the conviction that it is only by the careful and systematic organisation of voluntary aid, at a time when every detail can be considered with

calmness and deliberation, and with reference to fixed principles, that these societies can be placed on a sound footing and raised above suspicion of fear or favour in the accomplishment of their great humanitarian work.

It is in the hope that as 'a benevolent neutral' in the past, my experience may contribute something towards the solution of this question in the near future, I now send out this modest volume.



APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

Ministère des Affaires Étrangères.

Paris, le 23 Juin, 1871.

Monsieur,—J'ai eu l'honneur de faire connaître au Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif tous les titres que la Société Anglaise de Secours aux Blessés Militaires s'est acquis à la gratitude de la France, et le Président du Conseil, instruit de la part personnelle que vous avez prise à cette œuvre de bienfaisance avec tant de dévouement et de zèle infatigable à Sedan, à Metz, à Paris et tout dernièrement encore à Versailles, a voulu vous donner une marque particulière de reconnaissance et d'estime en vous conférant, sur ma proposition, la croix d'Officier de la Légion d'Honneur. Je m'empresse de vous envoyer les insignes et le titre de nomination de cet ordre et je saisiss cette occasion pour vous exprimer, Monsieur, les assurances de ma considération très distinguée.

Le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères,
(Signed) JULES FAVRE.

Monsieur John Furley,
Représentant de la Société Anglaise
de Secours aux Blessés Militaires.



APPENDIX II

Société de Secours aux Blessés Militaires
des Armées de Terre et de Mer.
Comité de Versailles.

Versailles, le 27 Octobre, 1871.

Monsieur,—J'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer que notre Comité, témoin journalier de votre infatigable et courageux dévouement pendant les deux sièges de Paris, m'a chargé de vous offrir en son nom une médaille d'or comme le faible témoignage de son admiration et de sa reconnaissance pour les nombreux services et le concours si généreux que vous lui avez donnés pendant ces tristes événements.

Heureux, Monsieur, de saisir cette nouvelle occasion de vous exprimer mes remerciements personnels, je vous prie de vouloir bien agréer l'assurance de mes sentiments de très haute considération.

Le Président du Comité,
HORACE DELAROCHE.

Monsieur John Furley.

APPENDIX III

COPY OF ADDRESS PRESENTED WITH ALBUM OF PORTRAITS AT A DINNER GIVEN AT THE WHITEHALL ROOMS, JULY 7, 1891.

To John Furley, Esquire.

We, whose names are subscribed, present to you this Address in recognition of the valuable services you have rendered during the last quarter of a century in the Cause of Humanity. You have acted as a pioneer in the foundation and development of Ambulance work, for the benefit alike of Sick and Wounded in War and of suffering humanity of all classes in civil life, especially among the teeming populations of our cities, towns, and great centres of industrial enterprise.

We recall that, after serving a short apprenticeship in aid of the sick and wounded in the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1864, you served in France as Commissioner of the British National Aid Society throughout the whole of the great Franco-German War in 1870-1, and in 1877 in Montenegro in connection with the military operations of the Montenegrins against the Turks, while you were a volunteer in aid of the sick and wounded and prisoners in the Civil Conflict in Spain in 1874. We also recall that you were associated with the official delegates of this and other countries in the International Red Cross Conferences in 1868 at Berlin, 1873 at Vienna in connection with the Exhibition held there in that year, 1884 at Geneva, and in 1887 at Carlsruhe, and that you were honoured by being appointed member of the International Juries nominated in 1885 and 1889 to award the prizes given by the late Empress Augusta of Germany for the best portable Hospital and the best equipment for such a Hospital.

As one of the originators and chief organisers of the St. John Ambulance Association you have rendered, together with those with whom you have been associated, services by which many thousand persons of all ranks, and of both sexes, have been taught how to afford first aid to those disabled by illness or accident, and have been supplied with the materials necessary for giving effect to the knowledge acquired.

As Director of Stores for the Association you have given services whereby *matériel* has been distributed, not only throughout the United Kingdom, but to India and the Colonies as well as to kindred Associations in nearly every State in Europe.

Among this *matériel* are the stretchers and two-wheeled litters of the 'Furley' pattern, of which upwards of 3,000 and 400, respectively, are now in use in Mines, Railways, Police-Station, and in many Public Establishments, while the Litter has been adapted to the Navy Cot for the Admiralty and to the Army Hospital stretcher for the War

Department, all without any reservation to yourself of any pecuniary interest in these or other inventions and patents of a like character. You have also been particularly identified with the Invalid Transport Corps for the St. John Ambulance Association and the St. John Ambulance Brigade. To the former recourse has been had by all grades of society. By means of the latter (which numbers many hundreds of men, and includes Corps of Female Nurses scattered throughout England) permanent Ambulance Stations in our streets, and temporary Stations on special occasions, have been established.

In inviting you to a Complimentary Dinner on this occasion, we desire to mark this recognition of your services in as public a manner as possible, and in asking you to accept this Address and the Album, in which it is contained, we wish you health to continue your zealous efforts in the Cause of Humanity.

July 7, 1891.

(Signed) WANTAGE.

Sir AUGUSTUS ADDERLEY, K.C.M.G.	Deputy-Inspector-Gen. M. COATES, R.N.
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Lieut.-General Sir HENRY HAVE- LOCK-ALLEN, K.C.B., V.C., M.P.	Viscount OXENBRIDGE.
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	Dr. DANFORD THOMAS.
	J. DEAN THOMSON, Esq.
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F. TOMPSON, Esq.	General Sir GEORGE H. WILLIS, K.C.B.
G. B. TURNBULL, Esq.	Fleet-Surgeon H. C. Woods, R.N.
General Sir C. P. BRAUCHAMP WALKER, K.C.B.	Dr. J. F. Woods.
Lord WANTAGE, K.C.B., V.C.	Reverend P. W. WYATT.
S. C. WARDELL, Esq.	EDMUND YATES, Esq.
GEORGE WEBB, Esq.	Colonel J. S. YOUNG.
Colonel R. HUNTER WESTON.	

APPENDIX IV

Newcastle, September 12, 1900.

Dear Sir John Furley,—Before you return to England I would like to express through you, the Chief Commissioner, British Red Cross Society in South Africa, the thanks of the sick and wounded of the Natal army for the excellent work of the Society in providing extra clothing, equipment, and medical comforts throughout the war.

The 'Princess Christian' Hospital Train was invaluable, and its opportune arrival after the relief of Ladysmith met an urgent and necessary want.

The efforts of your Assistant Commissioners, Dr. Chep-mell and Mr. Bonham-Carter, are deserving of all praise for their excellent organisation and promptness in meeting demands made on them.

Voluntary aid societies such as the Red Cross are important in time of war in filling up the inevitable gaps in a huge and widespread medical organisation, and their readiness in complying with requisitions is a distinct feature and great help to the medical services.

Yours very truly,

T. J. GALLWEY, *Colonel,*
P.M.O., Natal Army.

APPENDIX V

Capetown, September 25, 1900.

My dear Sir John Furley,—My absence from Capetown during the week preceding your departure deprived me of the opportunity I had wished for of expressing to you fully an opinion on the work which during the campaign the Red Cross Society has accomplished under your supervision, and (in the earlier stages) that of Colonel Young.

My duties have kept me mainly at the principal base, Capetown, so that I have had ample means for observing the prompt attention which has been given to our numerous requisitions. These demands have often been of a nature which might justly have been refused, but they have not only been met, but far more has been done than we had any reason to hope for or expect.

Harmonious co-operation is a necessity in such an undertaking, and I can truthfully say that there has been an entire absence of friction since you took over the control of the Society here, and to this, and to the continuous devotion you have shown, must be attributed the success which has attended your efforts.

Lady Furley has excited the admiration of all who have been associated with her, by her energy and hard work, and we cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to her for what she has done.

The position of your depots has enabled you to distribute in every required direction with the greatest rapidity, although I fear want of trucks has often delayed your operations; but you have fully realised the impossibility of providing them, when such has been the case.

The Cape of Good Hope Society, the Absent-Minded Beggar Fund, and the inhabitants of the Cape Peninsula generally have been unceasing in their endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the sick and wounded in our hospitals and convalescent depots and homes, but I consider

it largely due to your organisation that overlapping has been avoided, and therefore that the maximum of benefit has been obtained.

The Hospital Train which you had fitted up and equipped, and of which Dr. Stewart was in charge, was a proof of the thorough nature of the Red Cross work, and its value could not be over-estimated.

Your frequent journeys, which must in the aggregate have extended over many thousand miles, precluded the possibility of any break in the chain which you had so well constructed, and I am sure opinion here is unanimous as to the extraordinary assistance rendered during the war by the Red Cross Society under your excellent control.

Excuse this brief and insufficient testimony to your work, and believe me in expressing my real regret at the departure of yourself and of Lady Furley,

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) FREDK. FORESTIER-WALKER.

Sir John Furley.

APPENDIX VI

Army Headquarters, Pretoria, November 8, 1900.

Dear Sir John Furley,—I had intended writing to you before you left, to thank you and your colleagues of the Red Cross Society for all the help afforded to the Medical Service of the Army during the present campaign, but being up country at the time and engrossed in work, I let it escape me. I now, however, take this opportunity of giving expression to my very sincere appreciation of the services rendered to the Army by the Red Cross Society. In a war of the magnitude which this present one assumed, it would have been almost impossible for the Medical Service to provide and distribute the thousand and one items of comfort and luxury which the sick and wounded were per-

mitted to enjoy through the beneficent assistance of the Society which you so ably represented in South Africa.

The enormous difficulty experienced in getting stores up to the front is well known to you, but as soon as any communication with a body of troops was effected, it was noteworthy that Red Cross stores were not long in making their welcome presence felt.

The hospital trains furnished by the Society have also been of the very utmost value and have helped me enormously.

I also must thank you personally for the kind and sympathetic attention which you always paid to any request made by me or my officers, who were in charge of hospitals, for stores, equipment and luxuries, which, although outside the ordinary category of army necessities, added so materially to the comfort and solace of the sick and wounded in hospital. With my very kindest remembrances,

I remain, dear Sir John Furley,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. D. WILSON, *Surgeon-General,
Principal Medical Officer, the Army in South Africa.*

APPENDIX VII

To Sir John Furley, Kt., Chief Commissioner, British Red Cross Society.

Good Hope Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded, Capetown,
October 19, 1900.

Dear Sir John,—Before you finally close your connection with our Society, we would like to state, for the information of your Committee, our gratification and pleasure at the cordial relations which have existed between the Good Hope Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded and the British Red Cross Society during the campaign now drawing to a close.

The formation of our Society shortly after the outbreak

of hostilities was induced by the arrival of wounded men from Natal at the beginning of November last year. Very shortly afterwards, Colonel Young, your first Commissioner, arrived, and we gladly availed ourselves of his advice and experience in organising our work. On Colonel Young's departure, the Honourable George Peel took his place for a short time, and at the beginning of February last you arrived in the Colony. You immediately met us in friendly council and accepted a place on our Working Committee, and from that time to the time of your return home our relationship has been of the most cordial character. The work which we had in view could never have assumed the range it did had we acted alone. Your indefatigable labours and those of Lady Furley, backed by the large means at the disposal of your institution, have—in a manner, as far as we can learn, far surpassing anything that has been done in any previous campaign—afforded the opportunity of alleviating the sufferings and supplying the wants of our brave men who have risked their lives and health in the service of our Queen and Empire.

Our local public contributed most liberally to our funds, but, notwithstanding this, we alone must have failed to meet anything like the requirements of the War. The aid you were in a position to grant us, in addition to the work done by you directly for the British Red Cross Society, has extended the field of operations to its utmost limits. We would also acknowledge the hearty manner in which Mr. Bonham-Carter and your other assistants have worked with us.

We would like to place on record the fact that through your initiation the Good Hope Red Cross Committee has been placed on a permanent basis, so that in the unhappy event of any future war we shall have a body ready at once to commence operations.

As you are aware, our labours were not confined to our own sick and wounded. Friend and foe alike enjoyed the benefits which you and your Society have enabled us to

extend, and both sides owe a debt of gratitude to you in consequence.

Wishing you a long and continued service in the cause of humanity,

We have the honour to be, your obedient servants,

(Signed) E. J. BUCHANAN, *President.*

(Signed) A. E. HANBURY-WILLIAMS,

Chairman Working Committee.

(Signed) JOHN FAIRBAIRN, *Secretary.*

APPENDIX VIII

Central Good Hope Red Cross Committee,
Head Office, Parliament House,

Capetown, October 19, 1900.

Sir John Furley, Kt. &c.

Dear Sir John Furley,—I am directed to forward you the following copy of a resolution adopted by the working Committee of the Good Hope Society on the 8th instant as follows :

'That whilst accepting the resignation of Sir John and Lady Furley with regret, the working Committee desire to place on record their deep appreciation of the great and valuable services rendered by them in the work which has been carried on by the two societies.'

In forwarding this Resolution I avail myself of the opportunity of expressing on behalf of the Staff of the Good Hope Society our very sincere thanks for all the assistance you have afforded us in carrying out our duties, and to thank you most heartily for the unvaried kindness shown us by Lady Furley and yourself.

I remain yours faithfully,

JOHN FAIRBAIRN,

Hon. Secretary.

APPENDIX IX

National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War,
5 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.

London, October 16, 1900.

My dear Sir John,—On the occasion of your return from South Africa, where you have been acting as Chief Commissioner of the British Red Cross Society during the past eight months, I desire, on behalf of the Central Red Cross Committee, to express my cordial thanks for the zeal and efficiency with which you have carried on the work of the Society.

It is most gratifying to the Committee to learn—from independent sources—how thoroughly your work has been appreciated in South Africa, and how successfully you have co-operated with the authorities there, and with the 'Good Hope' Society, as is evidenced by the cordiality of the reception given you on leaving Capetown, when Lady Furley was presented with an appropriate 'Souvenir.'

The Committee further desire to renew their thanks for all you have done, and especially to record their sense of the singular success achieved by the 'Princess Christian' Ambulance train, which was organised by you at home for special hospital service, and was also personally supervised by you during its numerous journeys for the conveyance of sick and wounded from the front to the sea coast.

Among the numerous works carried on by the Red Cross Society, none has afforded more relief to suffering than this ambulance train. To H.R.H. Princess Christian is due the initiative, and a large portion of the expenditure incurred upon it.

The Committee heartily welcome your return home, and will always feel grateful to you and Lady Furley for your devotion to the work of the Red Cross.

I remain, dear Sir John, yours very truly,

WANTAGE,

Chairman of British Central Red Cross Committee.

To Sir John Furley, Chief Commissioner
of British Red Cross Society in South Africa.

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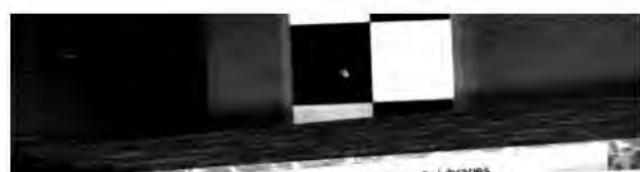
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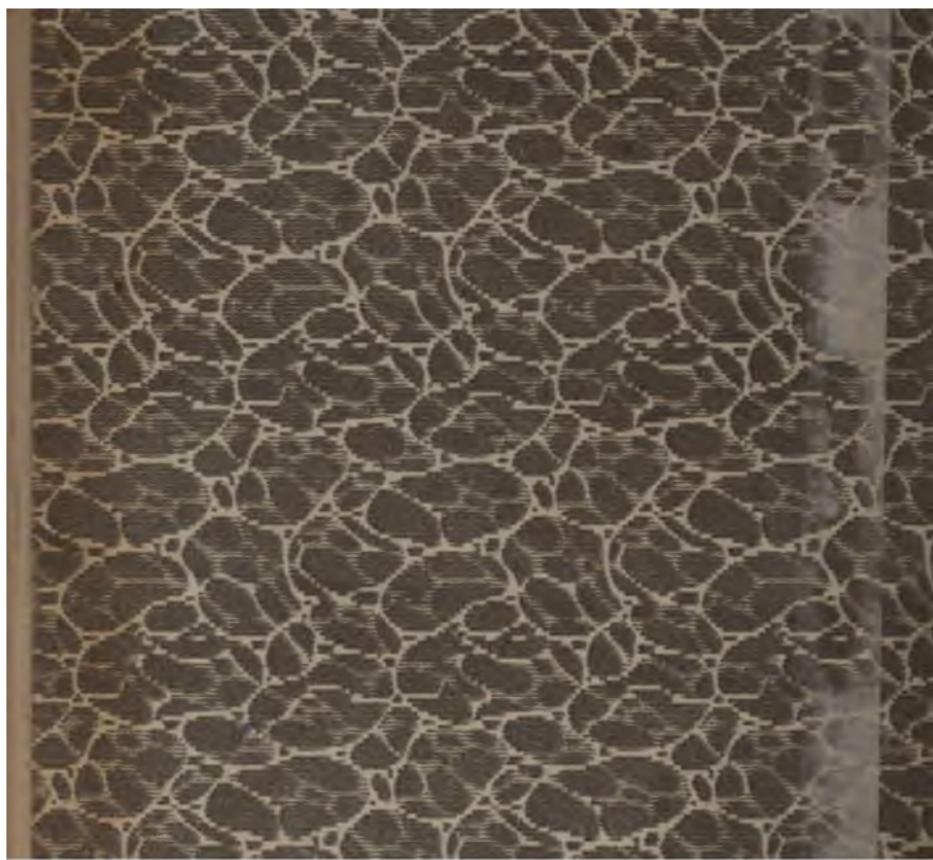
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